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الحاج عبدالله

Lady Burton's Edition of her Husband's Arabian Nights

Translated literally from the Arabic.

prepared for
Household Reading
by
Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P.

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Now when it was the Seventy-eighth Night,

SHE said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Chamberlain bade the tent-pitchers set up a pavilion spacious enough to receive the subjects flocking to their Sultan, they planted a splendid Sháhmiyánah[1] befitting Kings. And as they ended their labours behold, a dust cloud spired aloft and the breeze made it lift and beneath it showed a conquering host; and presently it appeared that this was the army of Baghdad and Khorasan preceded by the Wazir Dandan. And in it all rejoiced at the accession of the "Light of the Place." Now Zau al-Makan had donned robes of royal estate and girt himself with the sword of state: so the Chamberlain brought him a steed and he mounted, surrounded by the Mamelukes and all the company from the tents on foot, to do him service, and he rode on until he came to the great pavilion, where he sat down and he laid the royal dagger across his thighs, whilst the Chamberlain stood in attendance on him and his armed slaves stationed themselves under the entrance-awning of the Shahmiyanah, with drawn swords in their hands. Presently, up came the troops and the host and craved admission; so the Chamberlain went in to Zau al-Makan and asked his leave, whereupon he bade admit them, ten by ten. The Chamberlain acquainted them with the King's commands, to which they replied, "We hear and we obey;" and all drew up before the pavilion-entrance. Then he took ten of them and carried them through the vestibule into the presence of Sultan Zau al-Makan, whom when they saw, they were awed; but he received them with most gracious kindness and promised them all good. So they gave him joy of his safe return and invoked Allah's blessings upon him, after which they took the oath of fealty never to gainsay him in aught and they kissed ground before him and withdrew. Then other ten entered and he entreated them as he had entreated the others; and they ceased not to enter, ten by ten, till none was left but the Wazir Dandan. Lastly the Minister went in and kissed the ground before Zau al-Makan, who rose to meet him saying, "Welcome, O Wazir and sire sans peer! Verily, thine acts are those of a counsellor right dear, and judgment and foreseeing clear are in the hands of the Subtle of Lere." Then bade he the Chamberlain forthwith go out and cause the tables to be spread and order all the troops thereto. So they came and ate and drank. Moreover the Sultan commanded his Wazir Dandan call a ten days' halt of the army, that he might be private with him and learn from him how and wherefore his father had been slain. The Wazir obeyed the commands of the Sultan with submission and wished him eternity of glory and said, "This needs must be!" He then repaired to the heart of the encampment and ordered the host to halt ten days. They did as he bade them and, moreover, he gave them leave to divert themselves and ordered that none of the lords in waiting should attend upon the King for service during the space of three days. Then the Wazir went to the Sultan and reported all to him, and Zau al-Makan waited until nightfall, when he went to his sister Nuzhat al-Zaman and asked her, "Dost thou know the cause of my father's murder or not?" "I have no knowledge of the cause," she answered, and drew a silken curtain before herself, whilst Zau al-Makan seated himself without the curtain and commanded the Wazir to the presence and, when he came, said to him, "I desire thou relate to me in detail the cause of the killing of my sire, King Omar bin al-Nu'uman!" Know then, O King, replied Dandan, that King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, when he returned to Baghdad from his chasing and hunting and entered the city, enquired for thee and thy sister, but could not find you and knew that you twain had gone on the Pilgrimage; whereat he was greatly grieved and much angered, and his breast was straitened and he abode thus half a year, seeking news of you from all who came and went, but none could give him any tidings. Now while we were in attendance upon him one day, after a whole year had sped since ye were lost to his sight, lo! there came to us an ancient dame with signs of being a devotee, accompanied by five damsels like moons, endowed with such beauty and loveliness as tongue faileth to describe; and, to crown their perfections of comeliness, they could read the Koran and were versed in various kinds of learning and in the histories of bygone peoples. Then that old woman sought audience of the King, and he bade admit her; whereupon she entered the presence and kissed the ground between his hands. I was then sitting by his side and he, seeing in her the signs of asceticism and devoutness, made her draw near and take seat hard by him. And when she had sat down she addressed him and said, "Know, O King, that with me are five damsels, whose like no King among the Kings possesseth; for they are endowed with wit and beauty and loveliness and perfection. They read the Koran and the Traditions and are skilled in all manner of learning and in the history of bygone races. They stand here between thy hands to do thee service, O King of the Age, and it is by trial that folk are prized or despised." Thy father, who hath found mercy;[1] looked at the damsels and their favour pleased him; so he said to them, "Let each and every of you make me hear something of what she knoweth anent the history of the folk of yore and of peoples long gone before!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The Indian term for a tent large enough to cover a troop of cavalry.

Now when it was the Seventy-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan said unto King Zau al-Makan:—Thy father, who hath found mercy, glanced at the damsels and their favour pleased him and he said to them, "Let each and every of you make me hear something of what she knoweth anent the history of the folk of yore and of peoples long gone before!" Thereupon one of them came forward and, kissing the ground before him, spake as follows:—Know, O King, that it behoveth one of good-breeding to eschew impertinence and adorn himself with excellencies, and observe the Divine injunctions and avoid mortal sins; and to this he should apply himself with the assiduity of one who, if he stray therefrom, falleth into perdition; for the foundation of good breeding is virtuous behaviour. And know that the chief cause and reason of man's existence is the endeavour after life everlasting, and the right way thereto is the service of Allah. Wherefor it behoveth thee to deal beneficently with the people: and swerve not from this canon, for the mightier men are in dignity, the more their need of prudence and foresight; and indeed Monarchs need this more than the many, for the general cast themselves into affairs, without taking thought to the issue thereof. Be thou prodigal of thy life and thy good in the way of Allah, and know that, if an enemy dispute with thee, thou mayst dispute with him and refute him with proofs and be proof against him; but as for thy friend, there is none can judge between thee and him save righteousness and fair-dealing. Choose, therefore, thy friend for thyself, after thou hast proved him. If he be of the brotherhood of futurity, let him be zealous in observing the externals of the Holy Law and versed in its inner meaning, as far as may be; and if he be of the brotherhood of the world, let him be free-born, sincere, neither a fool nor a perverse, for the fool man is such that even his parents might well flee from him, and a liar cannot be a true friend. Indeed the word Siddík[1] ("friend") deriveth from Sidk ("truth") that welleth up from the bottom of the heart; and how can this be the case, when falsehood is manifest upon the tongue? And know, that the observance of the Law profiteth him who practiseth it: so love thy brother, if he be of this quality and do not cast him off, even if thou see in him that which irketh thee, for a friend is not like a wife, whom one can divorce and re-marry: nay, his heart is like glass: once broken, it may not be mended. And Allah bless him who saith:—

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[1] Arab. "Marhúm," a formula before noticed. It is borrowed from the Jewish "of blessed memory" (after the name of the honoured dead, Prov. x. 17); with the addition of "upon whom be peace!" as opposed to the imprecation, "May the name of the wicked rot!"

'Ware how thou hurtest man with hurt of heart; * 'Tis hard to win thee back the heart offended:
For hearts indeed, whence love is alien made, * Like broken glass may nevermore be mended.

The maiden continued and concluded with pointing out to us what sages say, "The best of brethren is he who is the most constant in good counsel; the best of action is that which is fairest in its consequence, and the best of praise is not that which is in the mouths of men." It is also said, "It behoveth not the servant to neglect thanking Allah especially for two favours, health and reason." Again it is said, "Whoso honoureth himself, his pleasure is a light matter to him, and he who maketh much of his small troubles, Allah afflicteth him with the greater; he who obeyeth his own inclination neglecteth his duties and he who listeneth to the slanderer loseth the true friend. He who thinketh well of thee, do thou fulfil his thought of thee. He who exceedeth in contention sinneth, and he who against upright standeth not on ward, is not safe from the sword." Now will I tell thee somewhat of the duties of Kazis and judges. Know, O King, that no judgment serveth the cause of justice save it be given after proof positive, and it behoveth the judge to treat all people on the same level, to the intent that the great may not hunger for oppression nor the small despair of justice. Furthermore he should extract proof from the complainant and impose an oath upon the defendant; and mediation is admissible between Moslems, except it be a compromise sanctioning the unlawful or forbidding the lawful.[2] If thou shalt have done aught during the day, of which thy reason is doubtful but thy good intention is proved, thou (O Kazi) shouldst revert to the right, for to do justice is a religious obligation and to return to that which is right is better than persistence in wrong. Then (O judge) thou shouldest study precedents and the law of the case and do equal justice between the suitors, withal fixing thine eyes upon the truth and committing thine affair to Allah (be He extolled and exalted!). And require thou proof of the complainant, and if he adduce evidence let him have due benefit of it; and if not, put the defendant to his oath; for this is the ordinance of Allah. Receive thou the testimony of competent Moslem witnesses, one against other, for Almighty Allah hath commanded judges to judge by externals, He Himself taking charge of the inner and secret things. It behoveth the judge also to avoid giving judgment, whilst suffering from stress of pain or hunger,[1] and that in his decisions between folk he seek the face of Allah Almighty, for he whose intent is pure and who is at peace with himself, Allah shall guarantee him against what is between him and the people. Quoth al-Zuhri,[2] "There are three things for which, if they be found in a Kazi, he should be deposed; namely, if he honour the base, if he love praise and if he fear dismissal." And Omar bin Abd al-Aziz once deposed a Kazi, who asked him, "Why hast thou dismissed me." "It hath reached me," answered Omar, "that thy converse is greater than thy condition." It is said also that Iskandar[3] said to his Kazi, "I have invested thee with this function and committed to thee in it my soul and mine honour and my manliness; so do thou guard it with thy sense and thine understanding. To his Cook he said, "Thou art the Sultan of my body; so look thou tender it as thine own self." To his Secretary he said, "Thou art the controller of my wit: so do thou watch over me in what thou writest for me and from me." Thereupon the first damsel backed out from the presence and a second damsel came forward. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The title of Caliph Abu Bakr because he bore truthful witness to the Apostle's mission or, others say, he confirmed the "Mi'ráj" or nocturnal journey to Heaven.

[2] All this is Koranic (chapt. ii., etc.)

Now when it was the full Eightieth Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan said to Zau al-Makan:—Thereupon the first damsel backed out from the presence and a second damsel came forward and, kissing the ground seven times before the King thy father, spake as follows:—The sage Lukmán[1] said to his son, "There be three who are known only in three several cases; the merciful man is unknown save in time of wrath, the brave only in battle, and thy friend in time of need." It is said that the oppressor shall be depress though by people praised, and that the oppress is at rest though by people blamed. Quoth Allah Almighty,[2] "Assuredly deem not that those who rejoice in what they have done, and who love to be praised for what they have not done, shall escape reckoning of punishment: indeed there is reserved for them a grievous penalty." And he said[3] (on whom be salvation and salutation!) "Works are according to intention and to each man is attributed that which he intendeth." He said also, "In the body is a part which being sound the rest is sound, and which being unsound the whole is unsound. And this is the heart." Now this heart is the most marvellous of what is in man, since it is that which ordereth his whole affair: if covetise stir in it, desire destroyeth him; and if affliction master it, anguish slayeth him; if anger rage in it, danger is hard upon him: if it be blest with contentment, he is safe from discontent; if fear surprise it, he is full of mourning; and if calamity overtake it, affliction betideth him. If a man gain the use of wealth, peradventure he is diverted thereby from the remembrance of his Lord; if poverty choke him, his heart is distracted by woe, or if disquietude waste his heart, weakness causeth him to fall. Thus, in any case, nothing profiteth him but that he be mindful of Allah and occupy himself with gaining his livelihood in this world and securing his place in the next. It was asked of a certain sage, "Who is the most ill-conditioned of men?" and he answered, "The man whose desires master his manhood and whose mind soareth over high, so that his knowledge dispreadeth and his excuse diminisheth; and how excellently saith the poet:—

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[1] This may have applied more than once to "hanging judges" in the Far West.

[2] A traditionist and jurisconsult of Al-Medinah in the seventh and eighth centuries.

[3] The Alexander of the Koran and Eastern legends, not to be confounded with the Alexander of Macedon. He will be noticed in a future Night.

"Freest am I of all mankind fro' meddling wight * Who, seeing others err, self-error ne'er can sight:
Riches and talents are but loans to creature lent: * Each wears the cloak of that he bears in breast and sprite:
If by mistaken door attempt on aught thou make, * Thou shalt go wrong; and if the door be right, go right!"

Continued the maiden:—As for anecdotes of devotees, quoth

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[1] Æsop, according to the Arabs: of him, or rather of the two (or three?) Lukmans, more presently.

[2] Koran ii. 185.

[3] Mohammed.

Hishám bin Bashar, "I asked Omar bin Ubayd, What is true piety? and he answered, The Apostle of Allah (to whom be salutation and salvation!) hath explained it when he sayeth, The pious is he who forgetteth not the grave nor calamity and who preferreth that which endureth to that which passeth away; who counteth not the morrow as of his days but reckoneth himself among the dead." And it is related that Abu Zarr[1] used to say, "Want is dearer to me than wealth, and unheal is dearer to me than health." Quoth one of the listeners, "May Allah have mercy on Abu Zarr!" For my part I say, "Whoso putteth his trust in the goodness of the election of Almighty Allah should be content with that condition which Allah hath chosen for him." Quoth one of the Companions of the Prophet, "Ibn Abi Aufa[2] once prayed with us the dawn-prayer. When he had done, he recited, 'O thou Enwrapped!'[3] till he came to where Allah saith, 'When there shall be a trumping on the trumpet,' and fell down dead." It is said that Sábit al-Banáni wept till he well-nigh lost his eyes. They brought him a man to medicine him who said to him, "I will cure thee, provided thou obey my bidding." Asked Sabit, "In what matter?" Quoth the leach, "In that thou leave weeping!" "What is the worth of mine eyes?" rejoined Sabit, "if they do not weep?" Quoth a man to Mohammed bin Abdillah, "Exhort thou me!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eighty-first Night,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan said to Zau al-Makan:—Thus spake the second handmaid to the King who hath found mercy, Omar bin al-Nu'uman, Quoth a man to Mohammed bin Abdillah, "Exhort thou me!" "I exhort thee," replied he, "to be a self-ruler, an abstainer in this world, and in the next a greedy slave." "How so?" asked the other and Mohammed answered, "The abstinent man in this world conquereth both the world that is and the world to come." And quoth Ghaus bin Abdillah, "There were two brothers among the sons of Israel, one of whom said to the other, What be the most perilous[1] thing thou hast done? Replied the brother, I once came upon a nest of young birds; so I took out one and threw it back into the nest; but among the chickens were some which drew apart from it. This is the most perilous thing I ever did; now what be the most perilous thing thou hast ever done? He rejoined, When I arise for prayer I am fearful that it is only for the sake of the reward. Now their father heard these words and exclaimed, O Allah, if they say sooth take them to Thyself! It was declared by one of the wise men, Verily, these were of the most virtuous of children." Quoth Sa'íd bin Jubayr,[2] "I was once in company with Fuzalah bin 'Ubayd and said to him, Exhort thou me! Replied he, Bear in mind these two necessaries:—Shun syntheism[3] and harm not any of Allah's creatures. And he repeated these two couplets:—

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[1] One of the Asháb or Companions of Mohammed.

[2] A noted traditionist at Kufah in the seventh century.

[3] Koran, chapt. lxxiv. 1 (and verse 8 follows). The Archangel Gabriel is supposed to address Mohammed and not a few divines believe this Surah (chapter) to have been first revealed. Mr. Rodwell makes it No. ii. following the Fatrah or silent interval which succeeded No. xcvi. "Clots of Blood." See his 2nd edit. p. 3 for further details.

Be as thou wilt, for Allah still is bounteous Lord, * And care-dispeller; dread
    not therefore bane and ban:
To two things only never draw thee nigh, nor give * Partner to Allah, trouble
    to thy brother-man."

And how well saith the poet:—

"An thou of pious works a store neglect * And after death meet one who *did*
    collect,
Thou shalt repent thou diddest not as he, * Nor madest ready as he did elect."

Then the third damsel came forward, after the second had withdrawn, and said:—Of a truth, the chapter of piety is exceeding wide; but I will mention what occurreth to me thereof, concerning the pious of old. Quoth a certain holy man, "I congratulate myself in death, though I am not assured of rest therein, save that I know death interveneth between a man and his works; so I hope for the doubling of good works and the docking off of ill works." And Itá'a al-Salamí, when he had made an end of an exhortation, was wont to tremble and grieve and weep sore; and as they asked him why he did this he answered, "I desire to enter upon a grave matter, and it is the standing up before Almighty Allah to do in accordance with my exhortation." In similar guise, Zayn al-Ábidín,[4] son of Al-Husayn, was wont to tremble when he rose to pray. Being asked the cause of this, he replied, "Know ye not before whom I stand and whom I address?" It is said that there lived near Sufyán al-Thauri[1] a blind man who, when the month of Ramazán came, went out with the folk to pray,[2] but remained silent and hung back. Said Sufyan, "On the day of Resurrection he shall come with the people of the Koran and they will be distingnished by increase of honour from their fellows." And quoth Sufyan, "Were the soul established in the heart as befitteth, it would fly away for joy and pining for Paradise, and for grief and fear of hell-fire." It is related also of Sufyan al-Thauri that he said, "To look upon the face of a tyrant is a sin." Then the third damsel retired and came forward the fourth, who said:—Here am I to treat of sundry traditions of pious men which suggest themselves to me. It is related that Bishr Barefoot[3] said, "I once heard Khálid say, Beware of secret polytheism. I asked, What may secret polytheism be? and he answered, When one of you in praying prolong his inclinations and prostrations till a cause of impurity[4] come upon him." And one of the sages said, "Doing works of weal expiateth what is ill." Quoth Ibrahim,[5] "I supplicated Bishr Barefoot to acquaint me with some theological mysteries; but he said, O my son, this knowledge it behoveth us not to teach to every one; of every hundred five, even as the legal alms upon money." Said

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[1] *i.e.* dangerous to soul-health.

[2] In the Mac. Edit. "Abd" for "Sa'íd." The latter was a black and a native of Kufah during the first century (A.H.) and is still famous as a traditionist.

[3] Arab. "Shirk," giving a partner to Allah, attending chiefly to Christians and idolaters; and in a minor degree to Jews and Guebres. We usually English it by "polytheism," which is clumsy and conveys a wrong idea.

[4] Grandson of the Caliph Ali. He is one of the Imams (High-priests) of the Shi'ah school.

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[1] An eminent traditionist of the eighth century.

[2] The prayers of the Fast-month and Pilgrimage-month are often said in especial places outside the towns and cities; these are the Indian Id(Eed-)gáh. They have a screen of wall about a hundred yards long with a central prayer-niche and the normal three steps for the preacher; and each extremity is garnished with an imitation minaret. They are also called Namáz-gah and one is sketched by Herklots (Plate iii. fig. 2). The object of the trips thither in Zu'l-Ka'adah and Zu'l-Hijjah is to remind Moslems of the "Ta'arif," or going forth from Meccah to Mount Arafat.

[3] Arab. "Al-Háfi," which in Egyptian means sore-footed as well. He was an ascetic of the eighth and ninth centuries (A.D.). He relates a tradition of the famous soldier-saint Khálid bin Walíd who lies buried like the poet Ka'ab al-Ahbár near Hums (Emessa) once the Bœotia, Phrygia, Abdera, Suabia of Syria now Halbun (pronounced Halbáun) near Damascus. I cannot explain how this Kuraysh noble (a glorious figure in Moslem history) is claimed by the Afghans as one of their countrymen and made to speak Pukhtu or Pushtu, their rough old dialect of Persian. The curious reader will consult my Pilgrimage iii. 322 for the dialogue between Mohammed and Khalid. Again there is general belief in Arabia that the English sent a mission to the Prophet, praying that Khalid might be despatched to proselytise them: unfortunately Mohammed was dead and the "Ingríz" ratted. It is popularly held that no armed man can approach Khalid's grave; but I suppose my revolver did not count.

[4] When he must again wash before continuing prayer.

[5] Bin Adham; another noted ascetic of the eighth century. Those curious about these unimportant names will consult the great Biographical Dictionary of Ibn Khallikan, translated by Baron MacGuckin de Slane (1842-45).

Ibrahim, "I thought his reply excellent and approved of it and while I was praying behold, Bishr was also praying: so I stood behind him[1] making the prayer-bow till the Mu'ezzin called his call. Then rose a man of tattered appearance and said, O folk, beware of a truth which bringeth unweal, for there is no harm in a lie bringing weal,[2] and in time of need no choice we heed: speech booteth not in the absence of good qualities even as silence hurteth not in the presence of good. Presently I saw Bishr drop a danik,[3] so I picked it up and exchanged it for a dirham which I gave him. Quoth he, I will not take it. Quoth I, 'Tis perfectly lawful change; but he rejoined, I cannot take in exchange the riches of the present world for those of the future world." It is related also that Bishr Barefoot's sister once went to Ahmad bin Hanbal[4]——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eighty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King that the Wazir Dandan continued to bespeak Zau al-Makan on this wise:—And quoth the maiden to thy father, Bishr Barefoot's sister once went to Ahmad bin Hanbal and said to him, "O Imam of the Faith, we are a family that spin thread by night and work for our living by day; and oftentimes the cressets of the watch of Baghdad pass by and we on the roof spinning by their light. Is this forbidden to us?" Asked Ahmad, "Who art thou?" "I am the sister of Bishr Barefoot," answered she. Rejoined the Imam, "O household of Bishr, I shall never cease to drink full draughts of piety from your hearts." Quoth one of the sages, "When Allah willeth well to His servant he openeth upon him the gate of action." Málik bin Dinár,[5] when he passed through the bazar and saw aught he desired, was wont to say, "O soul, take patience, for I will not accord to thee what thou desirest." He said also (Allah accept him!) "The salvation of the soul lies in resistance to it and its damnation in submission to it." Quoth Mansúr bin Ammár[1], "I made a pilgrimage and was faring Meccahwards by way of Cufa, and the night was overcast, when I heard a voice crying out from the deeps of the darkness saying:—O Allah, I swear by Thy Greatness and Thy Glory, I meant not through my disobedience to trangress against Thee; for indeed I am not ignorant of Thee; but my fault is one Thou didst foreordain to me from eternity without beginning;[2] so do Thou pardon my transgression, for indeed I disobeyed Thee of my ignorance! When he had made an end of his prayer he recited aloud the verse, O true believers, save your souls and those of your families from the fire whose fuel is men and stones.[3] Then I heard a fall, but not knowing what it was I passed on. When the morning morrowed, as we went our way, behold, we fell in with a funeral-train, followed by an old woman whose strength had left her. I asked her of the dead, and she answered:—This is the funeral of a man who passed by us yesterday whilst my son was standing at prayer and after his prayers he recited a verse from the Book of Allah Almighty when the man fell dead." Therewith the fourth damsel retired and the fifth came forward and said:—I here will also repeat what occurreth to me regarding the acts of devotees in olden time. Maslamah bin Dinár used to say, "By making sound the secret thoughts, sins great and small are covered; and, when the servant of Allah is resolved to leave sinning, victory cometh to him." Also quoth he, "Every worldly good which doth not draw one nearer to Allah is a calamity, for a little of this world distracteth from a mickle of the world to come and a mickle of the present maketh thee forget the whole of the future." It was asked of Abú Házim,[4] "Who is the most prosperous of men?" and he answered, "Whoso spendeth his life in submission to Allah." The other enquired, "And who is the most foolish of mankind?" "Whoso selleth his future for the worldly good of others," replied Abu Hazim. It is reported of Moses[5] (on whom be peace!) that when he came to the waters of Midian he exclaimed, "O Lord, verily I stand in need of the good which thou shalt send down to me."[1] And he asked of his Lord and not of his folk. There came two damsels and he drew water for them both and allowed not the shepherds to draw first. When the twain returned, they informed their father Shu'ayb (on whom be peace!) who said, "Haply, he is hungry," adding to one of them, "Go back to him and bid him hither." Now when she came to Moses, she veiled her face and said, "My father biddeth thee to him that he may pay thee thy wage for having drawn water for us." So he followed her till he entered the house of Shu'ayb where supper was ready,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Thus making Bishr the "Imám" (antistes) lit. one who stands in front. In Koran xvii. 74 it means "leader:" in ii. 118 Allah makes Abraham an "Imam to mankind."

[2] A favourite sentiment in the East; we find it at the very beginning of Sa'di's Gulistan: better a weal-bringing lie than a harm-dealing truth.

[3] A penny, one sixth of the drachma.

[4] Founder of the Hanbali, fourth (in date) of the four orthodox Moslem schools. The Caliph al-Mu'atasim bi'llah, son of Harun al-Rashid, who believed the Koran to have been created and not a Logos (whatever that may be), co-eternal with Allah, scourged this Imam severely for "differing in opinion" (A.H. 220=833). In fact few of the notable reverends of that day escaped without a caress of the scourge or the sword.

[5] A learned man of the eighth century at Bassorah (A.D.).

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[1] A traditionist of Khorasan in the ninth century (A.D.).

[2] "Azal," opp. to "Abad," eternity without end, infinity.

[3] Koran lxvi. 6.

[4] A traditionist of Al-Medinah, eighth century (A.D.).

[5] Arab. "Músá": the Egyptian word was "Mesu," the "child" or the "boy" (brought up in the palace?), and the Hebrews made it "Mosheh" or "one drawn out of the water;" "Mu" in Egypt being water, the Arab "Ma"; whence probably the moderns have derived the dim. "Moyeh;" vulg. Egyptian for water.

Now when it was the Eighty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan:—Now, quoth the fifth damsel to thy sire, When Moses (on whom be peace!) entered the home of Shu'ayb where supper was ready, Shu'ayb said to him, "O Moses, I desire to pay thee thy wage for having drawn water for these two." But Moses answered, "I am of a household which selleth nothing of the fashion of the next world[2] for what is on earth of gold and silver." Then quoth Shu'ayb, "O youth! nevertheless thou art my guest, and it is my wont and that of my forbears to honour the guest by setting food before him." So Moses sat down and ate. Then Shu'ayb hired Moses for eight pilgrimages, that is to say, eight years, and made his wage marriage with one of his two daughters, and Moses' service to him was to stand for her dowry. As saith the Holy Writ of him, "Verily I will give thee one of these my two daughters in marriage, on condition that thou serve me for hire eight pilgrimages: and if thou fulfil ten years it is in thine own breast; for I seek not to impose a hardship on thee."[3] A certain man once said to one of his friends whom he had not met for many days, "Thou hast made me desolate, for that I have not seen thee this long while." Quoth the other, "I have been distracted from thee by Ibn Shiháb: dost thou know him?" Quoth his friend, "Yes, he hath been my neighbour these thirty years, but I have never spoken to him." He replied, "Verily thou forgettest Allah in forgetting thy neighbour! If thou lovedst Allah thou wouldst love thy neighbour. Knowest thou not that a neighbour hath a claim upon his neighbour,[1] even as the right of kith and kin?" Said Huzayfah, "We entered Meccah with Ibráhím bin Adham, and Shakík al-Balkhí was also making a pilgrimage that year. Now we met whilst circumambulating the Ka'abah and Ibrahim said to Shakik, What is your fashion in your country? Replied Shakik, When we are blest with our daily bread we eat, and when we hunger we take patience. This wise, said Ibrahim, do the dogs of Balkh; but we, when blest with plenty, do honour to Allah and when an-hungered we thank Him. And Shakik seated himself before Ibrahim and said to him, Thou art my master." Also said Mohammed bin Imrán, "A man once asked of Hátim the Deaf,[2] What maketh thee to trust in Allah? Two things, answered he, I know that none save myself shall eat my daily bread, so my heart is at rest as to that; and I know that I was not created without the knowledge of Allah, and am abashed before Him." Then the fifth damsel retired and the ancient dame came forward and, kissing the ground before thy father nine times, said:—Thou hast heard, O King, what these all have spoken on the subject of piety; and I will follow their example in relating what hath reached me of the famous men of past times. It is said that the Imam al-Sháfi'í departed the night into three portions, the first for study, the second for sleep and the third for prayer. The Imám Abú Hanífah[3] was wont also to pass half the night in prayer. One day a man pointed him out to another, as he walked by and remarked, "Yonder man watcheth the whole night." When he heard this Abu Hanifah said, "I was abashed before Allah to hear myself praised for what was not in me;" so after this he used to watch the whole night. And one of the Sages hath said:—

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[1] Koran, chapt. xxviii.: Shu'ayb is our Jethro: Koran, chapt. vii. and xi. Mr. Rodwell suggests (p. 101) that the name has been altered from Hobab (Numb. x. 29.).

[2] There is nothing of this in the Koran; and it is a most unhappy addition, as Moses utterly and pretentiously ignored a "next world."

[3] Koran xxviii. 22-27. Mohammed evidently confounded the contract between Laban and Jacob (Gen. xxix. 15-39).

"Who seeketh for pearl in the Deep dives deep; * Who on high would hie robs
his night of sleep."

Al-Rabí'a relates that Al-Shafi'i used to recite the whole Koran seventy times during the month of Ramazan, and that in his daily prayers. Quoth Al-Shafi'i (Allah accept him!), "During ten years

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[1] So says Al-Hariri (Ass. of Sasan), "The neighbour before the house and the traveller before the march." In certain cities the neighbourhood is the real detective police, noting every action and abating scandals (such as orgies, etc.) with a strong hand and with the full consent of public opinion and of the authorities. This loving the neighbour shows evident signs of being borrowed from Christianity.

[2] Al-Asamm, a theologian of Balkh, ninth century (A.D.).

[3] The founder of the Senior School, for which see Sale, Prel. Disc. sect. viii.

I never ate my fill of barley-bread, for fullness hardeneth the heart and deadeneth the wit and induceth sleep and enfeebleth one from standing up to pray." It is reported of Abdullah bin Mohammed al-Sakrá that he said, "I was once talking with Omar and he observed to me:—Never saw I a more God-fearing or eloquent man than Mohammed bin Idris al-Shafi'i. It so happened I went out one day with Al-Háris bin Labíb al-Saffár, who was a disciple of Al-Muzani[1] and had a fine voice, and he read the saying of the Almighty, This shall be a day whereon they shall not speak to any purpose, nor shall they be permitted to excuse themselves.[2] I saw Al-Shafi'i's colour change; his skin shuddered with horripilation, he was violently moved and he fell down in a fainting fit. When he revived he said I take refuge with Allah from the stead of the liars and the lot of the negligent! O Allah, before whom the hearts of the wise abase themselves, O Allah, of Thy beneficence accord to me the remission of my sins, adorn me with the curtain of Thy protection and pardon me my shortcomings, by the magnanimity of Thy Being! Then I rose and went away." Quoth one of the pious, "When I entered Baghdad, Al-Shafi'i was there. So I sat down on the river-bank to make the ablution before prayer; and behold, there passed me one who said, O youth, make thy Wuzu-ablution well and Allah will make it well for thee in this world and in the next. I turned and lo! there was a man behind whom came a company of people. So I hastened to finish my ablution and followed him. Presently, he turned and asked me, Say, dost thou want aught? Yes, answered I; I desire that thou teach me somewhat of that which Allah Almighty hath taught thee. He said, Know then that whoso believeth in Allah shall be saved, and whoso jealously loveth his faith shall be delivered from destruction, and whoso practiseth abstinence in this world, his eyes shall be solaced on the morrow of death. Shall I tell thee any more? I replied, Assuredly; and he continued, Be thou of the world that is, heedless; and of the world to come, greediest. Be truthful in all thy dealings, and thou shalt be saved with the Salvationists. Then he went on and I asked about him and was told that he was the Imam al-Shafi'i." Al-Shafi'i was wont to remark, "I love to see folk profit by this learning of mine, on condition that nothing of it be attributed to me."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] An Egyptian doctor of the law (ninth century).

[2] Koran lxxvii. 35, 36. This is one of the earliest and most poetical chapters of the book.

Now when it was the Eighty-fourth Night.

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan:—The old woman bespake thy sire, saying, The Imam Al-Shafi'i was wont to remark, "I love to see folk profit by this learning of mine on condition that nothing of it be attributed to me." He also said, "I never disputed with anyone, but I would that Almighty Allah should give him the knowledge of the Truth and aid him to dispread it: nor did I ever dispute with anyone at all but for the showing forth of the Truth, and I reck not whether Allah manifest it by my tongue or by His." He said also (whom Allah accept!), "If thou fear to grow conceited of thy lore, then bethink thee Whose grace thou seekest and for what good thou yearnest and what punishment thou dreadest." It was told to Abu Hanífah that the Commander of the Faithful, Abú Ja'afar al-Mansúr, had appointed him Kazi and ordered him a salary of ten thousand dirhams; but he would not accept of this; and, when the day came on which the money was to be paid him, he prayed the dawn-prayer, then covered his head with his robe and spoke not. When the Caliph's messenger came with the money, he went in to the Imam and accosted him, but he would not speak to him. So the messenger said, "Verily this money is lawfully thine." "I know that it is lawfully mine," replied he; "but I abhor that the love of tyrants get a hold upon my heart.[1] Asked the other, "If thou go in to them canst thou not guard thyself from loving them." Answered Abu Hanifah, "Can I look to enter the sea without my clothes being wet?" Another of Al-Shafi'i's sayings (Allah accept him!) is:—

"Oh soul of me, an thou accept my rede, * Thou shalt be wealthy and of grace entire:
Cast off ambitious hopes and vain desires; * How many a death was done by vain desire!"

Among the sayings of Safyán al-Thaurí, with which he admonished Ali bin al-Hasan al-Salamí was, "Be thou a man of truth and 'ware lies and treachery and hypocrisy and pride. Be not indebted save to Him who is merciful to His debtors; and let thine associate be one who shall dissociate thee from the world. Be ever mindful of death and be constant in craving pardon of Allah and in beseeching of Allah peace for what remaineth of thy life. Counsel every True Believer, when he asketh thee concerning the things of his faith; and beware of betraying a Believer, for whoso betrayeth a Believer, betrayeth Allah and His Apostle. Avoid dissensions and litigation; and leave that which causeth doubt in thee for things which breed no doubt:[1] so shalt thou be at peace. Enjoin beneficence and forbid malevolence: so shalt thou be loved of Allah. Adorn thine inner man and Allah shall adorn thine outer man. Accept the excuse of him who excuseth self to thee and hate not any one of the Moslems. Draw near unto those who withdraw from thee and excuse those that misuse thee: so shalt thou be the friend of the Prophets. Let thine affairs, both public and private, be in Allah's charge, and fear Him with the fear of one who knoweth he is dead and who fareth towards Resurrection and Judgment-stead between the hands of the Lord of Dread; and remember that to one of two houses thou art sped, either for Heavens eterne or to the Hell fires that burn." Thereupon the old woman sat down beside the damsels. Now when thy father, who hath found mercy, heard their discourse, he knew that they were the most accomplished of the people of their time; and, seeing their beauty and loveliness and the extent of their wisdom and lore, he showed them all favour. Moreover, he turned to the ancient dame and treated her with honour, and set apart for her and her damsels the palace which had lodged Princess Abrizah, daughter of the King of Greece, whereto he bade carry all the luxuries they needed. They abode with him ten days and the old woman abode with them; and whenever the King visited them, he found her absorbed in prayer, watching by night and fasting by day; whereby love of her took hold upon his heart and he said to me, "O Wazir, verily this old woman is of the pious, and awe of her is strong in my heart." Now on the eleventh day, the King visited her, that he might pay her the price of the damsels; but she said to him, "O King, know that the price of these maidens surpasseth the competence of men; indeed I seek not for them either gold or silver or jewels, be it little or much." Now when thy father heard these words he wondered and asked her, "O my lady and what is their price?" whereto she answered, "I will not sell them to thee save on condition that thou fast, watching by night a whole month, and abstaining by day, all for the love of Allah Almighty; and, if thou do this, they are thy property. So the King wondered at the perfection of her rectitude and piety and abnegation; she was magnified in his eyes and he said, "Allah make this pious woman to profit us!" Then he agreed with her to fast for a month as she had stipulated, and she said to him, "I will help thee with the prayers I pray for thee and now bring me a gugglet of water." They brought one and she took it and recited over it and muttered spells, and sat for an hour speaking in speech no one understood or knew aught thereof. Lastly she covered it with a cloth and, sealing it with her signet-ring, gave it to thy sire, saying, "When thou hast fasted the first ten days, break thy fast on the eleventh night with that is in this gugglet, for it will root out the love of the world from thy heart and fill it with light and faith. As for me to-morrow I will go forth to my brethren, the Invisible Controuls,[1] for I yearn after them, and I will return to thee when the first ten days are past." Thy father took the gugglet and arose and set it apart in a closet of his palace, then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Next day the King fasted and the old woman went her ways.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Abu Hanifah was scourged for refusing to take office and was put to death in prison, it is said by poison (A.H. 150 = A.D. 767), for a judicial sentence authorising rebellion against the second Abbaside, al-Mansur, surnamed Abu'l-Dawánik (Father of Pence) for his exceeding avarice.

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[1] "Lá rayba fí-hi" says the Koran (ii. 1) of itself; and the saying is popularly applied to all things of the Faith.

Now when it was the Eighty-fifth Night,

She said, it hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan thus continued to Zau al-Makan:—Now when came the day for the Sultan's fast, the old woman went her ways. And after he had accomplished the ten days thereof, on the eleventh he opened the gugglet and drank what was therein and found it cordial to his stomach. Within the second ten days of the month the old woman returned, bringing sweetmeats wrapped in a green leaf, like no leaf of known tree. She went in to thy sire and saluted him; and, when he saw her, he rose to her saying, "Welcome, O pious lady!" "O King," quoth she, "the Invisible Controuls salute thee, for I told them of thee, and they rejoiced in thee and have sent thee their Halwá,[2] which is of the sweetmeats of the other world.

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[1] Arab. "Rijál al-Ghayb," somewhat like the "Himalayan Brothers" of modern superstition. See Herklots (Qanoon-e-Islam) for a long and careful description of these "Mardán-i-Ghayb" (Pers.), a "class of people mounted on clouds," invisible, but moving in a circular orbit round the world; and suggesting the Hindu "Lokapálas." They should not be in front of the traveller nor on his right, but either behind or on his left hand: hence tables, memorial couplets and hemistichs are required to ascertain the station, without which precaution journeys are apt to end badly.

[2] A sweetmeat before noticed.

Do thou break thy fast on it at the end of the day." The King rejoiced at this with great joy, and exclaimed, "Praised be Allah, who hath given me brethren of the Invisible World!" Thereupon he thanked the ancient dame and kissed her hands; and he honoured her and the damsels with exceeding honour. She went forth for the twenty days of thy father's fast, at the end of which time she came to him and said, "Know, O King, that I told the Invisible Controuls of the love which is between me and thee, and informed them how I had left the maidens with thee, and they were glad that the damsels should belong to a King like thee; for they were wont, when they saw them, to be strenuous in offering on their behalf prayers and petitions ever granted. So I would fain carry them to the Invisible Controuls that they may benefit by the breath of their favour, and peradventure, they shall not return to thee without some treasure of the treasures of the earth, that thou, after completing thy fast, mayst occupy thyself with their raiment and help thyself by the money they shall bring thee, to the extent of thy desires." When thy sire heard her words he thanked her for them and said, "Except that I fear to cross thee, I would not accept the treasure or aught else; but when wilt thou set out with them?" Replied she, "On the seven-and-twentieth night; and I will bring them back to thee at the head of the month, by which time thou wilt have accomplished thy fast; and they shall become thine and be at thy disposal. By Allah, each damsel of them is worth many times thy kingdom!" He said, "I know it, O pious lady!" Then quoth the old woman, "There is no help but that thou send with them someone in thy palace who is dear to thee, that she may find solace and seek a blessing of the Invisible Controuls." Quoth he, "I have a Greek wife called Sophia, by whom I have been blessed with two children, a girl and a boy; but they were lost years ago. Take her with thee that she may get the blessing"—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Eighty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan:—Quoth thy sire to the ancient woman when she demanded the handmaids of him, "I have a Greek wife called Sophia, by whom I have been blest with two children, a girl and a boy, but they were lost years ago; so take her with thee, haply she may get the benediction and, belike, the Invisible Controuls will sue Allah for her that her two children may be restored to her." "Thou hast said well," replied she; "for that indeed was her grievousest want." Thy sire gave not over finishing his fast till the old woman said to him, "O my son, I am going to the Invisible Controuls; so bring me Sophia." Accordingly, he summoned her and she came forthright, and he delivered her to the old woman who mixed her up with the other damsels. Then she went in to her chamber and bringing out a sealed cup, presented it to the Sultan, saying, "On the thirtieth day, do thou repair to the Hammam and when thou comest out, enter one of the closets in thy palace and drink what is in this cup. Then sleep, and thou shalt attain what thou seekest, and peace be with thee!" Thereat the King was glad and thanked her and kissed her hands. Quoth she, "I commend thee to Allah's care;" whereat quoth he, "And when shall I see thee again, O pious lady? In very sooth I love not to part with thee." Then she called down blessings on him and departed with the five damsels and the Queen; whilst the King fasted after her departure other three days, till the month ended, when he arose and went to the Hammam and coming out, shut himself up in a closet of his palace, commanding that none should go in to him. There, after making fast the door, he drank what was in the cup and lay down to sleep: and we sat awaiting him till the end of the day, but he did not come out and we said, "Perchance he is tired with the bath and with watching by night and fasting by day; wherefore he sleepeth." So we waited till next day; but still he did not come forth. Then we stood at the closet-door and cried aloud, so haply he might awake and ask what was the matter. But nothing came of that; so at last we lifted up the door;[1] and, going in, found him dead, with his flesh torn into strips and bits and his bones broken.[2] When we saw him in this condition it was grievous to us, and we took up the cup and found within its cover a piece of paper whereon was inscribed, "Whoso doeth evil leaveth no regrets, and this be the reward of him who deceiveth the daughters of Kings; and we make known to all who fall upon this scroll that Sharrkan, when he came to our country, carried away our Queen Abrizah. Then King Omar sent her away in company of a black slave who slew her, and we found her lying dead on the desert sward and thrown out to wild beasts. This be no kingly deed, and he who did this is requited with naught save what he merited. So do ye suspect none of having killed him, for no one slew him but the cunning witch, whose name is Zat al-Dawahi. And behold I have taken the King's wife, Sophia, and have carried her to her father, Afridun King of Constantinople. Moreover there is no help for it but that we wage war upon you and kill you and take your country from you, and ye shall be cut off even to the last man, nor shall a living soul be spared by Death nor one who bloweth fire with his breath, save he who Cross and Zone[1] worshippeth." When we read this paper, we knew that the ancient woman had beguiled us and carried out her plot against us: whereupon we cried aloud and buffeted our faces and wept sore when weeping availed us naught. And the troops fell out as to whom they should make Sultan; some would have thee, and others would have thy brother Sharrkan; and we ceased not to dispute about this for the space of a month, at the end of which certain of us drew together and agreed to repair to thy brother Sharrkan: so we set out and journeyed on till we fell in with thee. And such is the manner of the death of Sultan Omar bin al-Nu'uman! Now when the Wazir Dandan had made an end of his story, Zau al-Makan and his sister, Nuzhat al-Zaman, wept; and the Chamberlain, who wept also, said to Zau al-Makan, "O King, weeping will avail thee naught; nor shall aught profit thee but that thou harden thy heart and strengthen thy stress and stablish thy sovranty; for verily whoso leaveth the like of thee is not dead." Thereupon Zau al-Makan gave over his weeping and caused this throne to be set up without the pavilion, and then commanded the army to pass in review-order before him. And the Chamberlain sat by his side and all the armour-bearers[2] behind him, whilst the Wazir Dandan and the rest of the Emirs and Grandees stood each in his own stead. Then quoth King Zau al-Makan to the Minister Dandan, "Inform me concerning my sire's treasures;" and he replied, "I hear and I obey;" and gave him to know of the late King's hoards and monies, and what was in the treasury of amassed wealth and jewels, and acquainted him with other precious things. So Zau al-Makan opened his hand to the army, and gave a sumptuous robe of honour to the Wazir Dandan, saying, "Thou continuest in office." Whereupon Dandan kissed the ground before him and wished him long life. Then he bestowed dresses on the Emirs, after which he said to the Chamberlain, "Bring out before me the tribute of Damascus that is with thee." So he was shown the chest of money and rarities and jewels, when he took them and parted them all amongst the troops,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Door-hinges in the east are two projections for the top and bottom of the leaf playing in hollows of the lintel and threshold. It appears to be the primitive form, for we find it in the very heart of Africa. In the basaltic cities of the Hauran, where the doors are of thick stone, they move easily on these pins. I found them also in the official (not the temple) City of Palmyra, but all broken.

[2] The effect of the poison and of the incantation which accompanied it.

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[1] Arab. "Zunnár," the Gr. ζώνη. Christians and Jews were compelled by the fanatical sumptuary laws of the Caliphs Omar, Al-Mutawakkil (A.D. 856) and others to wear a broad leather belt in public; hence it became a badge of the Faith. Probably it was confounded with the "Janeo" (Brahmanical thread) and the Parsi sacred girdle called Kashti. (Dabistan i. 297, etc.). Both Mandeville and La Brocquière speak of "Christians of the Girdle, because they are all girt above;" intending Jacobites or Nestorians.

[2] "Siláh-dár" (Arab. and Pers.) = a military officer of high rank; literally an "armour-bearer," chosen for valour and trustworthiness. So Jonathan had a "young man" (brave) who bare his armour (1 Sam. xiv. 1, 6 and 7); and Goliath had a man that bare the shield before him (ibid. xvii. 7, 41). Men will not readily forget the name of Sulayman Agha, called the Silahdar, in Egypt (Lane, M. E. chapt. iv.).

Now when it was the Eighty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Zau al-Makan ordered the Chamberlain to bring out before him what he had brought of the tribute of Damascus; and, when he was shown the chest of money and rarities and jewels, he took them and parted them all amongst the troops, till nothing was left. And the Emirs kissed the ground before him and wished him long life, saying, "Never saw we a King, who gave the like of these gifts." Then all went away to their tents and when it was morning he gave orders for marching. So they marched for three days, till, on the fourth day, they drew near to Baghdad. When they entered the city, they found it decorated, and Zau al-Makan, the Sultan, went up to his father's palace and sat down on the throne, whilst the Emirs of the army and the Wazir Dandan and the Chamberlain of Damascus stood between his hands. Then he bade his private secretary write a writ to his brother Sharrkan, acquainting him with all that had passed, from first to last, and he concluded, "As soon as thou hast read this letter, make ready thine affair and join us with thine army, that we may turn to war upon the Franks and take blood-wite for our father and wipe out the stain upon our honour." Then he folded the letter and sealed it with his seal-ring and said to the Minister Dandan, "None shall carry this letter but thou; and it behoveth thee speak my brother fair and say to him:—If thou have a mind to thy father's kingdom, it is thine, and thy brother shall be Viceroy for thee in Damascus; for to this effect am I instructed by him." So the Wazir went down from before him and made ready for his march. Then Zau al-Makan bade set apart a magnificent house for the Stoker and furnished it with the best of furniture and long is the tale of that man.[1] Presently Zau al-Makan went out chasing and hunting and, as he was returning to Baghdad, one of the Emirs presented him with blood-horses and with beauteous handmaids whose description the tongue evades. One of the damsels pleased him : so he wedded her. After a while, the Wazir Dandan returned from his journey, bringing him news of his brother Sharrkan and that he was then on his way to him, and said, "It were fitting thou go forth to meet him." Zau al-Makan replied, "I hear and I consent;" and riding forth with his Grandees a day's journey from Baghdad, he pitched his pavilions there awaiting his brother. Next morning appeared King Sharrkan amid the army of Syria, a horseman of might, a lion fierce in fight, a prow and doughty knight. As the squadrons drew nigh and the dust-clouds came hard by and the troops rode up with banners on high, Zau al-Makan and those with him pushed forward to meet Sharrkan and his men ; and when Zau al-Makan saw his brother, he desired to dismount, but Sharrkan conjured him not to do on this wise, and himself footed it, and walked a few paces towards him.[2] As soon as he reached Zau al-Makan, the new Sultan threw himself upon him, and Sharrkan embraced him and wept with great weeping and the twain condoled each with other. They then mounted and rode onward, they and their troops, till they reached Baghdad, where they alighted and went up to the royal palace and there they passed that night, and when next morning came, Zau al-Makan went forth and bade summon the troops from all parts, and proclaimed a Holy War and a Razzia.[3] Then they awaited the coming of the levies from each quarter of the kingdom, and every one who came they entreated with honour and promised him all manner of good ; till in so doing a full month had sped, and the fighting men flocked to them in a continuous body. Thereupon Sharrkan said to Zau al-Makan, "O my brother, tell me thy history." So he told him all that had befallen him from first to last, including the benevolent dealing of the Stoker with him. Asked Sharrkan, "Hast thou requited his kindness?" and he answered, "O my brother ! I have not rewarded him as yet, but Inshallah ! I will recompense him whenas I return from this raid"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] It will be told afterwards.

[2] The elder brother thus showed himself a vassal and proved himself a good Moslem by not having recourse to civil war.

[3] Arab. "Ghazwah," the corrupt Gallicism now Europeanised and = raid, ſoray.

Now when it was the Eighty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sharrkan asked his brother Zau al-Makan, "Hast thou requited the Stoker for his kindness?" and he answered, "O my brother, I have not rewarded him as yet, but Inshallah! I will recompense him whenas I return from this raid and find time so to do." Therewith Sharrkan was certified that his sister, Nuzhat al-Zaman, had told him the whole truth; and he offered his salutation to her by her husband the Chamberlain. She sent him back her greeting, calling down blessings on him and enquiring after her daughter Kuzia-Fakan, to which he replied that the maiden was well and in the best of health and safety. Whereupon she praised Almighty Allah and gave him thanks. Then Sharrkan went to his brother to take counsel with him for departure; and Zau al-Makan said, "O my brother, as soon as the army is complete and the Arabs have come in from all parts, we will march forth." So he bade make ready the commissariat and prepare munitions of war and went to his wife, and he put under her astrologers and mathematicians, to whom he appointed stipends and allowances. Presently he set out three months after the arrival of the army of Syria and as soon as the Arabs were come in and the troops were assembled from all directions; and, as he fared forth, he was followed by the warriors and the united host. Now the name of the General of the Daylam army was Rustam and that of the General of the army of the Turks[1] Bahrám. And Zau al-Makan marched in mid-host and on his right was his brother Sharrkan, and on his left the Chamberlain, his brother-in-law. So the squadrons broke up and pushed forward and the battalions and companies filed past in battle-array, till the whole army was in motion. They ceased not to journey on for the space of a month, and each body dismounted at its own ground and there rested every week three days (for the host was great); and they advanced in this order till they came to the country of the Greeks. Then the people of the villages and hamlets and the poorer sort took fright at them and fled to Constantinople. But when King Afridun heard the tidings he arose and betook himself to Zat al-Dawahi, the same who had contrived the stratagem, and had travelled to Baghdad and had slain King Omar bin al-Nu'uman; and who, after carrying off her slaves and Queen Sophia, had returned with them all to her native land. Now when she had been restored to her son, the King of Greece, and felt herself safe, she said to King Hardub, "Cool thine eyes; for I have avenged by blood the death of thy daughter Abrizah, and have killed Omar bin al-Nu'uman and have brought back Sophia. So now let us go to the King of Constantinople and carry to him his daughter and acquaint him with what hath happened, that all of us be on guard and prepare our forces; and I will fare with thee to King Afridun, Lord of Constantinople, for I opine that the Moslems will not await our attack." Said Hardub, "Tarry thou till they draw near our country, that we may make us ready meantime and assemble our power." Accordingly they took to levying their forces and preparing for war, and, when the news of the Moslems' advance reached them, they were prepared for defence; and Zat al-Dawahi had preceded them. Now when she and her son arrived at Constantinople, the King of Kings, Afridun, hearing of the approach of Hardub, King of the Greeks, came forth to meet him and asked how it was with him and the cause of his visit. So Hardub acquainted him with the cunning doings of his mother, Zat al-Dawahi, how she had slain the Moslem King and recovered from him Queen Sophia, and had said, "The Moslems have assembled their forces and are on their way to attack us, wherefore it behoveth that we two join hands in single band and meet them. Now King Afridun rejoiced in the return of his daughter and the killing of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman; and he sent to all countries seeking succour and acquainting the folk with the cause of slaying the Moslem King. So the Nazarene troops flocked to him and three months were not past ere the army of the Greeks was complete, besides which there joined themselves to him Franks from all their lands, French, Germans[1] and Ragusans,[2] with men of Zara,[3] Venetians, Genoese, and all the hosts of the Yellow Faces[4]; and, when the gathering was at its full, earth was straitened on them by reason of their multitude. Then Afridun, the Great King, ordered a march; so they set out and ceased not to defile through the city for ten days. They rode on till they reached the Wady called Al-Nu'uman, a broad-sided vale hard by the Salt Sea, where they halted three days; and on the fourth they were about to set out again, when news came that the army of Al-Islam on them prest, and the defenders of the faith of Mohammed, of Men the Best. So they halted in it other three days, and on the eighth they espied a dust cloud which towered till it walled the whole land; nor was an hour of the day past ere that dust began to drift and was torn to shreds in the lift, and pierced through its shades the starry radiance of lance and the white lightning of blades. Presently there appeared beneath it the banners Islamitan and the ensigns Mahometan; the horsemen urged forward, like the letting loose of seas that surged, clad in mail, as they were mackerel-back clouds which the moon enveïl; whereupon the two hosts clashed, like two torrents each on other dashed. Eyes fell upon eyes; and the first to seek combat singular was the Wazir Dandan, he and the army of Syria, numbering thirty thousand bridles, and with him were the General of the Turks, and the General of Daylam, Rustam and Bahram, amid twenty thousand horse, behind whom came the men from the shores of the Salt Sea, clad in iron mail, as they were full moons that past through a night o'ercast. Then the Frankish host heaped themselves upon the Wazir Dandan and those with him of the Syrian host. Now all this was in pursuance of a stratagem devised by that ancient woman Zat al-Dawahi; for, before his departure King Afridun had gone in to her and asked her, "How shall I do and what plan shall I pursue? it is thou hast caused this great distress to us;" and she had answered, "O great King and mighty Cohen,[1] I will teach thee a trick would baffle Iblis himself, though he summon to his assistance all his grisly hosts."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Turk in modern parlance means a Turkoman, a nomade: the settled people call themselves Osmanli or Othmanli. Turkoman = Turk-like.

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[1] Arab. "Nimsá;" southern Germans, Austrians; from the Slav. "Nemica" (any Germans), literally meaning "The dumb" (nemac), because they cannot speak Slav.

[2] Arab. "Dubárá" from the Slav. "Dubrovnik," from "Dub" (an oak) and "Dubrava" (an oak forest). Ragusa, once a rival of Venice, gave rise to the word "Argosy." D'Herbelot calls it "Dobravenedik" or "Good Venice," the Turkish name, because it paid tribute when Venice would not (?).

[3] Arab. "Jawarnah," or, "Júrnah" evidently Zara, a place of many names, Jadera (Hirtius de Bell. Alex. cap. 13), Jadra, Zadra (whence the modern term), Diadora, Diadosca and Jadrossa. This important Liburnian city sent forth many cruisers in crusading days; hence the Arabs came to know its name.

[4] Arab. "Banu 'l-Asfar;" a term applied by the Arabs to the Romans (see Ibn Khall. ii. 252). The races of Hindostan term the English not "white men," but "red men;" and the reason will at once be seen by comparing a

Now when it was the Eighty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, all this was a stratagem of the ancient woman, for that the King before his depar-

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Britisher with a high-caste Nágar Brahman whose face is of parchment-colour as if he had drunk *exsangue cuminum.* The Yellow-faces of the text correspond with the Sansk. "Svetadvipa"—Whiteman's Land.

[1] A Diviner, a priest, esp. Jewish, and not belonging to the tribe of Levi.

ture had gone to her and asked, "How shall I do and what plan shall I pursue? it is thou hast caused this great distress to us!" And she had answered, "O great King and mighty Cohen, I will teach thee a trick would baffle the Devil himself, though he summon to his assistance all his grisly hosts. It is that thou send fifty thousand men going down in ships, and sailing over the sea to the Mountain of Smoke; and there let them land and stir not till the standards of Al-Islam come upon thee, when do thou up and at them. Then bid the troops from the seaward sally out upon the Moslems and take them in rear, whilst we confront them from the landward: so not one of them shall escape, and our sorrows shall cease and peace abide with us." Now the counsel of this ancient woman commended itself to King Afridun, and he replied, "Right is the recking thou reckest, O Princess of wits and recourse of Kings and Cohens warring for their blood-wite!" So when the army of Al-Islam came upon them in that valley, before they knew of it the flames began to burn up the tents and the swords in men's bodies to make rents. Then hurried up the army of Baghdad and Khorasan who numbered one hundred and twenty thousand horse, with Zau al-Makan in the front of war. When the host of the Franks that lay by the sea saw them, they sallied out against them and followed in their tracks; and when Zau al-Makan espied this he cried out to his men, "Turn back to the Franks, O People of the Prophet, and slay our enemies." So they turned and fought with the Christians. Then Sharrkan marched up with another corps of the Moslem host, some hundred thousand men, whilst the Franks numbered nigh upon a thousand and six hundred thousand men. When the Moslems were united, their hearts were strengthened and they cried out, saying, "Verily Allah hath promised us victory, and to the Franks hath assigned defeat." And they clashed together with sword and spear. Now Sharrkan tare through rank and row and raged among the masses of the foe, fighting so fierce a fight as to make children grey grow; nor did he cease tourneying among the infidel horde and working havoc among them with the keen-edged sword, shouting "Allahu Akbar!"—Allah is Most Great—till he drove back the host to the coast. Then failed the force of the foe and folk fought folk, drunken without strong drink, till they slew of the Franks in this affair forty and five thousand, while of the Moslems but three thousand and five hundred fell. Moreover the Lion of the Faith, King Sharrkan, and his brother, Zau al-Makan, slept not that night, but occupied themselves with congratulating their braves and with looking to the wounded and with assuring the army of victory and salvation and promise of reward in the world to come. Thus far concerning the Moslems; but as regards King Afridun, Lord of Constantinople and Sovran of Roum, and Zat al-Dawahi, they assembled the Emirs of the host and said to them, "Verily we had worked our will and solaced our hearts, but our over-confidence in our numbers, and that only, defeated us." Then quoth to them the ancient one, the Lady of Calamities, "In very sooth the whole strength of the Moslem host lieth in that Satan, King Sharrkan." "To-morrow," said King Afridun, "I have resolved to draw up in battle array and to send out against them that redoubtable cavalier, Lúká bin Shamlút; for if King Sharrkan come forth as a champion to fight single-handed, our man will slay him and will slay the other Moslem Knights, till not one is left." When the Emirs heard these words they kissed the ground before him. So as soon as dawn was seen and the morning shone with its shine and sheen, the horsemen ran to their spears full keen, and King Afridun——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the full Ninetieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, as soon as dawn was seen and the morning shone with its shine and sheen, the horsemen ran to their spears full keen and King Afridun summoned his chief Knights and Nobles and invested them with dresses of honour; also, he called for Luka bin Shamlut, surnamed the Sword of the King. Now there was no stouter champion in the land of Roum than this Luka, nor any better at bending of bow or sway of sword or lunge with lance on the day of devoir; but he was foul of favour, for his face was as the face of an ass, his shape that of an ape and his look as the look of a malignant snake: his presence was more grievous than parting from the beloved; and blacker than night was his blackness; more crooked than a bow was his crookedness and grimmer than the leopard was his ugliness. After this he came up to King Afridun and kissed his feet and stood before him; and the King said to him, "I desire thou go out against Sharrkan, King of Damascus, son of Omar bin al-Nu'uman, and deliver us from this affliction." Quoth Luka, "Hearkening and obedience;" and he went out from the presence and mounted a sorrel horse; he was clad in a red robe and a hauberk of gold set with jewels, and he bore a trident spear, as he were Iblis on the day of drawing out his hosts to war. Then he rode forward, he and his horde of Franks, preceded by a herald, crying aloud in the Arabic tongue and saying, "Ho, sect of Mohammed (upon whom be salutation and salvation!)

let none of you come out but your champion Sharrkan, the Sword of Al-Islam, Lord of Damascus in Shám[1]! Nor had he made an end of speaking, when arose a tumult in the plain; all the people heard the strain and the whole moving bodies of the armies twain called to mind the Day of Complain. Then the cowards trembled and all necks turned towards the sound, and lo! it was King Sharrkan, son of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman; for when his brother, Zau al-Makan, saw Luka push out on the plain, and heard the pursuivant, he turned to Sharrkan and said to him, "Of a surety they seek for thee." Said he, "Should it so be, 'twere most pleasing to me." So when they made sure of the matter and heard the herald crying in the plain, "Let none of you come out against me save Sharrkan," they knew this Luka to be champion of the land of Roum who had sworn to sweep the earth clean of Moslems. Now he was one of the greatest of warriors; and the Daylamites, Turks and Kurds dreaded his might and main. Presently Sharrkan drave at him like a lion angry-grim, mounted on a courser like a wild gazelle flying snell and slim; and coming nigh to him made the spear he held to shake as it were a darting snake, and recited these couplets:—

I have a sorrel steed, whose pride is fain to bear the rein, * Shall give thee what thou likest not and make thee feel his main:
I have a handy limber spear full bright and keen of point, * Upon whose shaft the dam of Death her throny seat hath ta'en:
I have a trenchant glaive of Hind; and when I bare its face * Of scabbard-veil, from out its brow the rays of leven rain.

Luka understood not the sense of his speech nor did he apprehend the vehemence of the verse; but he couched his throw-spear and ran at Sharrkan. First, however, he tossed the javelin with one hand in air to such height that it was lost to the spectator's sight; and, catching it with the other hand as do the jugglers, hurled it at Sharrkan. It flew from his grasp like a shooting star and folk clamoured and feared for Sharrkan; but, as the spear flew near him, he put out his hand and caught it in full flight to the amazement of all who saw the sight. Then he shook it with the hand that took it till it was well-nigh broken, and hurled it so high into the welkin that it disappeared from view. As it descended, he caught it again with the other hand, in less than the twinkling of an eye, and cried out from his heart-core, saying, "By the truth of Him who created the sevenfold skies, I will assuredly make this wight a byword for mankind to despise!" Then threw he the throw-spear at Luka, who thought to do as Sharrkan had done and put forth his hand to catch it in mid-flight; but Sharrkan prevented him, and sped at him a second throw-spear which smote him and the point fell on his forehead, and he died. But when the Franks saw Luka bin Shamlut fall slain, they buffeted their faces and they cried, "Alas!" and "Woe worth the day!" and called for aid,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Syria, the "left-hand land" as has before been explained. The popular saying about its people is "Shámi shúmi!"—the Syrian is small potatoes (to render the sense Americanicè). Nor did Syrus, the slave in Roman days, bear the best of names. In Al-Hijaz the Syrian is addressed "Abú Shám" (Father of Syria) and insulted as "Abuser of the Salt" (a traitor). Yet many sayings of Mohammed are recorded in honour of Syria, and he sometimes used Syriac words.

Now when it was the Ninety-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Franks saw Luka bin Shamlut fall slain, they buffeted their faces and cried, "Alas!" and "Woe worth the day!" and called for aid, and the Franks all drew together against Sharrkan; and, brandishing their scymitars and lances, rushed forward to the attack. Then army met army and breasts fell under hoof, whilst spear and sword ruled the day and fore-arms and wrists grew weak and the coursers seemed created without legs;[1] nor did the herald of war cease calling to fight, till arms were aweary and day took flight and night came on darkening the light. So the two hosts drew apart, whilst every brave staggered like a drunken knave, for that with so much cut and thrust they strave; and the place was choked with the slain; fell were the wounds and the hurt knew not by whom they fell. Then Sharrkan joined his brother, Zau al-Makan, and the Chamberlain and the Wazir Dandan, and said to them, "Verily Allah hath opened a door for the Franks to fall, praised be the Lord of the Worlds one and all!" Replied Zau al-Makan, "Let us never cease to praise Allah, for that He hath dispelled trouble from the Arab and the Ajam. Indeed the folk, generation after generation, shall tell of thy derring-do against Luka, of thy catching the throw-spear in mid-flight, and how the enemy of Allah among men thou didst smite; and thy fame shall endure until the end of time." Then said Sharrkan, "Harkye, O grand Chamberlain and doughty Capitayne!" and he answered, "Adsum!"[1] Quoth Sharrkan, "Take with thee the Wazir Dandan and twenty thousand horse, and lead them seven parasangs towards the sea, and force the march till ye shall have come near the shore, and there remain only two parasangs between thee and the foe. Then ambush ye in the hollows of the ground till ye hear the tumult of the Franks disembarking from their ships; and the war-cry from every side strike your ear and ye know that the sabres have begun labour between us and them; and, whenso ye see our troops falling back, as if defeated, and all the Franks following them, as well those in front as those from the seaward and the tents, do ye still lie in wait for them: but as soon as ye see the standard with the words, There is no god but *the* God, and Mohammed is God's Apostle (on whom be salutation and salvation!), then up with the green banner, and do your endeavour and fall on their rear and shout, Allahu Akbar!—Allah is most Great!—and circle round that they may not interpose between the retreating army and the sea." He replied, "To hear is to obey!" and forthright they agreed upon this matter and they went forth. Now the Chamberlain took with himself the Wazir Dandan and twenty thousand men even as Sharrkan had commanded. As soon as dawned the morn, the troops sprang to horse when they had donned their armour-gear and drawn the scymitar and slung the spear. Then the Franks dispread themselves over hill and dale and those in the ships began making for shore from every side, and landed their horses and gat them ready for fight and fray, whilst the sword-blades glittered bright and the javelins glanced like leven-light on mail-shirt white; and all joined fight and the grind-mill of Death whirled round and ground those who fought from horse and aground: heads from bodies flew and tongues mute grew and eyes no vision knew. Scymitars strave with utmost strain and heads flew over the battle plain; wrists were shorn in twain; steeds plashed in pools of gore and beards were gripped right sore.

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[1] The leg-cut is a prime favourite with the Eastern sworder, and a heavy two-handed blade easily severs a horse's leg.

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[1] Arab. "Labbayka;" the Pilgrimage-cry (Night xxii.) which in Arabic is,

> Labbayk', Allahumma, Labbayk'!
> Lá Sharíka laka, Labbayk'!
> Inna 'l-hamda w'al ni'amata laka wa'l mulk!
> Labbayk', Allahumma, Labbayk'!

Some add, "Here am I, and I honour Thee, the son of Thy two slaves; beneficence and good are all between Thy hands." With this "Talbiyah" the pilgrim should bless the Prophet, pray Allah to grant Heaven and exclaim, "By Thy mercy spare us from the pains of Hell-fire!" (Pilgrimage iii. 232.) Labbayka occurs in the verses attributed to Caliph Ali: so labba=he faced and yalubbu=it faces (as one house faces another); lastly, he professed submission to Allah; in which sense, together with the verbal noun "Talbiyah," it is used by Al-Haríri (Pref. and Ass. of Su'adah).

Now Zau al-Makan and Sharrkan held back and their troops gave way and feigned flight from before the foe, while the Frankish array pressed hard upon them, deeming them in rout, and made ready to cut and thrust. Then the host of the Moslems raised their voices, reciting the first verses of the Chapter of the Cow,[1] whilst the dead were trampled under hoofs of steeds, and the heralds of the Greeks cried out, "See, the hosts of Al-Islam like birds with broken wings incline to elope! So turn ye not to them your backs, but let your swords cleave deep in their necks and hold not your hands from them." Now Afridun, King of Constantinople, deemed that the Franks were victorious, knowing not that this was but a clever stratagem of the Moslems, and sent to King Hardub of Roum congratulations of success, adding, "I swear that I will not leave upon the earth a single defender of Al-Islam! And to the bitter end will I carry out this plan." Accordingly the messenger betook himself with the address to King Hardub, whilst the Franks called to one another saying, "Take we vengeance-wreak for Luka!"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Ninety-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Franks called to one another, saying, "Take we vengeance-wreak for Luka!" while Hardub King of Greece cried aloud, "Ho, to our revenge for Abrizah!" Thereupon King Zau al-Makan shouted, "Ho, servants of the Requiting King! smite them with the blanch of sword and the brown of spear!" So the Moslems returned to the Franks and plied them with the keen-edged scymitar, whilst their herald cried aloud, "Up and at the foes, all ye who love the Prophet Elect, with hope of salvation on the Day of Fear, to win favour of the Bountiful, the Forgiving One; for verily the Garden of Paradise is under the shadow of swords!" And behold, Sharrkan and his men charged down upon the Franks and cut off their retreat and wheeled and tourneyed among the ranks; when lo! a knight of goodly presence opened a passage through the army of the Franks and circled hither and thither amongst them, cutting and thrusting and covering the ground with heads and trunks, so that the Franks feared him and their necks bent under his lunge and hew. He was girt with two swords, his glances and his brand, and he was armed with two lances, one of bamboo-cane and the other his straight wand-like shape; and his flowing hair stood him in stead of many warriors, even as saith the poet:—

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[1] Koran ii.

Laud not long hair,[1] except it be dispread * In two-fold locks, on day of fight and fray,
O'er youth who bears his lance 'twixt flank and thigh, * From many a whiskered knight to win the day.

And as singeth another:—

I say to him, what while he slings his sword, * "For sword shall serve those looks that sword-like show!"
Says he, "My sabre-looks for those I love, * My sword for those who grace of love unknow!"

When Sharrkan saw him, he said to him, "I conjure thee by the Koran and the attributes of the Compassionate One, O Champion of the Champions! tell me who thou art: for verily by thy deeds this day thou hast pleased the Requiting King, whom one thing distracteth not from other thing. Then cried the Cavalier to him saying, "Thou art he who madest brother-covenant with me but yesterday: how quickly thou hast forgotten me!" Thereupon he withdrew his mouth-veil,[2] so that what was hidden of his beauty was disclosed, and lo! it was none other than Zau al-Makan. Then Sharrkan rejoiced in his brother, save that he feared for him the rush of fighting and the crush of braves a-smiting; and this for two reasons, the first, his tender age and exposure to the evil eye, and the second, that his safety was to the kingdom the greater of the two overshadowing wings. So he said to him, "O King: thou riskest thy life, so join thy steed to mine; in very sooth I fear for thee from the foe; and better thou stint hazarding thyself forth of these squadrons, that we may shoot at the enemy thine unerring shaft." Quoth Zau al-Makan, "I desire to even thee in fray and I will not be niggard of myself before thee in the mellay." Then the host of Al-Islam, heaping itself upon the Franks, girt them on all sides and brake their power. But King Afridun sighed when he saw the evil wreak that had fallen on the Greek, and they turned their backs from fight and addressed themselves to flight, making for the ships, when lo! there came out upon them from the sea-coast another host, led by the Minister Dandan, the champion who was wont to make champions bite the dust, and to lay load on them with cut and thrust. Nor less came forth the Emir Bahram, Lord of the Provinces of Sham, amid twenty thousand horse doughty of arm; and the host of Al-Islam pressed them in front and on flank and wrought them grievous harm. Then a body of the Moslems turned against those who in the ships remained, and perdition on them rained, till they threw themselves into the main, and they slew of them many slain, more than a hundred thousand noblemen, nor was one of their champions, great or small, saved from bale and bane. Moreover, they took their ships, with all the money and treasure and cargo, save a score of keel, and the Moslems got that loot whose like was never gotten in by-gone years; nor was such cut and thrust ever heard of by men's ears.[1] Now amongst the booty were fifty thousand horses, besides treasure and spoil past reckoning and arithmetic, whereat the Moslems rejoiced with an exceeding joy for that Allah had given them victory and protection. Such was the case with them; but as regards the fugitive Franks, they soon reached Constantinople whither the tidings preceded them that King Afridun had prevailed over the Moslems; so quoth the ancient dame, Zat al-Dawahi, "I know that my son Hardub, King of Roum, is no runagate and that he feareth not the Islamitic hosts." Then she bade the Great King, Afridun, give command that the city be decorated, and the people held festival high and drank their wines drunkenly and knew not the decrees of Destiny. Now whilst they were in the midst of their rejoicings, behold, the raven of dolour and downfall croaked over them, and up came the twenty fugitive ships wherein was the King of Cæsarea. So King Afridun, Lord of Constantinople, met them on the sea-shore, and they told him all that had befallen them from the Moslem, and they wept sore and groaned and moaned; and rejoicing at weal was turned into dismay for unheal; and they informed him concerning Luka son of Shamlut, how calamity had betided him and how Death had shot him with his shaft. Thereat the horrors of Doomsday rose upon King Afridun,[1] and he knew that there was no making straight their crook. Then came up from them the sound of weeping and wailing; the city was full of men mourning and the keeners were keening, and sighs and cries were heard from all sides. And when King Hardub of Greece met King Afridun he told him the truth of the case and how the flight of the Moslems was by way of stratagem and deceit, and said to him, "Look not to see any of the army, save those who have already reached thee." When King Afridun heard these words he fell down in a fainting fit, with his nose under his feet; and, as soon as he revived, the old woman, Zat al-Dawahi, came and said to him, "O King, verily the Moslem hosts are many, and we shall never overcome them save by wile: wherefor I purpose to work upon them by guile and repair to this army of Al-Islam, haply I may win my wish of their leader and slay their champion, even as I slew his father. If my stratagem succeed in his case, not one of the host he leads shall return to his native land, for all are strong only because of him; but I desire to have some dwellers of Syria, such as go out every month and year to sell their goods, that they may help me (for this they can do) in carrying out my plan." Replied the King, "Be it so whenever thou wilt." So she bade fetch an hundred men, natives of Najrán,[2] in Sham, and the King asked them, "Have ye not heard what hath befallen the Franks with the Moslems?" "Yes," answered they; and he rejoined, "Know ye that this woman purposeth to go forth with you to work out a device which shall profit us and hinder the Moslem from us: say, then, are ye also willing to devote yourselves, and I will give you a quintal of gold?[3] "O King," replied they, "we will be thy sacrifice." Thereupon the old woman took all she required of aromatic roots and placed them in water which she boiled over the fire till the black essence of them was extracted. She waited till the decoction was cold, then dipped the corner of a long kerchief therein and stained her face therewith. Moreover, she donned over her dress a long gaberdine with an embroidered border and took in her hand a rosary, and afterwards went in to King Afridun, who knew her not, nor did any of his companions know her till she discovered herself to them: and there was none in the assembly but who thanked and praised her for her cunning; and her son rejoiced and said, "May thy wit never fail thee!" Thereupon she took with her the Syrians, and set out for the army of Baghdad.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Mohammed allowed his locks to grow down to his ear-lobes but never lower.

[2] Arab. "Lisám" I have explained as a covering for the lower face, made by drawing over it the corner of the head-kerchief (Pilgrimage i. 346). The Lisám of the African Tawárik hoods the eyes so that a man must turn up his face to see, and swathes all the lower half, leaving only the nose exposed. And this is worn by many men by night as well as by day, doubtless to avoid the evil eye. The native Sultans of Darfur, like those of Bornu and others further west, used white muslin as a face-wrap. The Kúfiyah or head-kerchief of the Arabs soon reached Europe and became in Low-Latin Cuphia; in Spanish Escofia; in Ital. Cuffia or Scuffia; in French Escoffion, Scofion (Reine Marguerite) Coëffe (une pellicule, marque de bonheur), Coiffe and Coife, &c.; the Scotch Curch or Coif, opposed to the maiden snood; and, lastly our Sergeant-at-Law's Coif. Littré, the learned, who in erudition was *né coiffé*, has missed this obvious derivation.

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[1] "Cutting," throughout the book, alludes to the scymitar with which Arabs never give point; and "thrusting" to the footman's spear and the horseman's lance.

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[1] A popular phrase, I repeat, for extreme terror and consternation.

[2] The name usually applies to a well-known district and city of Al-Yaman, where "Koss the eloquent" was bishop in Mohammed's day: the Negiran of D'Herbelot. Here, however, it is the Syrian Najrán (Nejrân of the Handbook); now a wretched village near the volcanic Lajjá, about one hundred and twenty miles direct south of Damascus and held by Druzes and Christians.

[3] The Kantár (quintal) of 100 ratls (lbs.) = 98-99 lbs. avoir.

Now when it was the Ninety-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Afridun heard these words, he fell into a fainting-fit with his nose under his feet; and, as soon as he revived, fear fluttered his heart and he complained to the ancient dame, Zat al-Dawahi. Now this old woman was a witch of the witches, past mistress in sorcery and deception; wily and deceptious; with red eyelids, yellow cheeks, dull-brown face, eyes bleared, hair grizzled, back humped, and skin withered and wan. But she had mastered the magic of men and demons; so that she was a plague of plagues and a pest of pests. Presently she departed, taking the chief Nazarenes with their hosts, and turned towards the army of the Moslems. Whereupon King Hardub went in to King Afridun and said to him, "O King, we will consult my mother's counsel and observe what she will do with her craft unending against the Moslem hosts; for these are marching with all their power, they will soon be upon us and they will encircle us on all sides." When King Afridun heard this, terror took hold upon his heart and he wrote letters, without stay or delay, to all the nations of the Franks, saying, "It behoveth none of the Franks to hold back, especially the folk of the strongholds and forts: but let them all come to us, foot and horse, women and children, for the Moslem hosts already tread our soil. So haste! haste ye! ere what we fear to us here appear." This much concerning them; but regarding the work of the old woman Zat al-Dawahi, when she went forth from the city with her suite, she clad them in the clothing of Moslem merchants, having provided herself with an hundred mules carrying stuffs of Antioch, such as goldwoven satins and royal brocades and so forth. And she had taken a letter from King Afridun to the following effect:—"These are merchantmen from the land of Sham who have been with us: so it besitteth none to do them harm or hindrance, nor take tax and tithe of them, till they reach their homes and safe places, for by merchants a country flourisheth, and these are no men of war nor of ill-faith." Then quoth the accursed Zat al-Dawahi to those with her, "Verily I wish to work out a plot for the destruction of the Moslem." Replied they, "O Queen, command us whatso thou wilt; we are at thy disposal." Then she donned a gown of fine white wool and rubbed her forehead, till she made a great mark as of a scar and anointed it with an ointment of her own fashion, so that it shone with prodigious sheen. Now the old hag was lean-bodied and hollow-eyed, and she bound her legs tightly round with cords[1] just above her feet, till she drew near the Moslem camp, when she unwound them, leaving their marks deeply embedded in her ankles. Then she anointed the wheals with dragon's blood and bade her companions beat her with a severe beating, and set her in a chest and, quoth she, "Cry abroad the Refrain of Unity,[2] nor fear from it aught of damage!" Replied they, "How can we beat thee, who be our sovereign lady, Zat al-Dawahi, mother of the King we glory in?" Then said she, "We blame not nor deal reproach to him who obeyeth, and in need evil becometh good deed. When ye have set me in the chest, take it and make it one of the bales and place it on mule back and go forth with it and the other goods through the Moslem camp, and fear ye no blame. And if any of the Moslems hinder you, give up the mules and their lading and betake yourselves to their King, Zau al-Makan, and implore his protection saying:—We were in the land of the Franks and they took nothing from us, but wrote us a passport, that none shall do us hindrance or work our mischance. If he ask you, What profit had ye of your property in the land of Roum? answer him:—We profited in the deliverance of a pious man, who has been bound down in an underground cell nigh fifteen years, crying out for help yet none helped him. Nay, the Franks tortured him night and day. We knew not this; but after we had tarried in Constantinople for some time, having sold our goods and bought others in their stead, we determined on and made ready for a return to our native land. We spent that night conversing about our journey, and when day broke, we saw figured upon the wall a human form; and as we drew nigh it, behold, it moved and said:—O Moslems, is there amongst you one who is minded to woo the favour of the Lord of the three Worlds?[3] How so? asked we; and the figure answered:—Know that Allah hath made me speak to you, to the intent that your faith be fortified, and that your belief embolden you and that you may go forth the country of the Franks and repair to the Moslem host; for with them wones the Sword of the Compassionate One, of our Age the Champion, King Sharrkan, by whom he shall conquer Constantinople town and destroy his enemies. And when ye shall have journeyed three days, you will find an hermitage known as the Hermitage of the ascetic Matrúhina[1] and containing a cell; visit it with pure intent and contrive to arrive there by force of will, for therein is a Religious from the Holy City Jerusalem, by name Abdullah, and he is one of the devoutest of mankind, endowed with the power of working saintly miracles[2] such as dispel doubts and obscurity. Certain of his foes seized him by fraud and shut him up in a souterrain where he hath lain a long time. By his deliverance you will please the Lord of Faithful Men, for such release is better than fighting for the Faith." Now when the ancient dame and those with her had agreed upon such words, she said, "As soon as that which I impart shall reach the ears of King Sharrkan, say him further:—Hearing this from that image we knew that the holy man" ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] These are the "Hibás" or thin cords of wool which the Badawi binds round his legs, I believe to keep off cramp. (Pilgrimage iii. 78.)

[2] Crying out "La iláha illa 'llah." (There is no god but *the* God): technically called "Tahlíl."

[3] *i.e.* Men, angels and devils, the "Triloka" (triple people) of the Hindus. Álamín (plur.), never Alamayn (dual), is the Triregno denoted by the papal Tiara, the three Christian kingdoms being Heaven, Hell and Purgatory.

Now when it was the Ninety-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the old woman, Zat al-Dawahi, and those with her had agreed upon such words, she said, "Now as soon as that which I impart shall reach the ears of King Sharrkan say him further:—Hearing these words from that image we knew that the holy man was indeed of the chiefest devotees and Allah's servants of purest qualities; so we made three days' march till we came in sight of that hermitage, and then we went up to it and passed the day in buying and selling, as is the wont of merchants. As soon as day had departed our sight and night was come to darken light, we repaired to the cell wherein was the dungeon, and we heard the holy man, after chanting some verses of the Koran, repeat the following couplets:—

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[1] Matrahinna or Mit-Rahinah is a well-known village near Memphis; the name being derived from the old Egyptian Minat-ro-hinnu, the port at the mouth of the canal. Let me remark that two of these three words, "Minat" and "Ru," are still common in "Aryan" Persian.

[2] Kirámat, a sign, a prodigy, opposed to Mu'jizah, a miracle wrought by a prophet. The Sufis explain this thaumaturgy by Allah changing something of Nature's ordinary course in favour of an especial worshipper (See Dabistan, iii. 173).

My heart disheartened is, my breast is strait, * And sinks my soul in sea of bale and bate:
Unless escape be near I soon shall die; * And death were better than this doleful strait:
O Lightning, an thou light my home and folk * An their still brighter charms thy shine abate,
Say, what my path to meet them, being barred * By wars; and barricado'd succour's gate?

"When once ye have brought me into the Moslem camp, and I mix with them, you shall see," the old woman continued, "how I will make shift to beguile them and slay them all, even to the last man." The Nazarenes hearing what she said, kissed her hands and set her in the chest, after they had beaten her with a grievous beating in obedience to her commands, for they saw it was incumbent on them to do her bidding in this; then they all made for the Moslem host as hath erst been said. Such was the case with the vile hag Zat al-Dawahi and her companions; but as regards the Mohammedan army, they indeed, after Allah had given them victory over their enemies and they had plundered everything in the ships of money and hoards, all sat down to converse with one another and Zau al-Makan said to his brother Sharrkan, "Verily, Allah hath granted us to prevail because of our just dealing and discipline and concord amongst ourselves; wherefore continue, O Sharrkan, to obey my commandment, in submission to Allah (be He exalted and extolled!), because I mean to slay ten Kings in blood-revenge for my sire, to cut the throat of fifty thousand Greeks and to enter Constantinople." Replied Sharrkan, "My life be thy ransom against death! Needs must I follow out the Holy War, though I wone many a year in their country. But I have, O my brother, in Damascus a niece, named Kuzia Fakan, whom I love heartily, for she is one of the marvels of the time and she will soon be of age." Said Zau al-Makan, "Promise me, O my brother, that if Allah bless me with a son, thou wilt grant me thy niece for wife to him, and make covenant with me and pledge me thy faith thereon." "With love and good will," replied Sharrkan; and, stretching out his hand to his brother, he said, "If thou hast a son, I will give him my niece Kuzia Fakan, to wife." At this Zau al-Makan rejoiced, and they fell to congratulating each other on the victory over the enemy. And the Wazir Dandan also congratulated the two brothers and said to them, "Know, O ye Kings, that Allah hath given us the victory, for that we have devoted our lives to Him (be He exalted and extolled!); and we have left our homes and households; and it is my counsel that we follow up the foe and press upon him and harass him; so haply Allah shall enable us to win our wishes, and we shall destroy our enemies, branch and root. If it please you, do ye go down in these ships and sail over she sea, whilst we fare forward by land and bear the brunt of battle and the thrust of fight." And the Minister Dandan ceased not to urge them to combat and repeated his words who said :—

To slay my foes is chiefest bliss I wist, * And on the courser's back be borne a-list ;
Comes promising tryst a messenger from friend * Full oft, when comes the friend withouten tryst.

And these words of another :—

War for my mother (an I live) I'll take * Spear for my brother ; scymitar for sire,
With every shag-haired Brave who meets his death * Smiling, till won from Doom his dear desire !

And when the Wazir ended his verses, he said, "Praise be to Him who aided us dear victory to uphold and who hath given us spoil of silver and fine gold!" Then Zau al-Makan commanded the army to depart; and they sped on forcing their marches for Constantinople, till they came to a wide and spacious champaign, full of all things fair and fain, with wild cattle frisking and gazelles pacing to and fro across the plain. Now they had traversed great deserts and drink had been six days cut off from them, when they drew near this meadow and saw therein waters founting and ripe fruits flaunting and that land as it were Paradise; for it had donned its adornments and decked itself.[1] Gently waved the branches of its trees drunken with the new wine of the dew, and combined with the nectar of Tasnim the soft breathings of the morning breeze. Mind and gazer were confounded by its beauty, even as saith the poet :—

Behold this lovely garden ! 'tis as though * Spring o'er its frame her greeny cloak had spread.
Looking with fleshly eyne, thou shalt but sight * A lake whose waters balance in their bed,
But look with spirit-eyes and lo ! shalt see * Glory in every leaf o'erwaves thy head.

And as another saith :—

The streams a cheek by sunlight rosy dyed, * Whose down is creeping shade of tamarisk-stems ;
Round legs of tree-trunks wavelets roll in rings * Silvern, and blossoms are the diadems.

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[1] Koran x. 25, "until the earth receive its vesture and be adorned with various plants."

When Zau al-Makan saw this champaign, with its trees bowing and its flowers blooming and its birds warbling, he called to his brother Sharrkan and said, "O my brother, verily in Damascus is naught the like of this place. We will not march from it save after three days, that we may take rest ourselves and that the army of Al-Islam may regain strength and their souls be fortified to encounter the blamed Infidels." So they halted therein and while camping behold, they heard a noise of voices from afar, and Zau al-Makan asked the cause thereof, and was answered that a caravan of merchants from the Land of Syria had halted there to rest and that the Moslem troops had come on them and had haply seized something of the goods which they had brought from the country of the Infidels. After a while up came the merchants, crying out and appealing to the King for aidance. When Zau al-Makan saw this, he bade them be brought before him and, when in presence, they said to him, "O King, we have been in the country of the Franks and they plundered us of nothing: why then do our brothers the Moslems despoil our goods, and we in their own land? Of a truth when we saw your troops, we went up to them, and they robbed us of what we had with us and we have now reported to thee all that hath befallen us." Thereupon they brought out to him the letter of the King of Constantinople, and Sharrkan read it and said, "We will presently restore to you what hath been taken from you; but still it behoveth you not to carry merchandise to the country of the Franks." Replied they, "O our Lord, in very sooth Allah despatched us thither that we might win what Ghází[1] never won the like of, not even thou in all thy razzias." Asked Sharrkan, "What was it ye won?" "O King," answered they, "we will not tell thee save in private; for if this matter be noised among the folk, haply it may come to the ears of some,[2] and this will be the cause of our ruin and of the ruin of all Moslems who resort to the land of the Greeks." Now they had hidden the chest wherein was the wicked Zat al-Dawahi. So Zau al-Makan and his brother brought them to a private place, where they lay bare to both of them the story of the devotee, and wept till they made the two Kings weep——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] A fighter for the Faith and now a title which follows the name, *e.g.* Osmán Páshá Ghází, whom the English press dubbed "Ghazi Osman."

[2] That is the King of Constantinople.

Now when it was the Ninety-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Franks who wore merchants' weed, when brought to a private place by Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan, laid bare to both of them the story of the devotee and wept till they made the two Kings weep and repeated to them all which had been taught by the old witch Zat al-Dawahi. Thereupon Sharrkan's heart yearned to the devotee and he was moved to ruth for him and was fired with zeal for the service of Almighty Allah. So quoth he to them, "Did ye rescue this holy man or is he still in the hermitage?" Quoth they, "We delivered him and slew the hermit, fearing for our lives; after which we made haste to fly for dread of death; but a trusty man told us that in this hermitage are quintals of gold and silver and stones of price." Then they fetched the chest and brought out the accursed old woman, as she were a cassia-pod[1] for excess of blackness and leanness, and she was laden with the same fetters and shackles. When Zau al-Makan and the bystanders saw her, they took her for a man of the best of Allah's devotees and surpassing in pious qualities, more especially because of the shining of her forehead for the ointment wherewith she had anointed her face. So Zau al-Makan and Sharrkan wept sore; then they rose up in honour and kissed her hands and feet, sobbing aloud: but she signed to them and said, "Cease this weeping and hear my words." Hereat they dried their tears in obedience to her bidding, and she said, "Know ye both that I was content to accept what my lord did unto me, for I kenned that the affliction which befel me was a trial from Him (be He exalted and extolled!) and whoso hath not patience under calamity and tribulation, for him there is no coming to the delights of Paradise. I had indeed supplicated Him that I might return to my native land, not as a compensation for the sufferings decreed to me, but that I might die under the horse-hoofs of warriors fighting for the Faith who, being slain in fray, live again without suffering death."[2] Then she repeated the following couplets:—

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[1] Cassia fistularis, a kind of carob: "Shambar" is the Arab. form of the Persian "Chambar."

[2] Koran ii. 149. Hence the vulgar idea that martyrs are still alive in the flesh. See my Pilgrimage (ii. 110 and elsewhere) for the romantic and picturesque consequences of that belief. The Commentators (Jalál al-Dín, etc.) play tricks with the Koranic words, "they (martyrs) are not dead but living" (iii. 179) by placing the happy souls in the crops of green birds which eat of the fruits and drink of the waters of Paradise; whereas the reprobates and the (very) wicked are deposited in black birds which drain the boiling waters of Hell.

Our Fort is Tor,[1] and flames the fire of fight: * Moses art thou and this is time for aid:
Cast down thy rod, 'twill swallow all they wrought, * Nor dread for men their ropes be vivers made.[2]
For Chapters read on fight-day lines of foes, * And on their necks 'grave versets[3] wi' thy blade!

When the old woman had ended her verse, her eyes overflowed with tears and her forehead under the unguent shone like gleaming light, and Sharrkan rose and kissed her hand and caused food be brought before her: but she refused it, saying, "I have not broken my fast by day for fifteen years; and how should I break it at such a time when my Lord hath been bountiful to me in delivering me from the captivity of the Franks and removing from me that which was more grievous to me than torment of fire? I will wait till sun-down." So when it was nightfall, Sharrkan and Zau al-Makan came and served her with food and said, "Eat O ascetic!" But she said, "This is no time for eating; it is the time for worshipping the Requiting King." Then she stood up in the prayer-niche and remained praying till the night was spent; and she ceased not to do after this fashion for three days and nights, sitting not but at the time of the Salám or salutation[4] ending the several prayers. When Zau al-Makan saw her on this wise, firm belief in her gat hold of his heart and he said to Sharrkan, "Cause a tent of perfumed leather to be pitched for this Religious, and appoint a body-servant to wait upon him." On the fourth day she called for food; so they brought her all kinds of meats that could please the sense or delight the sight; but of all this she would eat only a scone with salt. Then she again turned to her fast and, as the night came, she rose anew to pray; when Sharrkan said to Zau al-Makan, "Verily, this man carrieth renunciation of the world to the extreme of renouncing, and, were it not for this Holy War, I would join myself to him and worship Allah in his service, till I came before His presence. And now I desire to enter his tent and talk with him for an hour." Quoth Zau al-Makan, "And I also; to-morrow we sally forth to fight against Constantinople, and we shall find no time like the present." Said the Wazir Dandan, "And I no less desire to see this ascetic; haply he will pray for me that I find death in this Holy War and come to the presence of my Lord, for I am aweary of the world." So as soon as night had darkened, they repaired to the tent of that witch, Zat al-Dawahi; and, seeing her standing to pray, they drew near her and fell a-weeping for pity of her; but she paid no heed to them till midnight was past, when she ended her orisons by pronouncing the salutation. Then she turned to them and after wishing them long life, asked them, "Wherefore come ye?" whereto they answered, "O thou holy man! diddest thou not hear us weep around thee?" She rejoined, "To him who standeth in the presence of Allah, remaineth no existence in time, either for hearing any or for seeing aught about him." Quoth they, "We would have thee recount to us the cause of thy captivity and pray for us this night, for that will profit us more than the possession of Constantinople." Now when she heard their words she said, "By Allah, were ye not the Emirs of the Moslems, I would not relate to you aught of this at any time; for I complain not but to Allah alone. However, to you I will relate the circumstances of my captivity. Know, then, that I was in the saintly City of Jerusalem with certain ecstatics and inspired men, and did not magnify myself among them, for that Allah (be He exalted and extolled!) had endowed me with humility and abnegation, till my heart hardened and pride entered into it, when Allah afflicted me with the love of travel. So I journeyed to Roum-land and visited every part for a whole year, and left no place but therein I worshipped Allah. When I came to this spot,[1] I clomb the mountain and saw there an hermitage, inhabited by a monk called Matruhina, who, when he sighted me, came out and kissed my hands and feet and said:—Verily, I have seen thee since thou enteredst the land of the Greeks, and thou hast filled me with longing for the land of Al-Islam. Then he took my hand and carried me into that hermitage, and brought me to a dark room; and, when I entered it unawares, he locked the door on me and left me there forty days, without meat or drink; for it was his intent to kill me by delay. It chanced one day, that a Knight called Dakianús[1] came to the hermitage, accompanied by ten squires and his daughter Tamásil, a girl whose beauty was incomparable. When they entered that hermitage, the monk Matruhina told them of me, and the Knight said:—Bring him out, for surely there is not on him a bird's meal of meat. So they opened the door of the dark room and found me standing in the niche, praying and reciting the Koran and glorifying Allah and humbling myself before the Almighty. When they saw me in this state Matruhina exclaimed:—This man is indeed a sorcerer of the sorcerers! and hearing his words, they all came in on me, Dakianus and his company withal, and they beat me with a grievous beating, till I desired death and reproached myself, saying, This is his reward who exalteth himself and who prideth himself on that which Allah hath vouchsafed to him, beyond his own competence! And thou, O my soul, verily self-esteem and arrogance have crept into thee. Dost thou not know that haughtiness angereth the Lord and hardeneth the heart and bringeth men to the Fire? Then they laid me in fetters and returned me to my place which was the dungeon under ground. Every three days, they threw me down a bannock of barley bread and a draught of water; and every month or two the Knight came to the hermitage. Now his daughter Tamasil had grown up, for she was nine years old when I first saw her, and fifteen years passed over me in captivity, she had, therefore, reached her four-and-twentieth year. There is not in our land nor in the land of the Greeks a fairer than she, and her father feared lest the King take her from him; for she had vowed herself to Heaven and rode with Dakianus in the habit of a cavalier, so that albeit none might compare with her in loveliness, no one who saw her knew her for a woman. And her father had laid up his monies in this hermitage, everyone who had aught of price or treasured hoard being wont to deposit it therein; and I saw there all manner of gold and silver and jewels and precious vessels and rarities, none may keep count of them save Almighty Allah. Now ye are worthier of these riches than those Franks; so lay hands on that which is in the hermitage and divide it among the Moslems and especially on fighters in the Holy War. When these merchants came to Constantinople and sold their merchandise, that image which is on the wall spoke to them, by grace of a marvel which Allah granted to me; so they made for that hermitage and slew Matruhina, after torturing him with most grievous torments, and dragging him by the beard, till he showed them the place where I was; when they took me and found no path but flight for dread of death. Now to-morrow night Tamasil will visit that hermitage as is her habit, and her father and his squires will come after her, as he feareth for her: so, if ye would witness these things, take me with you and I will deliver to you the monies and the riches of the Knight Dakianus which be in that mountain; for I saw them bring out vessels of gold and silver to drink therefrom, and I heard a damsel of their company sing to them in Arabic, and well-away! that so sweet a voice should not be busied in chaunting the Koran. If, then, ye will; enter into that hermitage and hide you there against the coming of Dakianus and his daughter; and take her, for she is fit only for the King of the Age, Sharrkan, or King Zau al-Makan." Thereat they all rejoiced with the exception of the Wazir Dandan, who put scant faith in her story, for her words took no hold on his reason, and signs of doubt in her and disbelief showed in his face.[1] Yet he was confounded at her discourse, but he feared to speak with her for awe of the King. Then quoth the ancient dame, Zat al-Dawahi, "Verily, I fear lest the Knight come and, seeing these troops encamped in the meadow, be afraid to enter the hermitage." So Zau al-Makan ordered the army to march upon Constantinople and said, "I have resolved to take with me an hundred horse and many mules and make for that mountain, where we will load the beasts with the monies which be in the hermitage." Then he sent at once for the Chief Chamberlain whom they brought into the presence; and he summoned likewise the leaders of the Turks and Daylamites and said, "As soon as it is dawn, do ye set forth for Constantinople; and thou, O Chamberlain, shalt take my place in council and contrivance, while thou, O Rustam, shalt be my brother's deputy in battle. But let none know that we are not with you and after three days we will rejoin you." Then he chose out an hundred of the doughtiest riders, and he and Sharrkan and the Minister Dandan set out for the hermitage, and the hundred horsemen led the mules with chests for transporting the treasure.—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Tor is "Mount Sinai" in the Koran (xcv. 1). I have only to repeat my opinion concerning the present site so called: "It is evident that Jebel Serbal dates only from the early days of Coptic Christianity; that Jebel Musa, its Greek rival, rose after the visions of Helena in the fourth century; whilst the building of the Convent by Justinian belongs to A.D. 527. Ras Safsáfah, its rival to the north, is an affair of yesterday, and may be called the invention of Robinson; and Jebel Katerina, to the south is the property of Rüppell" (Midian Revisited, i. 237). I would therefore call the "Sinaitic" Peninsula, Peninsula of Paran in old days and Peninsula of Tor (from its chief port) in our time. It is still my conviction that the true Mount Sinai will be found in Jabal Aráif, or some such unimportant height to the north of the modern Hajj-road from Suez to Akabah. Even about the name (which the Koran writes "Sainá" and "Sínín") there is a dispute: It is usually derived from the root "Sanah" = sentis, a bush; but this is not satisfactory. Our eminent Assyriologist, Professor Sayce, would connect it with "Sin," the Assyrian Moon-god, as Mount Nebo with the Sun-god and he expects to find there the ruins of a Lunar temple as a Solar fane stands on Ba'al Zapuna (Baal Zephon) or the classical Mount Casius.

[2] Alluding to the miracle of Aaron's rod (the gift of Jethro) as related in the Koran (chapts. vii. 1., xx., etc.), where the Egyptian sorcerers threw down thick ropes which by their magic twisted and coiled like serpents.

[3] Arab. "Ayát" lit. "signs;" here "miracles of the truth," l.c. Koranic versets as opposed to chapters. The ranks of the enemy represent the latter, sword-cuts the former—a very persuasive mode of preaching.

[4] Lane (M. E. chapt. iii.) shows by a sketch the position of the worshipper during this "Salám" which is addressed, some say, to the guardian angels, others suppose to all brother-believers and angels.

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[1] *i.e.* where the Syrians found him.

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[1] *i.e.* Decianus Arabised; a name knightly and plebeian.

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[1] In such tales the Wazir is usually the sharp-witted man, contrasting with the "dummy," his master.

Now when it was the Ninety-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sharrkan and his brother, Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan set off with an hundred horse for the hermitage described to them by Zat al-Dawahi; and they took with them mules and chests for transporting the treasure. As soon as dawned the morn, the Chamberlain signalled to the host an order for departure, and they set out thinking that the two Kings and the Wazir were with them; knowing not that the three had made for the monastery. Such was the case with the host; but as regards the two Kings and the Minister, they tarried in their place till the end of that day. Now the Franks who were with Zat al-Dawahi took their departure privily, after they had gone in to her and kissed her hands and feet and obtained her leave to march. So she not only gave them permission but also taught them all she minded of wile and guile. And when it was dark night, she arose and went in to Zau al-Makan and his companions and said to them, "Come, let us set out for the mountain, and take with you a few men-at-arms." They obeyed her and left five horsemen at the foot of the mountain, whilst the rest rode on before Zat al-Dawahi, who gained new strength for excess of joy, so that Zau al-Makan said, "Glory be to Him who sustaineth this holy man, whose like we never saw!" Now the witch had written a letter to the King of Constantinople and despatched it on the wings of a bird,[1] acquainting him with what had passed and ending, "I wish thee to send me ten thousand horsemen of the bravest of Greeks and let them steal along the foot of the mountains with caution, lest the host of Al-Islam get sight of them; and, when they reach the hermitage, let them ambush themselves there, till I come to them with the Moslem King and his brother, for I shall inveigle them and will bring them thither, together with the Wazir and an hundred horse and no more, that I may presently deliver to them the crosses which be in the hermitage. I am resolved to slay the hermit Matruhina, since my scheme cannot be carried out but by taking his life. If my plot work well, not one of the Moslems shall return to his own country; no, not a living wight nor one who blows the fire alight; and Matruhina shall be a sacrifice for the Franks." When this letter reached Constantinople, the keeper of the carrier-pigeons carried it to King Afridun, who read it and forthwith inspected his host and equipped ten thousand cavaliers with horses and dromedaries and mules and provaunt and bade them repair to that hermitage and, after reaching the tower, to hide therein. Thus far concerning them, but as regards King Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan and the Wazir Dandan and the escort, when they made the hermitage they entered and met the Monk Matruhina, who came out to see who and what they were; whereupon quoth that pious man Zat al-Dawahi, "Slay this fellow." So they smote him with their swords and made him drink the cup of death. Then the old woman carried them to the place of offerings and ex votos, and brought out to them treasures and precious things more than she had described to them; and after gathering the whole together, they set the booty in chests and loaded the mules therewith. As for Tamasil, she came not, she or her father, for fear of the Moslems; so Zau al-Makan tarried there, awaiting her all that day and the next and a third, till Sharrkan said to him, "By Allah, I am troubled anent the army of Al-Islam, for I know not what is become of them." His brother replied, "And I also am concerned for them: we have come by this great treasure and I do not believe that Tamasil or any one else will approach the hermitage, after that befel which hath befallen the host of the Franks. It behoveth us, then, to content ourselves with what Allah hath given us and depart; so haply He will help us conquer Constantinople." Accordingly they came down from the mountain, while Zat al-Dawahi was impotent to oppose their march for fear of betraying her deceit; and they fared forwards till they reached the head of a defile, where the old woman had laid an ambush for them with the ten thousand horse. As soon as these saw the Moslems they encircled them from all sides, couching lance and baring the white sabre-blade; and the Franks shouted the watchword of their faithless Faith and set the shafts of their mischief astring. When Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan and the Minister Dandan looked upon this host, they saw that it was a numerous army and said, "Who can have given these troops information of us?" Replied Sharrkan, "O my brother, this be no time for talk; this is the time for smiting with swords and shooting with shafts; so gird up your courage and hearten your hearts, for this strait is like a street with two gates; though, by the virtue of the Lord of Arabs and Ajams, were not the place so narrow I would bring them to naught, even though they were an hundred thousand men! Said Zau al-Makan, "Had we wotted this we would have brought with us five thousand horse:" and the Wazir Dandan continued, "If we had ten thousand horse they had availed us naught in these narrows; but Allah will succour us against them. I know this defile and its straitness, and I know there be many places of refuge in it; for I have been here on razzia with King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, what while we besieged Constantinople. We abode in this place, and here is water colder than snow. So come, let us push out of this defile ere the Frankish host increase on us and get the start of us to the mountain-top, whence they will hurl down rocks upon us, and we powerless to come at them." So they began hurrying on to get out of those narrows; but the pious man, Zat al-Dawahi, looked at them and said, "What is it ye fear, ye who have vowed yourselves to the Lord, and to working His will? By Allah, I abode imprisoned underground for fifteen years, yet never gainsayed the Almighty in aught he did with me! Fight ye in Allah's way; so whoever of you is slain Paradise shall be his abode, and whoso slayeth, his striving shall be to his honour." When they heard from the ascetic these words, their care and anxiety ceased from them and they stood firm till the Franks charged down from all sides, whilst the swords played upon their necks and the cup of death went round amongst them. The Moslems fought for the service of Allah a right good fight, and wrought upon their foes with sway of sword and lunge of lance; whilst Zau al-Makan smote upon the men and garred the knights bite the dust and their heads from their bodies take flight, five by five and ten by ten, till he had done to death a number of them past numbering and an account beyond counting. Now while so doing, he looked at the accursed old woman who was waving her sword and heartening them, and all who feared fled to her for shelter; but she was also signing the Franks to slay Sharrkan. So troop after troop rushed on him with design to do him die; but each troop that charged, he charged and drove back; and when another troop attacked him he repelled the assault with the sword in their backs; for he thought it was the devotee's blessing that gave him the victory, and he said in himself, "Verily on this holy man Allah looketh with eyes of His favour and strengtheneth my prowess against the Franks with the purity of his pious intent; for I see that they fear me and cannot prevail against me, but every one who assaileth me turneth tail and taketh flight." So they battled the rest of the day and, when night fell, the Moslems took refuge in a cave of that defile, being weary with stress of war and cast of stone: and that day were slain of them five-and-forty. And when they were gathered together, they sought the devotee, but could find no trace of him; and this was grievous to them and they said, "Belike he hath died a martyr." Quoth Sharrkan, "I saw him heartening the horsemen with divine instances and using as talisman verses of Holy Writ." Now while they were talking, behold, the wicked old woman, Zat al-Dawahi, stood before them, holding in hand the head of the Chief Captain of the ten thousand horse, a noble knight, a champion fierce in fight and a Satan for blight. One of the Turks had slain him with a shaft, and when the Franks saw what that Moslem had done with their leader, they all fell on him and wrought his bane and hewed him in pieces with their blades. Then the old woman cut off that Knight's head and brought it and threw it at the feet of Sharrkan and Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan. Now when Sharrkan saw her, he sprang up hastily before her and exclaimed, "Praised be Allah for thy safety and for our sighting thee, O holy man and devout champion of the Religion!" Replied she, "O my son, I have sought martyrdom this day, and have thrown my life away amid the hostile array, but they feared me with dismay. When ye dispersed, I waxed jealous for your honour; so I rushed on the Chief Knight their leader, albeit he was a match for a thousand horse, and I smote him till I severed head from trunk. Not one of the foe could near me; so I brought his head to you,"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Carrier-pigeons, well known to the Romans (Pliny), were extensively used at this time. The Caliph Al-Násar li-Díni 'lláh (regn. A.H. 575 = 1180) was, according to Ibn Khaldún, very fond of them. The moderns of Damascus still affect them: my successor, Mr. Consul Kirby Green, now H.M.'s Minister in Marocco, wrote an excellent report on pigeon-fancying at Damascus. The so-called Maundeville or Mandeville (A.D. 1322) speaks of carrier-pigeons in Syria as a well-known mode of intercourse between lord and lord. They will often be mentioned in The Nights.

Now when it was the Ninety-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the cursed witch, Zat al-Dawahi, took the head of the Knight, the leader of the twenty thousand Infidels, she brought it and threw it down before Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan and the Wazir Dandan, saying, "When I saw your condition, I waxed jealous for your honour; so I rushed on the Chief Knight and smote him with the sword till I severed head from trunk. And none could near me, so I brought his head to you, that you may be strengthened in the war and work out with your swords the will of the Lord of the Faithful. And now I purpose leaving you to strive against the Franks, whilst I go to your army, though they be at the gates of Constantinople, and return with twenty thousand horse to destroy these your enemies." Quoth Sharrkan, "How wilt thou pass to them, O thou holy man, seeing that the valley is blocked up on all sides by the foe?" Quoth the vile hag, "Allah will veil me from their eyes and they shall not sight me;[1] nor, if any saw me, would he dare to attack me at that time, for I shall be as one non-existing, absorbed in Allah, and He will fend off from me His unfriends." "Thou sayest sooth, O holy man," rejoined Sharrkan, "for indeed I have been witness of that; so, if thou can pass out at the first of the night, 'twill be best for us." Replied she, "I will set out at this very hour and, if thou desire, thou shalt go with me and none shall see thee. Furthermore if thy brother also have a mind to go with us we will take him, but none else; for the shadow of a saint can cover only twain." Sharrkan said, "As for me I will not leave my comrades; but, if my brother will, there is no harm in his going with thee and setting us free of this strait; for he is the stronghold of the Moslems and the sword of the Lord of the Three Worlds; and if it be his pleasure, let him take with him the Wazir Dandan or whom else he may elect and send us ten thousand horse to succour us against these caitiffs." So after debate they agreed on this and the old woman said, "Give me leisure to go before you and consider the condition of the enemy, if they be asleep or awake." Quoth they, "We will not go forth save with thee and trust our affair to Allah." "If I do your bidding," replied she, "blame me not but blame yourselves; for it is my advice that you await me till I bring you tidings of the case." Then said Sharrkan, "Go to them and delay not from us, for we shall be awaiting thee." Thereupon she issued forth and Sharrkan turned to his brother addressing him and said, "Were not this holy man a miracle-worker, he had never slain yonder furious knight. This is proof sufficient of the ascetic's power; and of a truth the pride of the Infidels is laid low by the slaying of this cavalier, for he was a violent, evil devil and a stubborn." Now whilst they were thus devising of the mighty works of the devotee, behold, Zat al-Dawahi came upon them and promised them victory over the Franks; wherefor they thanked her (not knowing that all this was wile and guile) and the wicked hag asked, "Where be the King of the Age, Zau al-Makan, and the Minister Dandan?" Answered he, "Here am I!" "Take with thee thy Wazir," said she, "and follow after me, that we may fare forth to Constantinople." Now she had acquainted the Franks with the cheat she had put upon the Moslems, and they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and said, "Our hearts will not be contented till we have slain their King in return for the Knight's death; because we had no stouter rider than he;" and they added (bespeaking the ill-omened hag as she told them her plan of journeying to the land of the Moslems), "When thou bringest him to us, we will bear him to King Afridun." Then she went out and went out with her Zau al-Makan and the Minister Dandan, and she walked on before the two saying, "Go forth with the blessing of Almighty Allah!" So they did her bidding, for the shaft of Fate and Fortune of man's lot had shot them, and she ceased not leading them both through the midst of the Grecian camp till they came to the defile, the narrow pass aforesaid, whilst the enemy watched them, but did them no hindrance; for the old woman had enjoined this. Now when Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan saw that the hostile host offered them nor let nor stay and yet had them in sight, the Wazir exclaimed, "By Allah, this is one of the holy man's saintly miracles! and doubtless he be of the elect." Rejoined Zau al-Makan, "By Allah, I think the foe be naught but blind, for we see them and they see us not." And while they were thus praising the holy man and recounting his mighty works and his piety and his prayers, behold, the Franks charged down on them from all sides and surrounded them and seized them, saying, "Is there anyone else with you twain, that we may seize upon him too?" And the Wazir Dandan replied, "See you not yon other man that is before us?" Replied the Franks, "By our truth we see none save you two!" Then Zau al-Makan said, "By Allah, this is a chastisement decreed to us by Almighty Allah!"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] *i.e.* her holiness would act like a fascinating talisman.

Now when it was the Ninety-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the enemy had seized upon King Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan, they said to the two, "Is there anyone else with you twain, that we may seize upon him also?" And the Wazir Dandan replied, "See you not yon other man who be with us?" They rejoined, "By our truth we see none save you two!" Then the Franks laid shackles on their feet and set men to guard them during the night, whilst Zat al-Dawahi fared on and disappeared from their sight. So they fell to lamenting and saying each to other, "Verily, the opposing of pious men leadeth to greater distress than this, and we are punished by the strait which hath befallen us." So far concerning Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan; but as regards King Sharrkan, he passed that night in the cavern with his comrades, and when dawned the day and he had prayed the morn-prayer, he and his men made ready to do battle with the foe and he heartened them and promised them all good. Then they sallied out till they were hard upon the enemy and, when these saw them from afar, they cried out to them, saying, "O Moslems, we have taken captives your Sultan and your Wazir who hath the ordering of your affairs; and except ye leave off fighting us, we will slay you to the last man; but if you yield yourselves we will take you to our King, who will make peace with you on condition that you quit our country and return home and harm us in naught, and we will do you no harm in aught. If you accept, 'twill be well for you; but if ye refuse there remaineth nothing for you but death. So we have told you sooth, and such is our last word to you." Now when Sharrkan heard this and was certified of the captivity of his brother and the Wazir Dandan, he was weighed down with woe and wept; his force failed him and, making sure of death, he said to himself, "Would I knew the cause of their capture! Did they fail of respect to the holy man or disobey him, or what was the matter?" Then they sprang up to battle with the Franks and slew great numbers of them. The brave was known that day from craven men, and sword and spear were dyed with bloody stain; for the Franks flocked up on them, as flies flock to drink, from hill and from plain; but Sharrkan and his men ceased not to wage the fight of those who fear not to die nor let death hinder them from the pursuit of victory, till the valley ran gore and earth was full of the slain she bore. And when night fell the armies separated, each making for his own place; and the Moslems returned to the cavern where gain and loss were manifest to them: few remained of them and there was no dependence for them but on Allah and the scymitar. Now there had been slain of them that day five-and-thirty men of the chiefest Emirs, and they had killed thousands of the enemy, footmen and fighters on horse. When Sharrkan saw this the case was grievous to him and he asked his comrades, "What shall we do?" whereto all answered, "That which Almighty Allah willeth shall befal us." On the morning of the second day, Sharrkan said to the remnant of his troop, "If ye go out to fight, not one of you will remain alive and we have but little left of food and water: so I deem ye would do better to bare your brands and go forth and stand at the mouth of this cavern, to hinder any from entering. Haply the holy man may have reached the Moslem host, and may return with ten thousand horse to succour us in fight with the Franks, for belike they may have failed to see him and those with him." They said, "This were the better course to take, and of its expediency no doubt we make." So the troop went out and held the cavern mouth standing by its walls; and every one of the Franks who sought to enter in they slew. Thus did they fend off the foe from the gape of the cave and they patiently supported all such assaults, till day was done and night came on dusky and dun;——

And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Ninety-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the army of the Moslems held the cavern-mouth and stood by its walls and they fended off the foe, and every one of the Franks who attempted to charge them, him they slew; and they patiently supported all such assaults till day was done and night came on dusky and dun; by which time King Sharrkan had only five-and-twenty men and no more left. Then quoth the Christians to one another, "When shall these battle days have an end? We are weary of warring the Moslems." And quoth one of them, "Up at them, for there remain of them but five-and-twenty men! If we cannot prevail on them to fight, let us light a fire upon them;[1] and if they submit themselves and yield to us, we will take them prisoners; but if they refuse we will leave them for fuel to the fire, so shall they become to men of foreseeing mind a warning dire." So they carried fuel to the jaws of the cavern and set fire to it. Thereupon Sharrkan and his companions made sure of perdition and yielded themselves prisoners. And while they were in this condition, lo! the knight their captain said to those who counselled their slaughter, "It is not for any save for King Afridun to kill them, that he may gratify his wrath; therefore it behoveth us to keep them in durance by us till the morrow, when we will journey with them to Constantinople and deliver them to our King, who shall deal with them as he please." Said they, "This is the right course;" and he commanded to pinion them and set guards over them. Then, as soon as it was black night, the Franks busied themselves with feasting and making festival; and they called for wine and drank it till all fell upon their backs. Now Sharrkan and his brother, Zau al-Makan, were in confinement, and so also were his companion knights; whereupon the elder turned to the younger brother and said to him, "O my brother, how win free?" "By Allah," replied Zau al-Makan, "I know not; for here we be like birds in cage." Then Sharrkan waxed wroth and sighed for excess of rage and stretched himself, till his pinion-bonds brast asunder; whereupon being free he arose and went up to the Captain of the guard, and taking from his pocket the keys of the fetters, freed Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan and the rest of his men.

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[1] The "smoking out" practice is common amongst the Arabs.

Then he turned to the two and said, "I desire to slay three of these Franks and take and don their dress, we three; so that we shall be guised as Greeks and we will pass through them, without their knowing us, and fare forth to our own force." Replied Zau al-Makan, "This is no safe counsel; for if we kill them, I fear some of their comrades may hear their shrieks and the foe be aroused upon us and kill us. 'Twere the surer way to pass out of the defile." So they agreed upon this and set out; and, when they had left the head of the strait a little distance behind, they saw horses picketed and the riders sleeping: and Sharrkan said to his brother, "Better we take each one of us a steed." There were five-and-twenty horsemen, so they took five-and-twenty horses, whilst Allah sent sleep upon the enemy for a purpose He knew; and the Faithful mounted and rode on till they were out of reach. Meanwhile Sharrkan set to gathering from the Franks as many weapons, swords, and spears, as were wanted. And while they took saddle and struck forwards none of the Franks supposed that anyone could release Zau al-Makan and his brother and their men; or that their prisoners had power to escape. Now when all the captives were safe Sharrkan came up with his comrades, and found them awaiting his arrival, on coals of fire, expecting him in anxiety dire, so he turned to them and said, "Feel no fear since Allah protecteth us. I have that to propose which haply shall effect our purpose." "What is it?" asked they, and he answered, "I desire that ye all climb to the mountain top and cry out with one voice, Allahu Akbar! and ye add, The army of Al-Islam is upon you! Allahu Akbar! On this wise their company will surely be dissolved nor will they find out the trick for they are drunken, but they will think that the Moslem troops have encompassed them about on all sides and have mingled with them; so they will fall on one another brand in hand during the confusion of drunkenness and sleep, and we will cleave them asunder with their own swords and the scymitar will go round amongst them till dawn." Replied Zau al-Makan, "This plan is not good; we should do better to make our way to the army and speak not a word; for if we cry out Allahu Akbar, they will wake and fall on us and not one of us will escape." Rejoined Sharrkan, "By Allah, though they should awake 'tis no matter, and I long that ye fall in with my plan, for naught save good can come of it!" So they agreed thereon and clomb the mountain and shouted, "Allahu Akbar!" And hills and trees and rocks re-worded their Allahu Akbar for fear of the Almighty. But when the Franks heard this war-cry they cried out to one another——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the full Hundredth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sharrkan spake thus, "I long that ye fall in with this my plan, for naught save good can come of it." So they agreed thereon and clomb the mountain head and shouted, "Allahu Akbar!" and hills and trees and rocks re-worded their Allahu Akbar for fear of the Almighty. The Franks heard it and cried out one to other and donned their armour and said, "The foe is upon us." Then they fell on one another and slew of their own men more than any knoweth save Almighty Allah. As soon as it was dawn, they sought for the captives, but found no trace of them, and their captains said, "They who did this were the prisoners in our possession; up, then, and after them in all haste till ye overtake them, when we will make them quaff the cup of requital; and let not fright or the panic of sudden awaking possess you." So they took horse and rode after the fugitives and it wanted but an eye-twinkling before they overtook them and surrounded them. Now when Zau al-Makan saw this, he was seized with increase of terror and said to his brother, "What I feared would come, is come upon us, and now it remaineth only for us to fight for the Faith." But Sharrkan preferred to hold his peace. Then Zau al-Makan and his companions rushed down from the hill-crest, shouting, "Allahu Akbar!" and his men repeated the war cry and addressed themselves to fight and to sell their lives in the service of the Lord of Faithful Men; and while they were in this case, behold, they heard many voices voicing, "There is no god but *the* God! God is most great! Salutation and salvation upon the Apostle, the Bringer of glad Tidings, the Bearer of bad Tidings!"[1] So they turned towards the direction of the sound and saw a company of Moslems pushing towards them, whereat their hearts were heartened and Sharrkan charged upon the Franks crying out, "There is no god but *the* God! God is most great!" he and those with him, so that earth quaked as with an earthquake and the hostile host brake asunder and fled into the mountains and the Moslems followed them with lunge and blow; and Zau al-Makan and his comrades of the Moslems ceased not to smite the hosts of the Frankish foe, and parted heads from bodies till day darkened and night coming on dulled the sight. Thereupon the Moslems drew together and passed the night in congratulations; and, when morning dawned and daybreak shone with its shine and sheen, they saw Bahram, the captain of the Daylamites, and Rustam, the captain of the Turks, advancing to join them, with twenty thousand cavaliers like lions grim. As soon as they saw Zau al-Makan, the riders dismounted and saluted him, and kissed ground between his hands when he said to them, "Rejoice ye in the glad tidings of the victory of the Moslem and the discomfiture of the tribe of Unbelievers!" Then they gave one another joy of their deliverance and of the greatness of their reward after Resurrection Day. Now the cause of the coming of the succours to that place was this. When the Emir Bahram and the Emir Rustam and the Chief Chamberlain, with the Moslem host and flags flaunting high ahead, came in sight of Constantinople they saw that the Greeks had mounted the walls and manned the towers and the forts, and had set all their defenders in order of defence, as soon as they learned of the approach of the host of Al-Islam and the banners Mohammedan, and they heard the clash of arms and the noise of war-voices and tramp of horse-hoofs; and from their look-outs they beheld the Moslems, with their standards and ensigns of the Faith of Unity under the dust-clouds and lo! they were like a flight of locusts or rain clouds raining rain; and the voices of the Moslems chanting the Koran and glorifying the Compassionate One, struck their ears. Now the Greeks knew of the approach of this host through Zat al-Dawahi with her craft, calumny and contrivance. And the armies of Al-Islam drew near, as it were the swollen sea, for the multitude of footmen and horsemen and women and children. Then quoth the General of the Turks to the General of the Daylamites, "O Emir, of a truth, we are in jeopardy from the multitude of the foe who is on the walls. Look at yonder bulwarks and at this world of folk like the seas that clash with dashing billows. Indeed yon enemy outnumbereth us an hundred-fold and we cannot be safe from spies who may inform them that we are without a Sultan. In very sooth, we run danger from these enemies, whose numbers may not be told and whose resources none can withhold, especially in the absence of King Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan and the illustrious Wazir Dandan. If they know of this, they will be emboldened to attack us in their absence and with the sword they will annihilate us to the last man; not one of us safety shall see. So it is my counsel that thou take ten thousand riders of the allies and the Turks, and march them to the hermitage of Matruhina and the meadow of Malúkhiná in quest of our brothers and comrades. If thou act by my advice, it may be we shall approve ourselves the cause of their deliverance, in case they be hard pressed by the Franks; and if thou act not, blame will not attach to me. But should ye go, it behoveth that ye return quickly, for ill-suspicion is part of prudence." The Emir aforesaid fell in with his counsel; so they chose twenty thousand horse and they set out covering the roads and making for the monastery above mentioned. So much for the cause of their coming; but as regards the ancient dame, Zat al-Dawahi, as soon as she had delivered Sultan Zau al-Makan and his brother Sharrkan and the Wazir Dandan into the hands of the Franks, the witch mounted a swift steed, saying to the Franks, "I design to rejoin the Moslem army which is at Constantinople and contrive for their destruction; for I will inform them that their chiefs are dead, and when they hear that from me, their joining will be disjointed and the cord of their confederation cut and their host scattered. Then will I repair to King Afridun, Lord of Constantinople, and to my son Hardub, King of Roum, and relate to them their tidings and they will sally forth on the Moslems with their troops and will destroy them and will not leave one of them alive." So she mounted and struck across country on her good steed all the livelong night; and, when day dawned, appeared the armies of Bahram and Rustam advancing towards her. So she turned into a wayside brake and hid her horse among the trees and she walked awhile saying to herself, "Haply the Moslem hosts be returning, routed, from the assault of Constantinople." However, as she drew near them she looked narrowly and made sure that their standards were not reversed,[1] and she knew that they were coming not as conquered men, but fearing for their King and comrades. When she was assured of this, she hastened towards them, running at speed, like a devil of ill doom, till reaching them she cried out, "Haste ye! haste ye! O soldiers of the Compassionate One, hasten to the Holy War against the hosts of Satan!" When Bahram saw her he dismounted and kissed the ground before her and asked her, "O friend of Allah, what is behind thee?" Answered she, "Question not of sad case and sore condition; for when our comrades had taken the treasure from the hermitage of Matruhina, and designed to win their way Constantinople-wards, thereupon came out on them a driving host and a dreadful of the Infidels." And the witch repeated to them the story to fill them with trouble and terror, adding, "The most of them are dead, and there are but five-and-twenty men left." Said Bahram, "O holy man! when didst thou leave them?" "But this night,"[2] replied she. He cried, "Glory be to Allah ! to Him who hath rolled up the far distance for thee like a rug, so that thou hast sped thus walking upon thy feet and propt upon a mid-rib of palm-tree ! But thou art one of the saints which fly like birds when inspired and possessed by His directions. Then he mounted his horse, and he was perplexed and confounded by what he had heard from the beldam so strong in lies and ill calumnies, and he said, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great ! Verily our labour is lost and our hearts are heavy within us, for our Sultan is a prisoner and those who are with him." Then they cut across the country, wide and side, night and day, and when morning dawned they reached the head of the defile and saw Zau al-Makan and Sharrkan shouting, "There is no God but *the* God ! Allahu Akbar ! and salutation and salvation upon the Congratulator, the Comminator."[1] Whereupon he and his drove at the Franks and whelmed them, as the rain-torrent whelms the waste ; and cried out their war-cries, till fear gat hold of the prowest Knights and the mountains were cloven in affright. And when shone the day and showed its shine and sheen, the breeze of morning blew upon them sweet and fragrant, and each recognised other as hath been said before. Then they kissed the ground before the King and before his brother Sharrkan, who told them all that had befallen the party in the cave. Now thereat they marvelled and said to one another, "Hasten we back to Constantinople, for we left our companions there, and our hearts are with them." So they hurried departure, commending themselves to the Subtle, the All-wise ; and Zau al-Makan exhorted the Moslems to steadfastness and versified in the following couplets :[2]—

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[1] *i.e.* Mohammed, who promised Heaven and threatened Hell.

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[1] A sign of defeat.

[2] In English "last night": I have already noted that the Moslem day, like the Jewish and the Scandinavian, begins at sundown; and "layl," a night, is often used to denote the twenty-four hours between sunset and sunset, whilst "yaum," a day, would by us be translated in many cases "battle-day."

Be praises mine to all-praiseworthy Thee, * O Lord, who stinted not mine aid to be !
Though was I lost abroad, Thou wast to me Strongest support which vouchsafed victory :
Thou gav'st me wealth and reign and goodly gifts, * And slungest conquering sword of valiancy :
Thou mad'st me blest beneath Thy kingly shade, * Engraced with generous boons dealt fain and free :
Thou savedst from every fear I feared, by aid * Of my Wazir, the Age's noblest he !
Garred us Thy grace in fight to throw the Greek, * Who yet came back dight in War's cramoisie :

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[1] Again, Mohammed who promised Good to the Good, and *vice versâ.*
[2] They are sad doggrel like most of the *pièces d'occasion* inserted in The Nights.

When made I feint to fly from out the fight; * But like grim lion turning made them flee,
And left on valley-sole my foemen, drunk * Not with old wine[1] but Death-cup's revelry:
Then came the Saintly Hermit and he showed * His marvels wrought for town and wold to see;
When slew they hero-wights who woke to dwell * In Eden bowers wherein sweet rill-lets well.

But, when Zau al-Makan had made an end of versifying, his brother Sharrkan congratulated him on his safety and thanked him for the deeds he had done; after which both set out forcing their marches to rejoin their army.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sharrkan congratulated his brother, Zau al-Makan, on his safety and thanked him for the deeds he had done; after which both set out forcing their marches to rejoin their army. Such was their case; but as regards the old woman, Zat al-Dawahi, after she had foregathered with the hosts of Rustam and Bahram, she returned to the coppice, where she took her steed and mounted and sped on at speed, till she drew near the Moslem army that beleagured Constantinople, when she lighted down from her destrier and led it to the pavilion-tent of the Chief Chamberlain. And when he saw her, he stood up to her in honour and signed to her with his right hand and said, "Welcome O pious recluse!" Then he questioned her of what had befallen, and she repeated to him her disquieting lies and deluding calumnies, saying, "In sooth I fear for the Emir Rustam, and the Emir Bahram, for that I met them and theirs on the way and sent them and their following to relieve the King and his companions. Now there are about twenty thousand horse and the Unbelievers outnumber them; so I would have thee at this moment send off the rest of thy troops at full speed to their succour, lest they be slain to the last man." And she cried to them, "Haste! Haste!" When the Chamberlain and the Moslems heard these words, their spirits fell and they wept; but Zat al-Dawahi said to them, "Ask aidance of Allah and bear patiently this tribulation;

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[1] Here "Kahwah" (coffee) is used in its original sense of strong old wine. The derivation is "Akhá" = fastidire fecit, causing disinclination for food, the Matambre (kill-hunger) of the Iberians. In old days the scrupulous called coffee "Kihwah" in order to distinguish it from "Kahwah," wine.

for ye have the example of those who have been before you of the people of Mohammed; and Paradise with its palaces is laid out by Allah for those who die martyrs; and needs must all die, but most praiseworthy is dying while fighting for the Faith." The Chamberlain, hearing this speech of the wicked old woman, called for the Emir Bahram's brother, a knight by name Tarkásh; and, choosing out for him ten thousand horse, riders famed for force, bade him set out at once. So he rode forth and marched all that day and the whole of the next night, till he neared the Moslems. When daylight dawned, Sharrkan saw the dust cloud about them and feared for the men of Al-Islam and said, "If these troops which are coming upon us be Moslem men our victory is assured by them; but, if these be Franks, there is no gainsaying Destiny's decrees." Then he turned to his brother, Zau al-Makan, and said, "Never fear, for with my life I will ransom thee from death. If these be Mohammedan troops, then were it an increase of heavenly favours; but, if they be our foes, there is no help save that we fight them. Yet do I long to meet the Holy Man ere I die, so I may beg him to pray that I die not save by death of martyrdom." Whilst the twain were thus speaking, behold, there appeared the banners inscribed with the words, "There is no God but *the* God and Mohammed is the Apostle of God;" and Sharrkan cried out, "How is it with the Moslems?" "All are sound and safe," replied they, "and we came not but out of concern for you." Then the Chief of the army dismounted and, kissing ground before Sharrkan, asked, "O my lord, how be the Sultan and the Wazir Dandan and Rustam and my brother Bahram; are they all in safety?" He answered, "All well; but who brought thee tidings of us?" Quoth Tarkash, "It was the Holy Man who told us that he had met my brother Bahram and Rustam and had sent them both to you and he also assured us that the Infidels had encompassed you and outnumbered you; but I see not the case save the contrary thereof and that you are victorious." They questioned him, "And how did the Holy Man reach you?" and he replied, "Walking on his feet and he had compassed in a day and a night, ten days' journey for a well girt horseman." "There is no doubt but that he is a Saint of Allah," said Sharrkan, "but where is he now?" They rejoined, "We left him with our troops, the folk of the Faith, moving them to do battle with the enemy." Thereat Sharrkan rejoiced and all thanked Allah for their own deliverance and the safety of the Holy Man; and commended the dead to His mercy saying, "This was writ in the Book." Then they set out making for Constantinople by forced marches, and whilst they were on this enterprise, behold, a dust cloud arose to such a height that it walled the two horizons, the eastern and the western, from man's sight and the day was darkened by it to night. But Sharrkan looked at it and said, "Verily, I fear lest this be the Infidels who have routed the army of Al-Islam for that this dust walleth the world, east and west, and hideth the two horizons, north and south." Presently appeared under the dust a pillar of darkness, blacker than the blackness of dismal days; nor ceased to come upon them that column more dreadful than the dread of the Day of Doom. Horse and foot hastened up to look at it and know the terrors of the case, when behold, they saw it to be the recluse aforesaid; so they thronged round him to kiss his hands and he cried out, "O people of the Best of Mankind,[1] the lamp which shineth in darkness blind, verily the Franks have outwitted the Moslems by guile, for they fell upon the host of the One God whilst they deemed themselves safe from the foe, and attacked them in their tents and made a sore slaughter of them what while they looked for no wile; so hasten to their aid and deliver them." Now when Sharrkan heard these words, his heart flew from his breast with sore trouble; and, alighting from his steed in amazement, he kissed the Recluse's hands and feet. On like wise did his brother, Zau al-Makan, and the rest of the foot and horse-troops; except the Wazir Dandan, who dismounted not but said, "By Allah, my heart flieth from this devotee, for I never knew show of devotion to religion that bred not bane. So leave him and rejoin your comrades the Moslems, for this man is of the outcasts from the gate of the mercy of the Lord of the Three Worlds! How often have I here made razzias with King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and trodden the earth of these lands!" Said Sharrkan, "Put away from thee such evil thought, hast thou not seen this Holy Man exciting the Faithful to fight, and holding spears and swords light? So slander him not, for backbiting is blameable and poisoned is the flesh of the pious.[2] Look how he inciteth us to fight the foe; and, did not Almighty Allah love him, He had cast him aforetime into fearful torment." Then Sharrkan bade bring a Nubian mule for the ascetic to ride and said, "Mount, O pious man, devout and virtuous!" But the devotee refused to ride and feigned self-denial, that he might attain his end; and they knew not that this holy personage was like him of whom the poet saith:—

He prayeth and he fasteth for an end he doth espy; * When once his end is
safely won then fast and prayer good-bye.[3]

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[1] *i.e.* Mohammed, a title before noticed.
[2] That is, fatal to the scoffer and the impious.
[3] Equivalent o our "The Devil was sick," etc.

So the devotee ceased not to walk among the horsemen and the footmen, like a wily fox meditating guile, and began to uplift her voice, chanting the Koran and praising the Compassionate One. And they continued pressing forward till they approached the camp of Al-Islam, where Sharrkan found the Moslem in conquered plight, and the Chamberlain upon the brink of falling back in flight, whilst the sword of Greece havoc dight among the Faithful, the righteous and those who work unright,——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Sharrkan saw the Moslems in conquered plight and the Chamberlain upon the brink of retreat and flight and the sword havoc dight among the righteous and the workers of unright, the cause of this weakness among the Moslems was that the wicked old woman Zat al-Dawahi, the foe of the Faith, after seeing that Bahram and Rustam had set forward with their troops to join Sharrkan and his brother Zau al-Makan, repaired to the camp of the Mahometans before Constantinople and caused the mission of the Emir Tarkash, as hath been before said. In this her purpose was to divide the Moslem forces the better to weaken them. Then she left them and entered Constantinople, and called with a loud voice on the knights of the Greeks, saying, "Let me down a cord that I may tie thereto this letter, and do you bear it to your King Afridun, that he may read it and to my son King Hardub that they both do what is written therein of bidding and forbidding." So they let down for her a string and she tied thereto a letter whose purport was the following: "From the terriblest of tribulations[1] and the chiefest of all calamities, Zat al-Dawahi, to King Afridun greeting. But afterwards. Of a truth I have contrived a device for destroying the Moslems; so bide ye quiet and content. I have cozened and captured their Sultan and the Wazir Dandan: and then I returned to their camp and acquainted them therewith, whereby their pride had a fall and their withers were wrung. And I have so wrought upon the host 'leaguering Constantinople that they have sent ten thousand men under the Emir Tarkash to succour the captives, of whom there be now left but few; it is therefore my object that ye sally forth against them with all your power while this day endureth; and that ye fall on them in their tents and that ye leave them not till ye shall have slain them to the last man. When her letter came to King Afridun, he rejoiced with great joyance; and sending at once for King Hardub of Greece, son of Zat al-Dawahi, read the letter to him as soon as he came, whereat he was exceeding glad and said, "See my mother's craft; verily it dispenseth with swords, and her aspect standeth in stead of the terrors of the Day of Dread." Rejoined Afridun, "May the Masih not bereave us of thy venerable parent nor deprive her of her wile and guile!" Then he bade the Knights give orders for sallying outside the city, and the news was noised abroad in Constantinople. So the Franks burst forth and unsheathed their keen sabres in their numbers, shouting out their war-cries. When the Chamberlain saw the sally, he said, "Behold, the Greek is upon us and they surely have learned that our Sultan is far away; and haply they have attacked us, for that the most part of our troops have marched to the succour of King Zau al-Makan!" Therewith he waxed wroth and cried out, "Ho, soldiers of Al-Islam and favourers of the True Faith, if you flee you are lost, but if ye stand fast, ye win! Know ye that valiancy lieth in endurance of outrance and that no case is so strait but that the Almighty is able to make it straight; Allah preserve you and look upon you with eyes of compassion." Thereupon the Moslems cried out, "Allahu Akbar!" and each man shouted his war-shout, and whirled the mill-wheels of fight with cutting and thrusting in main and might; scymitars and spears played sore and the plains and valleys were swamped with gore. Now the Franks had encompassed the Moslems and greeded for victory over them until day dawned and dazzled. Thereupon the Chamberlain mounted, he and his men, trusting that Allah would help them to victory; and host was mingled with host and battle rose a-foot and took post. And heads flew from trunks whilst the brave stood fast in stead; the craven turned tail and fled; and the Judge of death judged and sentence sped, so that the champions fell from their saddles slain and corpses cumbered meadow and plain. Then the Moslem began to give ground and rearwards bent; and the Greek took possession of some of their tents; whereupon the Moslems were about to break and retreat and take flight, when meanwhile behold, up came Sharrkan with the rest of the host of Al-Islam and the standards of the Moslems. And having come up with them, he charged the Franks; and followed him Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan and the Emirs Bahram and Rustam with his brother Tarkash. When the foe saw this, they lost head and their reason fled, and the dust clouds towered till they covered the country, whilst the new comers joined their pious comrades. Then Sharrkan accosted the Chamberlain and praised him for his steadfastness: and he in turn gave the Prince joy of his timely succour and his gaining the day. Thereat the Moslems were glad and their hearts were heartened; so they rushed upon their enemies and devoted themselves to Allah in their Fight for the Faith. But when the Franks beheld the standards Mohammedan and thereon the profession of Faith Islamitan, proclaiming the Unity, they shrieked "Woe!" and "Ruin!" and stayed their hands from slaughter, whilst King Afridun went up to consult King Hardub of Greece, for the two Kings stood one at the head of each wing, right and left. Now there was with them also a famous cavalier, called Láwiyá, who commanded the centre; and they drew out in battle array, but indeed they were full of alarm and affray. Meanwhile, the Moslems drew up their forces and thereupon Sharrkan came to his brother, Zau al-Makan, and said, "O King of the Age, doubtless they mean to champion it, and that is also the object of our desire; but it is my wish to push forward the stoutest-hearted of our fighters, for by forethought is one half of life wrought." Replied the Sultan, "As thou willest, O companion of good counsel!" "It is my wish," added Sharrkan, "to stand in mid-line opposite the foe, with the Wazir Dandan on my left and thee on my right, whilst the Emir Bahram leads the dexter wing and the Emir Rustam leads the wing sinistral; and thou, O mighty King, shalt be under the standards and the ensigns, for that thou art the pillar of our defence; upon thee, after Allah, is our dependence and we will all be thy ransom from aught that can harm thee." Zau al-Makan thanked him therefor, and the slogan arose and the sabre was drawn; but, as things stood thus, behold, there came forth a cavalier from the ranks of Roum; and, as he drew near, they saw that he was mounted on a slow-paced she-mule, fleeing with her master from the shock of swords. Her housings were of white silk covered by a prayer-carpet of Cashmere stuff, and on her back sat a Sheykh, an old man of comely presence and reverend aspect, garbed in a gown of white wool. He stinted not pushing her and hurrying her on till he came near the Moslem and said, "I am an ambassador to you all, and an ambassador hath naught to do save to deliver; so give me safe conduct and permit of speech, that I communicate to you my message." Replied Sharrkan, "Thou art in safety: fear neither sway of sword nor lunge of lance." Thereupon the old man dismounted and humbled himself with much humility. Then quoth to him the Moslems, "What is with thee of news?" and quoth he, "I am an ambassador from King Afridun, for I counselled him to avert the destruction of all these frames of men and temples of the Compassionate One; and to him it seemed righteous to stay the shedding of blood and limit it to the encounter of two knights in shock of fight singular; so he agreed to that and he saith to you:—Verily, I will ransom my army with my life; so let the Moslem King do as I do and with his life ransom his host. And if he kill me, there will be no stay left in the army of Roum, and if I kill him, there will be no stability with the Moslems." When Sharrkan heard this he said, "O Shaykh, I agree to that, for it is just nor may it be gainsayed; and behold, I will meet him in duello and do with him derring-do, for I am Champion of the Faithful even as he is Champion of the Franks; and if he slay me, he will have won the day and naught will remain for the Moslem forces save flight. So return to him, O thou Shaykh, and say that the single combat shall take place to-morrow, for this day we have come off our journey and are aweary; but after rest neither reproach nor blame fear ye." So the old man returned (and he rejoicing) to King Afridun and King Hardub, and told them both what Sharrkan had said, whereat King Afridun was glad with exceeding gladness and fell from him anxiety and sadness, and he said to himself, "No doubt but this Sharrkan is their doughtiest swayer of the sword and the dourest at lunge of lance; and when I shall have slain him, their hearts will be disheartened and their strength will be shattered." Now Zat al-Dawahi had written to King Afridun of that and had told him how Sharrkan was a Knight of the Braves and the bravest of Knights and had warned him against him; but Afridun was a stalwart cavalier who fought in many a fashion; he could hurl rocks and throw spears and smite with the iron mace and he feared not the prowest of the prow. So when he heard the report of the Shaykh that Sharrkan agreed to the duello, he was like to fly for exceeding joy, because he had self-confidence and he knew that none could withstand him. The Franks passed that night in joy and jubilee and wine-bibbing; and, as soon as it was dawn, the two armies drew out with the swart of spear and the blanch of blade. And behold, a cavalier rode single-handed into the plain, mounted on a steed of purest strain, and for foray and fray full ready and fain. And that Knight had limbs of might and he was clad in an iron cuirass made for stress of fight. On his breast he wore a jewelled mirror and in his hand he bore a keen scymitar and his lance of Khalanj-wood,[1] the curious work of the Frank, weighed a quintal. Then the rider uncovered his face and cried out, saying, "Whoso knoweth me verily hath enough of me;

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[1] *i.e.* to the enemy: the North American Indians (so called) use similar forms of "inverted speech"; and the Australian aborigines are in no way behind them.

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[1] See Vol. i., Night xvi.

and whoso knoweth me not, right soon[1] shall ken who I be. I am Afridun the overwhelmed by the well-omened Shawáhi[2] Zat al-Dawahi." But he had not ended speaking ere Sharrkan, the Champion of the Moslems, rode forth to meet him, mounted on a sorrel horse worth a thousand pieces of red gold with accoutrements purfled in pearls and precious stones; and he bore in baldrick a blade of watered Indian steel, that through necks shore and made easy the hard and sore. He drave his charger between the two hosts in line whilst the horsemen all fixed on him their eyes, and he cried out to Afridun, "Woe to thee, O accursed! dost thou deem me one of the horsemen thou hast overtaken who cannot stand against thee on battle-plain?" Then each rushed upon other and they bashed together like two mountains crashing or two billows dashing and clashing: they advanced and retreated; and drew together and withdrew; and stinted not of fray and fight and weapon-play, and strife and stay, with stroke of sword and lunge of lance. Of the two armies looking on, some said, "Sharrkan is victor!" and others, "Afridun will conquer!" and the two riders stayed not their hands from the hustle until ceased the clamour and the bustle; and the dust-columns rose and the day waned and the sun waxed yellow and wan. Then cried out King Afridun to Sharrkan, saying, "Thou art naught save a doughty rider and a stalwart fighter; but thou art fraudful and thy nature is not that of the noble. I ken thy work is other than praiseworthy nor is thy prowess that of a Prince; for thy people behave to thee as though thou wert a slave;[3] and see! they bring thee out a charger which is not thine, that thou mayst mount and return to the fight. But by my fay, thy fighting irketh and fatigueth me and I am weary of cutting and thrusting with thee; and if thou purpose to lay on load with me to-night, thou wouldst not change aught of thy harness nor thy horse, till thou approve to the cavaliers thy generous blood and skill in brunt." When Sharrkan heard him say these words concerning his own folk behaving to him as though he were a slave, he waxt wroth and turned towards his men, meaning to sign to them and bid them not prepare him change of harness or horse, when lo! Afridun shook his throw-spear high in air and cast it at Sharrkan. Now when the Moslem turned his back, he found none of the men near him, and he knew this to be a trick of the Frank; so he wheeled round in haste and behold, the javelin came at him, so he swerved from it, till his head was bent low as his saddle-bow. The weapon grazed his breast, and pierced the skin of his chest; whereupon he gave one cry and swooned away. Thereat Afridun was joyful, thinking he had slain him; and shouted to the Franks bidding them rejoice, whereat the Franks were encouraged and the Faithful wept. When Zau al-Makan saw his brother reeling in saddle so that he well-nigh fell, he despatched cavaliers towards him and the braves hurried to his aid and came up with him. Thereupon the Franks drove at the Moslems; the two hosts joined battle and the two lines were mingled, whilst the keen scymitar of Al-Yaman did good work. Now the first to reach Sharrkan was the Wazir Dandan——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Sauf," a particle denoting a near future, whereas "Sa-" points to one which may be very remote.

[2] From the root "Shauh" = having a fascinating eye, terrifying. The Irish call the fascinator "eybitter" and the victim (who is also rhymed to death) "eybitten."

[3] *i.e.* not like the noble-born, strong in enduring the stress of fight.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Zau al-Makan saw that Afridun had struck with javelin his brother Sharrkan, he deemed him dead, and despatched cavaliers towards him; and the first to reach him were the Wazir Dandan and the Emir of the Turks, Bahram, and the Emir of the Daylamites, Rustam. They found him falling from his horse; so they stayed him in his saddle and returned with him to his brother, Zau al-Makan; then they gave him in charge to his pages, and went again to do the work of cut and thrust. So the strife redoubled and the weapons together clashed and ceased not bate and debate and naught was to be seen but blood flowing and necks bowing; nor did the swords cease on the napes of men to make play nor the strife to rage with more and more affray, till the most part of the night was past away and the two hosts were aweary of the mellay. So they called a truce and each army returned to its tents, whilst all the Franks repaired to King Afridun and kissed the ground before him, and wished him joy of his victory over Sharrkan. Then the King fared for Constantinople and sat upon the throne of his realm, when King Hardub came to him and said, "Know that the Moslems can make no stay without Sharrkan." Replied Afridun, "To-morrow shall end the affair when to fight I fare: I will seek Zau al-Makan and slay him, and their army shall turn tail and of flight shall avail." Such was the case with the Kafirs; but as regard the host of Al-Islam, when Zau al-Makan returned to his tent, he thought of naught but his brother and, going into the pavilion, found him in evil case and sore condition; whereupon he summoned for counsel the Wazir Dandan and Rustam and Bahram. When they entered, they opined to assemble the physicians that they might medicine Sharrkan, and they wept and said, "The world will not readily afford his like!" and they watched by him all that night, and about the later hours came to them the Recluse in tears. When Zau al-Makan saw him, he rose in honour; and the Religious stroked Sharrkan's wound with his hand, chanting somewhat of the Koran and repeating by way of talisman some of the verses of the Compassionate One. And the pretender ceased not to watch over him till dawn, when he came to himself and, opening his eyes, moved his tongue in his mouth and spoke. At this Zau al-Makan rejoiced, saying, "Of a truth the blessing of the Holy Man hath taken effect on him!" And Sharrkan said, "Praised be Allah for recovery; indeed, I am well at this hour. That accursed one played me false; and, but that I swerved aside lighter than lightning, the throw-spear had pierced through my breast. So praised be Allah for saving me! And how is it with the Moslems?" Answered Zau al-Makan, "All are weeping for thee." Quoth Sharrkan, "I am well and in good case; but where is the Holy Man?" Now he was sitting by him and said, "At thy head." So the Prince turned to him and kissed his hand when he said, "O my son! be of good patience and Allah shall increase thy reward; for the wage is measured by the work." Sharrkan rejoined, "Pray for me," and he prayed for him. As soon as morning dawned and day brake in shine and sheen, the Moslems sallied out to the plain and the Franks made ready to thrust and cut. Then the Islamite host advanced and offered fight with weapons ready dight, and King Zau al-Makan and Afridun made to charge one at other But when Zau al-Makan fared forth into the field, there came with him the Wazir Dandan and the Chamberlain and Bahram, saying, "We will be thy sacrifice." He replied, "By the Holy House and Zemzem and the Place![1] I will not be stayed from going forth against these wild asses." And when he rode out into the field he played with sword and spear till riders marvelled and both armies wondered; then he rushed upon the foe's right wing and of it he slew two knights and in like manner he dealt with the left wing. Presently he stayed his steed in the midst of the field and cried out,

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[1] *i.e.* of Abraham. For the Well Zemzem and the Place of Abraham, see my Pilgrimage (iii. 171 x 175, etc.), where I described the water as of salt-bitter taste, like that of Epsom (iii. 203). Sir William Muir (in his excellent Life of Mahomet, I. cclviii.) remarks that "the flavour of stale water bottled up for months would not be a criterion of the same water freshly drawn;" but soldered tins-full of water drawn a fortnight before are to be had in Calcutta and elsewhere after pilgrimage time; and analysis would at once detect the salt.

"Where is Afridun, that I may make him taste the cup of disgrace?" But when King Hardub saw the case he conjured Afridun not to attack him, saying, "O King, yesterday it was thy turn to fight: it is mine to-day. I care naught for his prowess." So he rushed out towards Zau al-Makan brand in hand and under him a war-horse like Abjar, which was Antar's charger, and its coat was jet black even as saith the poet:—

On the glancing racer outracing glance * He speeds, as though he would collar Doom:
His steed's black coat is of darkest jet, * And likest Night in her nightliest gloom:
Whose neigh sounds glad to the hearer's ears * Like thunders rolling in thund'rous boom:
If he race the wind he will lead the way * And the lightning-flash will behind him loom.[1]

Then each rushed upon the opponent, parrying blows and proving the marvellous qualities were stored in him; and they fell to drawing on and withdrawing till the breasts of the bystanders were straitened and they were weary of waiting for the event. At last Zau al-Makan cried out his war-cry and rushed upon Hardub, King of Cæsarea,[2] and struck him a stroke that shore head from trunk and slew him on the spot. When the Franks saw this, they charged in a body, compact and united, upon Zau al-Makan, who met them amidfield, and they engaged in hewing and thrusting, till blood ran in rills. Then the Moslems cried out, "Allahu Akbar!"—God is most great—and "There is no god but *the* God!" and invoked salvation for the Prophet, the Bringer of Glad Tidings, the Bearer of Bad Tidings. And there befel a great fight, but Allah assigned victory to the Faithful and defeat to the Frank. The Wazir Dandan shouted, "Take your blood revenge for King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and his son Sharrkan!" and bared his head and cried out to the Turks. Now there were by his side more than twenty thousand horse, and all charged with him as one man, when the Franks found naught to save their lives but flight. So they turned tail to fly while the biting sabre wrought its havoc and the Moslems slew of them that day some fifty thousand horse and took more than that number: much folk also were slain while going in at the gates, for the flock was great. Then the Greeks hove to the doors and swarmed up the walls to await the assault; and in fine the Moslem hosts returned to their tents aided to glory and victory, and King Zau al-Makan went in to his brother whom he found in most joyous case. So he made a prostration of thanks to the Bountiful and the Exalted; and then he came forward and gave Sharrkan joy of his recovery. Answered he, " Verily we are all under the benediction of this Religious, holy and righteous, nor would you have been victorious, but for his accepted orisons; indeed all day he remained at prayer to invoke victory on the Moslems."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Racing was and is a favourite pastime with those hippomanists, the Arabs; but it contrasts strongly with our civilised form being a trial of endurance rather than of speed. The Prophet is said to have limited betting in these words, "There shall be no wagering save on the Khuff (camel's foot), the Hafir (hoof of horse, ass, etc.) or the Nasal (arrow-pile or lance head).

[2] In the Mac. Edit. "Arman" = Armenia, which has before occurred. The author or scribe here understands by "Cæsarea" not the old Turris Stratonis, Herod's city called after Augustus, but Cæsareia the capital of Cappadocia (Pliny. vi. 3), the royal residence before called Mazaca (Strabo).

Now when it was the Hundred-and-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zau al-Makan went in to his brother Sharrkan, he found him sitting with the Holy Man by his side; so he rejoiced and drew near him and gave him joy of his recovery. Answered he, " Verily we are all under the benediction of this Recluse nor would you have been victorious but for his prayers, indeed he felt no fear this day and he ceased not supplication for the Moslems. I found strength return to me, when I heard your 'Allahu Akbar,' for then I knew you to be victorious over your enemies. But now recount to me, O my brother, what befel thee." So he told him all that had passed between him and Hardub and related how he had slain him; and Sharrkan praised him and thanked him for his prowess. When Zat al-Dawahi heard tell of her son's death (and she still drest as a devotee), her face waxed yellow and her eyes ran over with railing tears: she kept her counsel, however, and feigned to the Moslems that she was glad and wept for excess of joy. But she said to herself, "By the truth of the Masih, there remaineth no profit of my life, if I burn not his heart for his brother Sharrkan, even as he hath burnt my heart for King Hardub, the mainstay of Christendom and the hosts of Crossdom!" Still she kept her secret. And the Wazir Dandan and King Zau al-Makan and the Chamberlain remained sitting with Sharrkan till they had dressed and salved his wound; after which they gave him medicines and he began to recover strength; whereat they joyed with joy exceeding and told the troops who congratulated themselves, saying, "To-morrow he will ride with us and do manly devoir in the siege." Then said Sharrkan to them, "Ye have fought through all this day and are aweary of fight; so it behoveth that you return to your places and sleep and not sit up." They accepted his counsel and then each went away to his own pavilion, and none remained with Sharrkan but a few servants and the old woman Zat al-Dawahi. He talked with her through part of the night, then he stretched himself to rest: and his servants did likewise and presently sleep overcame them all and they lay like the dead. Such was the case with Sharrkan and his men; but as regards the old woman, she alone abode awake while they slumbered in the tent and, looking at Sharrkan she presently saw that he was drowned in sleep. Thereupon she sprang to her feet, as she were a scald she-bear or a speckled snake, and drew from her waist-cloth a dagger so poisoned that if laid thereon it would have melted a rock. Then she unsheathed the poniard and went up to Sharrkan's head and she drew the knife across his throat and severed his weasand and hewed off his head from his body. And once more she sprang to her feet; and, going the round of the sleeping servants, she cut off their heads also, lest they should awake. Then she left the tent and made for the Sultan's pavilion, but finding the guards on the alert, turned to that of the Wazir Dandan. Now she found him reading the Koran and when his sight fell upon her he said, "Welcome to the Holy Man!" Hearing this from the Wazir her heart trembled and she said, "The reason of my coming hither at this time is that I heard the voice of a saint amongst Allah's saints and am going to him." Then she turned her back, but the Wazir said to himself, "By Allah, I will follow our Devotee this night!" So he rose and walked after her; but when the accursed old woman heard his footsteps, she knew that he was following her: wherefore she feared the disgrace of discovery and said in herself, "Unless I serve some trick upon him he will disgrace me." So she turned and said to him from afar, "Ho, thou Wazir, I am going in search of this saint that I may learn who he is; and, after learning this much, I will ask his leave for thee to visit him. Then I will come back and tell thee; for I fear thine accompanying me without having his permission lest he take umbrage at me seeing thee in my society." Now when the Wazir heard these words, he was ashamed to answer her; so he left her and returned to his tent, and would have slept; but sleep was not favourable to him and the world seemed heaped upon him. Presently he rose and went forth from the tent saying in himself, "I will go to Sharrkan and chat with him till morning." But when he entered into Sharrkan's pavilion, he found the blood running like an aqueduct and saw the servants lying with their throats cut like beasts for food. At this he cried a cry which aroused all who were asleep; the folk hastened to him and, seeing the blood streaming, set up a clamour of weeping and wailing. The noise awoke the Sultan, who enquired what was the matter, and it was said to him, "Sharrkan thy brother and his servants are murthered." So he rose in haste and entered the tent, and found the Wazir Dandan shrieking aloud and he saw his brother's body without a head. Thereat he swooned away and all the troops crowded around him, weeping and crying out, and so remained for a while till he came to himself, when he looked at Sharrkan and wept with sore weeping, while the Wazir and Rustam and Bahram did the like. But the Chamberlain cried and lamented more than the rest and asked leave to absent himself, such was his alarm. Then said Zau al-Makan, "Know ye who did this deed and how is it I see not the Devotee, him who the things of this world hath put away?" Quoth the Wazir, "And who should have been the cause of this affliction, save that Devotee, that Satan? By Allah, my heart abhorred him from the first, because I know that all who pretend to be absorbed in practices religious are vile and treacherous!" And he repeated to the King the tale of how he would have followed the Religious, but he forbade him, whereupon the folk broke out into a tumult of weeping and lamentation and humbled themselves before Him who is ever near, Him who ever answereth prayer, supplicating that He would cause the false Devotee who denied Allah's testimony to fall into their hands. Then they laid Sharrkan out and buried him in the mountain aforesaid and mourned over his far-famed virtues.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that they laid Sharrkan out and buried him in the mountain aforesaid and mourned over his far-famed virtues. Then they looked for the opening of the city-gate; but it opened not and no sign of men appeared to them on the walls; whereat they wondered with exceeding wonder. But King Zau al-Makan said, "By Allah, I will not turn back from them, though I sit here for years and years, till I take blood-revenge for my brother Sharrkan and waste Constantinople and kill the King of the Franks, even if death overcome me and I be at rest from this woeful world!" Then he bade be brought out the treasure taken from the Monastery of Matruhina; and mustered the troops and divided the monies among them, and he left not one of them but he gave him gifts which contented him. Moreover, he assembled in the presence three hundred horse of every division and said to them, "Do ye send supplies to your households, for I am resolved to abide by this city, year after year, till I have taken bloodwite for my brother Sharrkan, even if I die in this stead." And when the army heard these words and had received his gifts of money they replied, "To hear is to obey!" Thereupon he summoned couriers and gave them letters and charged them to deliver the same, together with the monies, to the soldiers' families and inform them that all were safe and satisfied, and acquaint them saying, "We are encamped before Constantinople and we will either destroy it or die; and, albeit we be obliged to abide here months and years, we will not depart hence till we take it." Moreover, he bade the Wazir Dandan write to his sister, Nuzhat al-Zaman, and said to him, "Acquaint her with what hath befallen us, and what be our situation." Then he gave them somewhat of money, which they pouched and set out at once; and all the people flocked forth to take leave of them and entrust them with the monies and the messages. After they had departed, Zau al-Makan turned to the Wazir Dandan and commanded him to advance with the army against the city-walls. So the troops pushed forward, but found none on the ramparts, whereat they marvelled, while Zau al-Makan was troubled at the case, for he deeply mourned the severance from his brother Sharrkan and he was sore perturbed about that traitor the ascetic. In this condition they abode three days without seeing anyone. So far concerning the Moslems; but as regards the Greeks and the cause of their refusing fight during these three days the case was this. As soon as Zat al-Dawahi had slain Sharrkan, she hastened her march and reached the walls of Constantinople, where she called out in the Greek tongue to the guards to throw her down a rope. Quoth they, "Who art thou?" and quoth she, "I am Zat al-Dawahi." They knew her and let down a cord to which she tied herself and they drew her up; and, when inside the city, she went in to the King Afridun and said to him, "What is this I hear from the Moslems? They say that my son King Hardub is slain." He answered, "Yes;" and she shrieked out and wept right grievously and ceased not weeping thus till she made Afridun and all who were present weep with her. Then she told the King how she had slain Sharrkan and thirty of his servants, whereat he rejoiced and thanked her; and, kissing her hands, exhorted her to resignation for the loss of her son. Said she, "By my fay, I will not rest content with killing that dog of the Moslem dogs in blood-revenge for my son, a King of the Kings of the age! Now there is no help for it but that I work some guile and I contrive a wile whereby to slay the Sultan Zau al-Makan and the Wazir Dandan and the Chamberlain and Rustam and Bahram and ten thousand cavaliers of the army of Al-Islam; for it shall never be said that my son's head be paid with the blood-wite of Sharrkan's head; no, never!" Then said she to King Afridun, "Know, O King of the age, that it is my wish to set forth mourning for my son." Replied Afridun, "Do what thou desire; I will not gainsay thee in aught. And if thou prolong thy mourning for many days it were a little thing; for though the Moslems resolve to beleaguer us years and years, they will never win their will of us nor gain aught of us save trouble and weariness." Then the witch (when she had ended with the calamity she had wrought and the ignominies which in herself she had thought) took ink-case and paper and wrote thereon:—"From Shawahi, Zat al-Dawahi, to the host of the Moslems. Know ye that I entered your country and duped by my cunning your nobles and at first hand I slew your King Omar bin al-Nu'uman in the midst of his palace. Moreover, I slew, in the affair of the mountain-pass and of the cave, many of your men; and the last I killed were Sharrkan and his servants. And if fortune do not stay me and Satan obey me, I needs must slay me your Sultan and the Wazir Dandan, for I am she who came to you in disguise of a Recluse and who heaped upon you my devices and deceits. Wherefore, if you would be in safety after this, fare ye forth at once; and if you seek your own destruction cease not abiding for the nonce; and though ye tarry here years and years, ye shall not do your desire on us. And so peace be yours!" After writing her writ she devoted three days to mourning for King Hardub; and on the fourth, she called a Knight and bade him take the letter and make it fast to a shaft and shoot it into the Moslem camp. When this was done, she entered the church and gave herself up to weeping and wailing for the loss of her son, saying to him who took the kingship after him, "Nothing will serve me but I must kill Zau al-Makan and all the nobles of Al-Islam." Such was the case with her; but as regards what occurred to the Moslems, all passed three days in trouble and anxiety, and on the fourth, when gazing at the walls behold, they saw a knight holding a bow and about to shoot an arrow along whose side a letter was bound. So they waited till he had shot it among them and the Sultan bade the Wazir Dandan take the missive and read it. He perused it accordingly; and, when Zau al-Makan heard it to end and understood its purport, his eyes filled with tears and he shrieked for agony at her perfidy; and the Minister Dandan said, "By Allah, my heart shrank from her!" Quoth the Sultan, "How could this wretch play her tricks upon us twice? But by the Almighty I will not depart hence till I slay her." And he called to mind his brother and wept with excessive weeping. But when Zat al-Dawahi arrived amongst the Franks and related to them her adventures at length, they rejoiced at her safety and at the slaying of Sharrkan. Thereupon the Moslems addressed themselves again to the siege of the city and the Sultan promised his men that, if it should be taken, he would divide its treasures among them in equal parts. But he dried not his tears grieving for his brother till his body was wasted and sick, growing thin as a tooth-pick. Presently the Wazir Dandan came in to him and said, "Be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear: in very sooth thy brother died not but because his hour was come, and there is no profit in this mourning. How well saith the poet:—

Whatso is not to be no sleight shall bring to pass; * What is to be without a
failure shall become;
Soon the becoming fortune shall be found to be, * And Folly's brother[1] shall
abide forlorn and glum.

Wherefore do thou leave this weeping and wailing and hearten thy heart to bear arms." He replied, "O Wazir, my heart is heavy for the death of my father and my brother and for our absence from hearth and home; and my mind is concerned for my subjects." Thereupon the Wazir and the bystanders wept; but they ceased not from pushing forward the siege of Constantinople for a length of days. And they being thus, behold, news arrived from Baghdad, by one of the Emirs, to the effect that the King's wife had been blessed with a boy, and that his sister, Nuzhat al-Zaman, had named him Kánmákán.[2] Moreover, that the boy bid fair to be famous, already showing wondrous signs and marvellous tokens; and that she had commanded the Olema and the preachers to pray for mother and child from the pulpits and bless them in all wise; furthermore that the twain were well, that the land had enjoyed abundant rains, and that his comrade the Stoker was established in all prosperity, with eunuchs and slaves to wait upon him; but that he was still ignorant of what had befallen him. And she ended with the greeting of peace. Then quoth Zau al-Makan to the Wazir Dandan, "Now is my back strengthened for that I have been blest with a son[3] whose name is Kanmakan."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] An idiom meaning "a very fool."
[2] *i.e.* Kána (was) má (that which) was (kána).
[3] A son being "the lamp of a dark house."

Now when it was the Hundred-and-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when they brought him the news of his wife having borne him a boy child, Zau al-Makan rejoiced with great joy and cried, "Now is my back strengthened, for that I have been blessed with a son whose name is Kanmakan." And he spake to the Wazir Dandan, saying, "I am minded to leave this mourning and order recitations of the Koran for my brother and command alms-deeds on his account." Quoth the Wazir, "Thy design is good." Thereupon he caused tents to be pitched over his brother's tomb; so they raised them and gathered together such of the men-at-arms as could repeat the Koran; and some began reciting the Holy Volume; whilst others chanted litanies containing the names of Allah, and thus they did till the morning. Then Zau al-Makan went up to the grave of his brother Sharrkan and poured forth copious tears, and improvised these couplets:—

They bore him bier'd, and all who followèd wept * With Moses' shrieks what day o'erhead shook Tor;[1]
Till reached the grave which Fate had made his home, * Dug in men's souls who one sole God adore:
Ne'er had I thought before to see my joy * Borne on the bier which heads of bearers bore:
Ah no! nor ere they homed thee in the dust * That stars of heaven earth ever covered o'er.
Is the tomb-dweller hostage of a stead, * Where light and splendour o'er thy face shall pour?
Praise to restore his life her word hath pledged: * Cribbed and confined he shall dispread the more!

When Zau al-Makan had made an end of his versifying he wept and wept with him all the troops; then he came to the grave and threw himself upon it wild with woe, and the Wazir repeated the words of the poet:—

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[1] When the Israelites refused to receive the Law (the souls of all the Prophets even those unborn being present at the Covenant), Allah tore up the mountain (Sinai which is not mentioned) by the roots and shook it over their heads to terrify them, saying, "Receive the Law which we have given you with a resolution to keep it" (Koran, chapt. xix. 170). Much of this story is from the Talmud (Abodah Sar. 2, 2, Tract Sabbath, etc.) whence Al-Islam borrowed so much of its Judaism, as it took Christianity from the Apocryphal New Testament. This tradition is still held by the Israelites, says Mr. Rodwell (p. 333), who refers it to a misunderstanding of Exod. xix. 17, rightly rendered in the E. version "at the nether part of the mountain."

Fain leaving life that fleets thou hast th' eternal won; * Thou didst as whilom many a doer like thee hath done;
Leftest this worldly house without reproach or blame; * Ah, may th' exchange secure thee every benison!
Thou wast from hostile onset shield and firm defence, * For us to baffle shafts and whistling spears to shun.
I see this world is only cheat and vanity, * Where man naught else must seek but please the Truthful One:
Th' Empyrean's Lord allow thee bower of heavenly bliss, * And wi' thy faithful friends The Guide show goodly wone:
I bid thee last good e'en with sigh of bitter grief, * Seeing the West in woe for lack of Easting Sun.

When the Wazir Dandan had finished his reciting, he wept with sore weeping and the tears rained from his eyes like cushioned pearls. Then came forward one who had been of Sharrkan's boon-companions in his cups and he wept till ran in rills the drops, and he enumerated the dead man's generous qualities, reciting the following pentastichs:—

Where gone is Bounty since thy hand is turned to clay? * And I in misery lie since thou wast ta'en away.
See'st not, O litter-guide[1] (Heaven keep thee glad and gay!), * How tears adorn my cheeks, these furrowed wrinkles fray?
A sight to joy thine eyes and fill thee with dismay.[2]
By Allah ne'er this heart within I spoke of thee: * Ah no! nor dared my sight to see thy brilliancy:
Save that my tear-drops sorest wound have garred me dree * Yea! and if e'er on other rest these eyne of me,
May yearning draw their reins nor suffer sleep for aye.

And when the man stinted reciting, Zau al-Makan and the Minister Dandan wept and the whole army was moved to tears; after which all retired to their tents, and the King turning to the Wazir took counsel with him concerning the conduct of the campaign. On this wise the two passed days and nights, while Zau al-Makan was weighed down with grief and mourning till at last he said, "I long to hear stories and adventures of Kings and tales of lover-folk enslaved by love; haply Allah may make this to solace that which is on my heart of heavy anxiety, and stint and stay my weeping and wailing." Quoth the Wazir, "If naught can dispel thy trouble but hearing curious tales of Kings and people long gone before and stories of folk enslaved by love of yore, and so forth, this thing were easy, for I had no other business in the lifetime of thy father (who hath found mercy) than to relate stories and to repeat verses to him. This very night I will tell thee a tale of a lover and his beloved, so shall thy breast be broadened." When Zau al-Makan heard these words from the Minister, his heart was set upon that which had been promised to him and he did nothing but watch for the coming of the night, that he might hear what the Wazir Dandan had to tell of the Kings of yore and distracted lovers long gone before. And hardly would he believe that night had fallen ere he bade light the wax-candles and the lamps and bring all that was needful of meat and drink and perfume-gear, and what not; and when all was in presence, he summoned the Wazir Dandan, and the Emirs Rustam and Bahram and Tarkash and the Grand Chamberlain; then waited till the whole party was seated before him; whereupon he turned to the Minister and said, "Know, O Wazir, that night is come and hath let down over us its veil of gloom, and we desire that thou tell us those tales which thou promisedst us." Replied the Wazir, "With joy and good will." ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Azghán" = the camel-litters in which women travel.
[2] *i.e.* to joy foes and dismay friends.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Zau al-Makan summoned the Wazir and the Chamberlain and Rustam and Bahram, he turned towards the Minister Dandan and said, "Know, O Wazir, that night is come and hath let down over us its veil of gloom, and we desire that thou tell us those tales which thou promisedst us." Replied the Wazir:—With love and gladness! Know, O auspicious King, that there reached my ears a relation of a lover and a loved one and of the discourse between them and what befel them of things rare and fair, a story such as repelleth care from the heart and dispelleth sorrow like unto that of the patriarch Jacob[1]; and it is as follows:—

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[1] Whose eyes became white (*i.e.* went blind) with mourning for his son Joseph (Koran, chapt. xii. 84). He recovered his sight when his face was covered with the shirt which Gabriel had given to the youth after his brethren had thrown him into the well.

TALE OF TAJ AL-MULUK AND THE PRINCESS DUNYA:

THE LOVER AND THE LOVED.

There stood in times long gone by behind the Mountains of Ispahán, a city called the Green City, wherein dwelt a King named Sulaymán Sháh. Now he was a man of liberality and beneficence, of justice and integrity, of generosity and sincerity, to whom travellers repaired from every country, and his name was noised abroad in all regions and cities and he reigned many a year in high worship and prosperity, save that he owned neither wives nor children. He had a Minister who rivalled him in goodness and generosity, and it so happened that one day he sent for him and when he came into the presence said to him, "O my Wazir, my heart is heavy and my patience is past and my force faileth me, for that I have neither wife nor child. This is not the way of Kings who rule over all men, princes and paupers; for they rejoice in leaving behind them children and successors whereby are doubled their number and their strength. Quoth the Prophet (whom Allah bless and keep!):—Marry ye, increase ye, and multiply ye, that I may boast me of your superiority over the nations on the Day of Resurrection. So what is thy counsel, O Wazir? Advise me of what course and contrivance be advisable!" When the Minister heard these words, the tears sprang from his eyes in streams, and he replied, "Far be it from me, O King of the Age, that I debate on that which appertaineth to the Compassionate One! Wilt thou have me cast into the fire by the All-powerful King's wrath and ire? Marry a wife." Rejoined the King, "O Wazir, if thou can direct me to some maiden of birth and piety of the daughters of Moslem Sovanty, I will ask her in marriage and wed her in presence of witnesses, so may accrue to me the favour of the Lord of all Creatures." Said the Wazir, "O King, verily Allah hath fulfilled thy wish and hath brought thee to thy desire;" presently adding, "Know, O King, it hath come to my knowledge that King Zahr Shah,[1] Lord of the White Land, hath a daughter of surpassing loveliness whose charms talk and tale fail to express: she hath not her equal in this age, for she is perfect in proportion and symmetry, black eyed as if Kohl-dyed and long locked, wee of waist and full of form.

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[1] "Poison King" (Persian); or "Flower-King" (Arabic).

When she draweth nigh she seduceth and when she turneth her back she slayeth; she ravisheth heart and eyes and she looketh even as saith of her the poet:—

A thin-waist maid who shames the willow-wand; * Nor sun nor moon can like her rising shine:
'Tis as her honey-dew of lips were blent * With wine, and pearls of teeth were bathed in wine:
Her form, like heavenly Houri's, graceful slim; * Fair face; and ruin dealt by glancing eyne:
How many a dead-done man her eyes have slain * Upon her way of love in ruin li'en:
An live I she's my death! I'll say no more * But dying without her vain were life of mine.

Now when the Wazir had made an end of describing that maiden, he said to King Zahr Shah, "It is my counsel, O King, that thou despatch to her father an ambassador, sagacious, experienced and trained in the ways of the world, who shall courteously demand her in marriage for thee of her sire; for in good sooth she hath not her equal in the far parts of the world nor in the near. So shalt thou enjoy her lovely face in the way of grace, and the Lord of Glory be content with thy case; for it is reported of the Prophet (whom Allah bless and preserve!) that he said:—There be no celibacy in Al-Islam." At this the King was transported to perfect joy; his breast was broadened and lightened; care and cark ceased from him and he turned to the Wazir and said, "Know thou, O Minister, that none shall go about this affair save thou, by reason of thy consummate intelligence and good breeding; wherefore hie thee home and do all thou hast to do and get thee ready by the morrow and depart and demand me in marriage this maiden, with whom thou hast occupied my heart and thought; and return not to me but with her." Replied the Wazir, "I hear and I obey." Then he hied to his own house and bade make ready presents befitting Kings, of precious stones and things of price and other matters light of load but weighty of worth, besides Arab steeds and coats of mail, such as David made [1] and chests of treasure for which speech hath no measure. And the Wazir loaded the whole on camels and mules, and set out attended by an hundred slave-girls with flags and banners flaunting over his head. The King charged him to return to him after a few days: and, when he was gone, Sulayman Shah lay on coals burning, engrossed night and day with yearning; while the envoy travelled on without ceasing through gloom and light, spanning fertile field and desert site, till but a day's march remained between him and the city whereto he was bound. Here he sat him down on the banks of a river and, summoning one of his confidants, bade him wend his way to King Zahr Shah and announce his approach without delay. Quoth the messenger, "I hear and I obey!" And he rode on in haste to that city and, as he was about to enter therein, it so chanced that the King, who was sitting in one of his pleasaunces before the city-gate, espied him as he was passing the doors, and knowing him for a stranger, bade bring him before the presence. So the messenger coming forward informed him of the approach of the Wazir of the mighty King Sulayman Shah, Lord of the Green Land and of the Mountains of Ispahan: whereat King Zahr Shah rejoiced and welcomed him. Then he carried him to his palace and asked him, "Where leavedst thou the Wazir?" and he answered, "I left him in early day on the banks of such a river and to-morrow he will reach thee, Allah continue his favours to thee and have mercy upon thy parents!" Thereupon King Zahr Shah commanded one of his Wazirs to take the better part of his Grandees and Chamberlains and Lieutenants and Lords of the land, and go out to meet the ambassador in honour of King Sulayman Shah; for that his dominion extended over the country. Such was the case with Zahr Shah; but as regards the Wazir, he abode in his stead till night was half spent[1] and then set out for the city; but when morning shone and the sun rose upon hill and down, of a sudden he saw King Zahr Shah's Wazir approaching him, with his Chamberlains and high Lords and Chief Officers of the kingdom; and the two parties joined company at some parasangs' distance from the city.[2] Thereat the Wazir made sure of the success of his errand and saluted the escort, which ceased not preceding him till they reached the King's palace and passed in before him through the gate to the seventh vestibule, a place where none might enter on horseback, for it was near to where the King sat. So the Minister alighted and walked on a-foot till he came to a lofty saloon, at whose upper end stood a marble couch, set with pearls and stones of price, and having for legs four elephants' tusks. Upon it was a coverlet of green satin peppered with red gold, and above it hung a canopy adorned with pearls and gems, whereon sat King Zahr Shah, whilst his officers of state stood in attendance before him. When the Wazir went in to him, he composed his mind and, unbinding his tongue, displayed the oratory of Wazirs and saluted the King in the language of eloquence ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] All Prophets had some manual trade and that of David was making coats of mail, which he invented, for before his day men used plate-armour. So "Allah softened the iron for him" and in his hands it became like wax (Koran xxi. xxxiv., etc.) Hence a good coat of mail is called "Davidean." I have noticed (First Footsteps, p. 33 and elsewhere) the homage paid to the blacksmith on the principle which made Mulciber (Malik Kabír) a god. The myth of David inventing mail possibly arose from his peculiarly fighting career. Moslems venerate Dáúd on account of his extraordinary devotion.

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[1] "Travel by night," said the Prophet, "when the plagues of earth (scorpions, serpents, etc.) afflict ye not." Yet the night-march in Arabia is detestable. (Pilgrimage iii. 113, etc.).

[2] This form of ceremony is called "Istikbál" (coming forth to greet) and is regulated by the severest laws of etiquette. As a rule, the greater the distance (which may be a minimum of one step) the higher the honour. Easterns infinitely despise strangers who ignore these vitals of politeness.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir of King Sulayman Shah entered the presence of King Zahr Shah he composed his mind and, unbinding his tongue, displayed the oratory of Wazirs and saluted the King in the language of eloquence and improvised these couplets :—

He cometh robed and bending gracefully : * O'er face and figure dews of grace sheds he :
He charms ; nor characts, spells nor gramarye * May fend the glances of those eyne from thee :
Say to the blamer, "Blame me not, for I * From love of him will never turn to flee" :
My heart hath played me false while true to him, * And Sleep, in love with him, abhorreth me :
O heart ! th'art not the sole who loveth him, * So bide with him while I desertion dree :
There's naught to joy mine ears with joyous sound * Save praise of King Zahr Shah in jubilee :
A King albeit thou leave thy life to win * One look, that look were all-sufficiency :
And if a pious prayer thou breathe for him, * Shall join all Faithfuls in such pious gree :
Folk of his realm ! If any shirk his right * For other hoping, gross Unfaith I see.

When the Wazir had ended his poetry, King Zahr Shah bade him draw near and honoured him with the highmost honours ; then, seating him by his own side, smiled in his face and favoured him with a gracious reply. They ceased not on this wise till the time of the noon-meal when the attendants brought forward the tables of food in that saloon, and all ate till they were sated ; after which the tables were removed and those who were in the assembly withdrew, leaving only the chief officers. Now when the Minister saw this, he rose to his feet and, after complimenting the King a second time and kissing the ground before him, spake as follows, "O mighty King and dread Lord! I have travelled hither and have visited thee upon a matter which shall bring thee peace, profit and prosperity: and it is this, that I come as ambassador to thee, seeking in marriage thy daughter, the noble and illustrious maid, from Sulayman Shah, a Prince famed for justice and integrity, sincerity, and generosity, Lord of the Green Land and of the Mountains of Ispahan, who sendeth thee of presents a store, and gifts of price galore, ardently desiring to become thy son-in-law. But art thou inclined to him as he to thee?" He then kept silence, awaiting a reply. When King Zahr Shah heard these words, he sprang to his feet and kissed the ground respectfully before the Wazir, while the bystanders were confounded at his condescension to the ambassador and their minds were amazed. Then he praised him who is the Lord of Honour and Glory and replied (and he still standing), "O mighty Wazir and illustrious Chief; hear thou what I say! Of a truth we are to King Sulayman Shah of the number of his subjects, and we shall be ennobled by his alliance and we covet it ardently; for my daughter is a handmaid of his handmaidens, and it is my dearest desire that he may become my stay and my reliable support." Then he summoned the Kazis and the witnesses, who should bear testimony, that King Sulayman Shah had despatched his Wazir as proxy to conclude the marriage, and that King Zahr Shah joyfully acted and officiated for his daughter. So the Kazis concluded the wedding-contract and offered up prayer for the happiness and prosperity of the wedded pair; after which the Wazir arose and, fetching the gifts and rarities and precious things, laid them all before the King. Then Zahr Shah occupied himself anent the fitting out of his daughter and honourably entertained the Wazir and feasted his subjects all, great and small; and for two months they held high festival, omitting naught that could rejoice heart and eye. Now when all things needful for the bride were ready, the King caused the tents to be carried out and they pitched the camp within sight of the city, where they packed the bride's stuffs in chests and gat ready the Greek handmaids and Turkish slave-girls, and provided the Princess with great store of precious treasures and costly jewels. Then he had made for her a litter of red gold, inlaid with pearls and stones of price, and set apart two mules to carry it: a litter which was like one of the chambers of a palace, and within which she seemed as she were of the loveliest Houris and it became as one of the pavilions of Paradise. And after they had made bales of the treasures and monies, and had loaded them upon the mules and camels, King Zahr Shah went forth with her for a distance of three parasangs; after which he bade farewell to her and the Wazir and those with him, and returned to his home in gladness and safety. Thereupon the Wazir, faring with the King's daughter, pushed on and ceased not his stages over desert ways——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir rode on with the King's daughter and ceased not forcing his stages over desert ways and hastened his best through nights and days, till there remained between him and his city but three marches. Thereupon he sent forward to King Sulayman Shah one who should announce the coming of the bride. The King rejoiced thereat and bestowed on the messenger a dress of honour; and bade his troops march forth in grand procession to meet the Princess and her company for due worship and honour, and don their richest apparel with banners flying over their heads. And his orders were obeyed. He also commanded to cry throughout the city that neither curtained damsel nor honoured lady nor ancient crone should fail to ride forth and meet the bride. So they all went out to greet her and the grandest of them vied in doing her service and they agreed to bring her to the King's palace by night. Moreover, the chief officers decided to decorate the road and to stand in espalier of double line, whilst the bride should pass by preceded by her eunuchs and serving-women and clad in the gear her father had given her. So when she made her appearance, the troops surrounded her, these of the right wing and those of the left, and the litter ceased not advancing with her till she approached the palace; nor remained any but came forth to gaze upon the Princess. Drums were beaten and spears were brandished and horns blared and flags fluttered and steeds pranced for precedence and scents shed fragrance till they reached the Palace gate and the pages entered with the litter through the Harem-wicket. The place shone with its splendours and the walls glittered for the glamour of its gear. Now when night came, the eunuchs threw open the doors of the bridal-chamber and stood surrounding the chief entrance; whereupon the bride came forward and amid her damsels she was like the moon among stars or an union shining on a string of lesser pearls, and she passed into the bridal closet where they had set for her a couch of alabaster inlaid with unions and jewels. In course of time the Queen gave birth to a boy child, on whom appeared auspicious signs. When the King heard of this, he joyed with exceeding joy and rewarded the bearer of the good tidings with much treasure; and of his gladness he went in to the child and kissed him between the eyes and wondered at his brilliant loveliness; for in him was approved the saying of the poet:—

In the towering forts Allah throned him King, * A lion, a star in the skies of reign:
At his rising the spear and the throne rejoiced, * The gazelle, the ostrich, the men of main:[1]
Mount him on the lap, for right soon he'll show * That to throne on the war-steed's loins he's fain:
And wean him from drinking of milk, for soon * A sweeter drink, the foe's blood, he'll drain.

Then the nurses took the new-born child and darkened his eyelids with Kohl-powder[2] and named him Táj al-Mulúk Khárán.[3] He was reared in the lap of happy fortune; and thus his days ceased not running and the years passing by till he reached the age of seven. Thereupon Sulayman Shah summoned the doctors and learned men and bade them teach his son writing and science and belles-lettres. This they continued to do for some years, till he had learned what was needful; and, when the King saw that he was well grounded in whatso he desired, he took him out of the teachers' and professors' hands and engaged for him a skilful master, who taught him horsemanship and knightly exercises till the boy attained the age of fourteen; and when he travelled abroad on any occasion, all who saw him were ravished by his beauty and made him the subject of verse; and even pious men were charmed by his brilliant loveliness.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-tenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Taj al-Muluk Kharan, son of Sulayman Shah, became perfect in riding-craft and excelled all those of his time, his excessive beauty, when he fared abroad on any occasion, caused all who saw him to be ravished and to make him the subject of verse; and even pious men were charmed by his brilliant loveliness. Quoth the poet of him:—

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[1] *i.e.* he will be a desert Nimrod and the game will delight to be killed by him.
[2] This serves to keep the babe's eyes free from inflammation.
[3] *i.e.* Crown of the Kings of fond Blandishment.

I clipt his form and wax'd drunk with his scent, * Fair branch to whom Zephyr gave nutriment:
Nor drunken as one who drinks wine, but drunk * With night-draught his lips of the honey-dew lent:
All beauty is shown in the all of him, * Hence all human hearts he in hand hath hent:
My mind, by Allah! shall ne'er unmind * His love, while I wear life's chains till spent:
If I live, in his love I'll live; if I die * For pine and longing, "O blest!" I'll cry.

When he reached the eighteenth year of his age, tender down[1] sprouted, on his side-face fresh with youth, from a mole upon one rosy cheek and a second beauty-spot, like a grain of ambergris, adorned the other; and he won the wits and eyes of every wight who looked on him, even as saith the poet:—

He is Caliph of Beauty in Yúsuf's lieu, * And all lovers fear when they sight his grace:
Pause and gaze with me; on his cheek thou'lt sight* The Caliphate's banner of sable hue.[2]

Now having developed such beauty, when he came to man's estate his loveliness increased and it won for him many comrades and intimates; while everyone who drew near to him wished that Taj al-Muluk Kharan might become Sultan after his father's death, and that he himself might be one of his Emirs. Then took he passionately to chasing and hunting which he would hardly leave for a single hour. His father, King Sulayman Shah, would have forbidden him the pursuit, fearing for him the perils of the waste and the wild beasts; but he paid no heed to his warning voice. And it so chanced that once upon a time he said to his attendants, "Take ye ten days' food and forage;" and, when they obeyed his bidding, he set out with his suite for sport and disport. They rode on into the desert and ceased not riding four days, till they came to a place where the ground was green, and they saw in it wild beasts grazing and trees with ripe fruit growing and springs flowing. Quoth Taj al-Muluk to his followers, "Set up the nets here and peg them in a wide ring and let our trysting place be at the mouth of the fence, in such a spot." So they obeyed his words and staked out a wide circle with toils; and there gathered together a mighty matter of all kinds of wild beasts and gazelles, which cried out for fear of the men and threw themselves for fright in the face of the horses. Then they loosed on to them the hounds and lynxes[1] and hawks[2]; and they shot the quarry down with shafts which pierced their vitals; and, by the time they came to the further end of the net-ring, they had taken a great number of the wild beasts, and the rest fled. Then Taj al-Muluk dismounted by the water-side and bade the game be brought before himself, and divided it, after he had set apart the best of the beasts for his father, King Sulayman Shah, and despatched the game to him; and some he distributed among the officers of his court. He passed the night in that place, and when morning dawned there came up a caravan of merchants conveying negro slaves and white servants, and halted by the water and the green ground. When Taj al-Muluk saw them, he said to one of his companions, "Bring me news of yonder men and question them why they have halted in this place."[3] So the messenger went up to them and addressed them, "Tell me who ye be, and answer me an answer without delay." Replied they, "We are merchants and have halted to rest, for that the next station is distant and we abide here because we have confidence in King Sulayman Shah and his son, Taj al-Muluk, and we know that all who alight in his dominions are in peace and safety; moreover we have with us precious stuffs which we have brought for the Prince." So the messenger returned and told these news to the King's son who, hearing the state of the case and what the merchants had replied, said, "If they have brought stuff on my account I will not enter the city nor depart hence till I see it shown to me." Then he mounted horse and rode to the caravan and his Mamelukes followed him till he reached it. Thereupon the merchants rose to receive him and invoked on him Divine aid and favour with continuance of glory and virtues; after which they pitched him a pavilion of red satin, embroidered with pearls and jewels, wherein they spread him a kingly divan upon a silken carpet worked at the upper end with emeralds set in gold.

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[1] Lane (i. 531) translates "the grey down." The Arabs use "Akhzar" (prop. "green") in many senses, fresh, grey-hued, etc.

[2] Allusion to the well-known black banners of the house of Abbas. The Persians describe the growth of hair on a fair young face by, "His cheeks went into mourning for the loss of their charms."

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[1] The lynx was used like the lion in Ancient Egypt and the Chita-leopard in India; I have never seen or heard of it in these days.

[2] Arab. "Sukúr," whence our "Saker," the falcon, not to be confounded with the old Falco Sacer, the Gr. ἱέραξ. Falconry which, like all arts, began in Egypt, is an extensive subject throughout Moslem lands. I must refer my readers to "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus" (Van Voorst, 1852) and a long note in Pilgrimage iii. 71.

[3] It was not respectful to pitch their camp within dog-bark.

There Taj al-Muluk seated himself whilst his white servants stood in attendance upon him, and sent to bid the merchants bring out all that they had with them. Accordingly, they produced their merchandise, and displayed the whole and he viewed it and took of it what liked him, paying them the price. Then he looked about him at the caravan, and remounted and was about to ride onwards, when his glance fell on a handsome youth in fair attire, and of comely and shapely make, with flower-white brow and moon-like face, save that his beauty was wasted and that yellow hues had overspread his cheeks by reason of parting from those he loved; ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-eleventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Taj al-Muluk, when he looked about him at the caravan, saw a handsome youth in neat attire and of shapely make, with flower-like forehead and moon-like face, save that his beauty was wasted and yellow hues had overspread his cheeks by reason of parting from those he loved; and great was his groaning and moaning, and the tears streamed from his eyelids as he repeated these couplets:—

Longsome is Absence; Care and Fear are sore, * And ceaseless tears, O friend, mine eyes outpour:
Yea, I farewelled my heart on parting-day * And heartless, hopeless, now I bide forlore:
Pause, O my friend, with me farewelling one * Whose words my cure can work, my health restore!

Now when the youth ended his poetry he wept awhile and fell down in a fainting-fit, whilst Taj al-Muluk looked at him and wondered at his case. Then, coming to himself, he stared with distracted air, and versified in these couplets:

Beware her glance I rede thee, 'tis like wizard-wight, * None can escape unscathed those eye-shafts' glancing flight:
In very sooth black eyes, with languorous sleepy look, * Pierce deeper than white swords however these may bite.
Be not thy senses by her sweets of speech beguiled, * Whose brooding fever shall ferment in thought and sprite
Soft-sided Fair,[1] did silk but press upon her skin, * 'Twould draw red blood from it, as thou thyself canst sight.

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[1] Easterns attach great importance to softness and smoothness of skin.

Then he sobbed a loud sob and swooned away. But when Taj al-Muluk saw him in this case, he was perplexed about his state and went up to him; and, as the youth came to his senses and saw the King's son standing at his head, he sprang to his feet and kissed the ground between his hands. Taj al-Muluk asked him, "Why didst thou not show us thy merchandise?" and he answered, "O my lord, there is naught among my stock worthy of thine august highness." Quoth the Prince, "Needs must thou show me what thou hast and acquaint me with thy circumstance; for I see thee weeping-eyed and heavy-hearted. If thou have been oppressed, we will end thine oppression, and if thou be in debt, we will pay thy debt; for of a truth my heart burneth to see thee, since I first set eyes on thee." Then Taj al-Muluk bade the seats be set, and they brought him a chair of ivory and ebony with a net-work of gold and silk, and spread him a silken rug for his feet. So he sat down on the chair and bidding the youth seat himself on the rug said to him, "Show me thy stock in trade!" The young merchant replied, "O my lord, do not name this to me, for my goods be unworthy of thee." Rejoined Taj al-Muluk, "It needs must be thus!" and bade some of the pages fetch the goods. So they brought them in despite of him; and, when he saw them, the tears streamed from his eyes and he wept and sighed and lamented; sobs rose in his throat and he repeated these couplets:—

By what thine eyelids show of Kohl and coquetry! * By what thy mind adorns of gracious kindly gree!
To me thy sight dream-visioned, O my hope! exceeds * The happiest escape from horriblest injury.

Then the youth opened his bales and displayed his merchandise to Taj al-Muluk in detail, piece by piece, and amongst them he brought out a gown of satin brocaded with gold, worth two thousand dinars. When he opened the gown there fell a piece of linen from its folds. As soon as the young merchant saw this, he caught up the piece of linen in haste and hid it under his robe; and his reason wandered, and he began versifying:—

When shall be healed of thee this heart that ever bides in woe? * Than thee the Pleiad-stars more chance of happy meeting show.
Parting and banishment and longing pain and lowe of love, * Procrastinating[1] and delay—these ills my life lay low:
Nor union bids me live in joy, nor parting kills by grief, * Nor travel draws me nearer thee nor nearer comest thou:

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[1] Arab. "Taswíf"=saying "Sauf," I will do it soon. It is a beautiful word—etymologically.

Of thee no justice may be had, in thee dwells naught of ruth ; * Nor gain of grace
by side of thee, nor flight from thee I know :
For love of thee all goings forth and comings back are strait * On me ; and I am
puzzled sore to know where I shall go.

Taj al-Muluk wondered with great wonder at his verse, and could not comprehend the cause. But when the youth snatched up the bit of linen and placed it under his robe, he asked him, "What is that piece of linen?" "O my lord," answered the merchant, "thou hast no concern with this piece." Quoth the King's son, "Show it me;" and quoth the merchant, "O my lord, I refused to show thee my goods on account of this piece of linen; for I cannot let thee look upon it."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-twelfth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant said to Taj al-Muluk, "I did not refuse to show thee my goods save on this account, for I cannot let thee look upon it." Whereupon Taj al-Muluk retorted, "Perforce I must and will see it;" and insisted and became angry. So the youth drew it out from under his robe, and wept and moaned and redoubled his sighs and groans, and repeated these verses:—

Now blame him not ; for blame brings only irk and pain ! * Indeed, I spake him
sooth but ne'er his ear could gain :
May Allah guard my moon which riseth in the vale * Beside our camp, from
loosèd robe like skyey plain :[1]
I left him but had Love vouchsafed to leave for me * Some peace in life, such
leave of him I ne'er had ta'en :
How long he pleaded for my sake on parting morn, * While down his cheeks
and mine tears ran in railing rain :
Allah belie me not : the garb of mine excuse * This parting rent, but I will mend
that garb again !
No couch is easy to my side, nor on such wise * Aught easeth him, when all alone
in distance lain :
Time with ill-omened hand hath wrought between us two, * And made my
waxing joys to wane and his to wane,
And poured mere grief and woe, what time Time fain had crowned * The bowl
he made me drink and gave for him to drain.

When he ended his recitation, quoth Taj al-Muluk, "I see thy conduct without consequence; tell me then why weepest thou at the sight of this rag!" When the young merchant heard speak of the piece of linen, he sighed and answered, "O my lord, my story is a strange and my case out of range, with regard to this piece of linen and to her from whom I brought it and to her who wrought on it these figures and emblems." Hereupon, he spread out the piece of linen, and behold, thereon was the figure of a gazelle wrought in silk and worked with red gold, and facing it was another gazelle traced in silver with a neck-ring of red gold and three bugles[1] of chrysolite upon the ring. When Taj al-Muluk saw the beauty of these figures, he exclaimed, "Glory be to Allah who teacheth man that which he knoweth not!"[2] And his heart yearned to hear the youth's story; so he said to him, "Tell me thy story with her who owned these gazelles." Replied the young man:—Hear, O my Lord, the

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[1] A very far-fetched allusion. The face of the beloved springing from a loose robe is the moon rising over the camp in the hollow (*bat'há*).

TALE OF AZIZ AND AZIZAH.[3]

My father was a wealthy merchant and Allah had vouchsafed him no other child than myself; but I had a cousin, named Azízah, daughter of my paternal uncle, and we twain were brought up in one house; for her father was dead and before his death he had agreed with my father that I should marry her. So when I reached man's estate and she reached womanhood my father spoke to my mother and said, "This very year we will draw up the contract of marriage between Aziz and Azizah." So having agreed upon this he betook himself to preparing provision for the wedding-feast. Now when my father had made an end of his preparations, and naught remained for him but to write out the contract, he appointed the wedding for a certain Friday, after public prayers; and, going to his intimates among the merchants and others, he acquainted them with that, whilst my mother went forth and invited her women friends and summoned her kith and kin. When the Friday came, they cleaned the saloon and prepared for the guests and washed the marble floor; then they spread tapestry about our house and set out thereon what was needful, after they had hung its walls with cloth of gold. Now the folk had agreed to come to us after the Friday prayers; so my father went out and bade them make sweetmeats and sugared dishes, and there remained nothing to do but to draw up the contract. Then my mother sent me to the bath and sent after me a suit of new clothes of the richest; and, when I came out of the Hammam, I donned those habits which were so perfumed that as I went along, there exhaled from them a delicious fragrance scenting the wayside. I had designed to repair to the Cathedral-mosque, when I bethought me of one of my friends and returned in quest of him that he might be present at the writing of the contract; and quoth I to myself, "This matter will occupy me till near the time of congregational prayer." So I went on and entered a by-street which I had never before entered, perspiring profusely from the effects of the bath and the new clothes on my body; and the sweat streamed down whilst the scents of my dress were wafted abroad: I therefore sat me at the upper end of the street resting on a stone bench, after spreading under me an embroidered kerchief I had with me. The heat oppressed me more and more, making my forehead perspire and the drops trickled along my cheeks; but I could not wipe my face with my kerchief because it was dispread under me. I was about to take the skirt of my robe and wipe my cheeks with it, when unexpectedly there fell on me from above a white kerchief, softer to the touch than the morning breeze and pleasanter to the sight than healing to the diseased. I took it in hand and raised my head to see whence it had fallen, when my eyes met the eyes of the lady who owned these gazelles.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Kasabát" = "canes," long beads, bugles.

[2] Koran xcvi. 5.

[3] Both words (masc. and fem.) mean "dear, excellent, highly prized." The tale is the Arab form of the European "Patient Griselda."

Now when it was the Hundred-and-thirteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the youth continued to Taj al-Muluk:—So I raised my head to see whence this kerchief had fallen, when my eyes met those of the lady who owned these gazelles. And lo! she was looking out of a wicket in a lattice of brass, and never saw my eyes a fairer than she; and in fine my tongue faileth to describe her beauty. When she caught sight of me looking at her, she put her forefinger into her mouth, then joined her middle finger and her witness-finger[1] and laid them on her heart; after which she drew in her head and closed the wicket-shutter and went her ways. Thereupon fire broke out in and was heaped upon my heart, and greater grew my smart; the one sight of eyes cost me a thousand sighs and I abode perplexed, for that I heard no word by her spoken, nor understood the meaning of her token. I looked at the window a second time, but found it shut and waited patiently till sundown, but perceived no sound and saw no one in sight. So when I despaired of seeing her again, I rose from my place and taking up the handkerchief, opened it, when there breathed from it a scent of musk which caused me so great delight I became as one in Paradise.[1] Then I spread it before me and out dropped from it a delicate little scroll; whereupon I opened the paper, which was perfumed with a delicious perfume, and therein were writ these couplets :—

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[1] Arab. "Sháhid," the *index*, the pointer raised in testimony: the comparison of the Eastern and the Western names is curious.

I sent to him a scroll that bore my plaint of love, * Writ in fine delicate hand ; for writing proves man's skill :
Then quoth to me my friend, "Why is thy writing thus ; * So fine, so thin-drawn 'tis to read unsuitable ?"
Quoth I, "For that I'm fine-drawn, wasted, waxèd thin ; * Thus lovers' writ should be, for so Love wills his will."

And after casting my eyes on the beauty of the kerchief,[2] I saw upon one of its two borders the following couplets worked in with the needle :—

His cheek-down writeth (O fair fall the goodly scribe !) * Two lines on table of his face in Rayhán hand :[3]
O the wild marvel of the Moon when comes he forth ! * And when he bends, O shame to every Willow-wand !

And on the opposite border these two couplets were traced :—

His cheek-down writeth on his cheek with ambergris on pearl * Two lines, like jet on apple li'en, the goodliest design :
Slaughter is in those languid eyne whene'er a glance they deal, * And drunkenness in either cheek and not in any wine.

When I read the poetry on the handkerchief the flames of love darted into my heart, and yearning and pining redoubled their smart. So I took the kerchief and the scroll and went home, knowing no means what to do, for that I was incapable of conducting love-affairs and inexperienced in interpreting hints and tokens. Nor did I reach my home ere the night was far spent and I found the daughter of my uncle sitting in tears. But as soon as she saw me she wiped away the drops and came up to me, and took off my walking dress and asked me the reason of my absence, saying, "All the folk, Emirs and notables and merchants and others, assembled in our house; and the Kazi and the witnesses were also present at the appointed time. They ate and tarried awhile sitting to await thine appearance for the writing of the contract; and, when they despaired of thy presence, they dispersed and went their ways. And indeed," she added, "thy father raged with exceeding wrath by reason of this, and swore that he would not celebrate our marriage save during the coming year, for that he hath spent on these festivities great store of money." And she ended by asking, "What hath befallen thee this day to make thee delay till now? and why hast thou allowed that to happen which happened because of thine absence?" Answered I, "O daughter of mine uncle, question me not concerning what hath befallen me."[1] Then I told her all that had passed from beginning to end, and showed her the handkerchief. She took the scroll and read what was written therein; and tears ran down her cheeks and she repeated these cinquains:—

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[1] Musk is one of the perfumes of the Moslem Heaven ; and "musky" is much used in verse to signify scented and dark-brown.

Arab. "Mandíl" ; these kerchiefs are mostly oblong, the short sides being worked with gold and coloured silk, and often fringed, while the two others are plain.

[3] Arab. "Rayhání," of the Ocymum Basilicum or sweet basil : a delicate handwriting, so called from the pen resembling a leaf (?)

Who saith that Love at first of free will came, * Say him:—Thou liest! Love be grief and grame:
Yet shall such grame and grief entail no shame; * All annals teach us one thing and the same—
Good current coin clipt coin we may not clepe!

An please thou, say there's pleasure in thy pain, * Find Fortune's playful gambols glad and fain:
Or happy blessings in th' unhappy's bane, * That joy or grieve with equal might and main:—
'Twixt phrase and antiphrase I'm all a-heap!

But he, withal, whose days are summer-bright, * Whom maids e'er greet with smiling lips' delight;
Whom spicy breezes fan in every site * And wins whate'er he wills, that happy wight
White-blooded coward heart should never keep!

Then she asked me, "What said she, and what signs made she to thee?" I answered, "She uttered not a word, but put her forefinger in her mouth, then joining it to her middle finger, laid both fingers on her bosom and pointed to the ground. Thereupon she withdrew her head and shut the wicket; and after that I saw her no more. However, she took my heart with her, so I sat till sundown expecting her again to look out of the window; but she did it not; and, when I despaired of her, I rose from my seat and came home. This is my history and I beg thee to help me in this my sore calamity." Upon this she raised her face to me and said, "O son of mine uncle, if thou soughtest my eye, I would tear it for thee from its eyelid, and perforce I cannot but aid thee to thy desire and aid her also to her wish; for she is whelmed in passion for thee even as thou for her." Asked I, "And what is the interpretation of her signs?" and Azizah answered, "As for the putting her finger in her mouth,[1] it showed that thou art to her as her soul to her body. As for the kerchief, it betokeneth that her breath of life is bound up in thee. As for the placing her two fingers on her bosom, its explanation is that she saith:—The sight of thee may dispel my grief. For know, O my cousin, that she loveth thee and she trusteth in thee. This is my interpretation of her signs and, could I come and go at will, I would bring thee and her together in shortest time." Hearing these words I thanked her (continued the young merchant) for speaking thus, and said to myself, "I will wait two days." So I abode two days in the house, neither going out nor coming in; neither eating nor drinking, but I laid my head on my cousin's lap, whilst she comforted me and said to me, "Be resolute and of good heart and hope for the best!"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] An idiom meaning "something unusual happened."

Now when it was the Hundred-and-fourteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the youth pursued to Taj al-Muluk:—And when the two days were past she said to me, "Be of good cheer and clear thine eyes of tears and take courage to dress thyself and go to her, according to thy tryst." Then she rose and changed my clothes and perfumed me with incense-smoke. So I braced myself up and heartened my heart and went out and walked on till I came to the by-street, where I sat down on the bench awhile. And behold, the wicket suddenly opened and I looked up and seeing her, fell down in a swoon. When I revived, I called up resolution and took courage and gazed again at her and again became insensible to the world around me. Then I came to myself and looking at her, saw that she held in hand a mirror and a red kerchief. Now when she caught my glance, she bared her fore-arms and opened her five fingers and smote her breast with palm and digits; and after this she raised her hands and, holding the mirror outside the wicket, she took the red kerchief and retired into the room with it, but presently returned and putting out her hand with the kerchief, let it down towards the lane three several times, dipping it and raising it as often. Then she wrung it out and folded it in her hands, bending down her head the while; after which she drew it in from the lattice and, shutting the wicket-shutter, went away without a single word; nay, she left me confounded and knowing not what signified her sighs.[1] I tarried sitting there till supper-time and did not return home till near midnight; and there I found the daughter of my uncle with her cheek propt in her hand and her eyelids pouring forth tears; and she was repeating these couplets:—

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[1] An action common in grief and regret.

Woe's me! why should the blamer gar thee blaming trow? * How be consoled for thee that art so tender bough?
Bright being! on my vitals dost thou prey, and drive * My heart before my anxious friendship's force to bow.
Thy Turk-like[2] glances have deal in core of me, * As furbished sword thin-ground at curve could never show:
Thou weigh'st me down with weight of care, while I have not * Strength e'en to bear my robe, so weakness lays me low:
Indeed I weep blood-tears to hear the blamer say:— * "The lashes of thy lover's eyne shall pierce thee through!"
Thou hast, my prince of loveliness! an Overseer,[3] * Who wrongs me, and a Groom[4] who beats me down with brow.
He foully lies who says all loveliness belonged * To Joseph, for thy loveliness does Joseph's over-crow:
I force myself to turn from thee, in deadly fright * Of spies; and what the force that turns away my sight

When I heard her verse, cark increased and care redoubled on me and I fell down in a corner of our house; whereupon she arose in haste and, coming to me, lifted me up and wiped my face with her sleeve. Then she asked me what had befallen me, and I described all that had happened from her. Quoth she, "O my cousin, as for her sign to thee with her palm and five fingers its interpretation is, Return after five days; and the putting forth of her head out of the window, and her gestures with the mirror and the letting down and raising up and wringing out of the red kerchief[1] signify, Sit in the dyer's shop till my messenger come to thee." When I heard her words fire flamed up in my heart and I exclaimed, "O daughter of my uncle, thou sayest sooth in this thine interpretation; for I saw in the street the shop of a Jew dyer." Then I wept, and she said, "Be of good cheer and strong heart: of a truth others are occupied with love for years and endure with constancy the ardour of passion, whilst thou hast but a week to wait; why then this impatience?" Thereupon she went on cheering me with comfortable talk and brought me food; so I took a mouthful and tried to eat but could not; and I abstained from meat and drink and estranged myself from the solace of sleep, till my colour waxed yellow and I lost my good looks; for I had never been in love before. So I fell sick and my cousin also sickened on my account; but she would relate to me, by way of consolation, stories of love and lovers every night till I fell asleep; and whenever I awoke, I found her wakeful for my sake with tears running down her cheeks. This ceased not till the five days were past, when my cousin rose and warmed some water and bade me bathe and dress in my best and said to me, "Repair to her and Allah fulfil thy wish and bring thee to thy beloved!" So I went out and ceased not walking on till I came to the upper end of the by-street. As it was the Sabbath I found the dyer's shop locked and sat before it, till I heard the call to mid-afternoon prayer. Then the sun yellowed and the Mu'ezzins[2] chanted the call to sundown-prayer and the night came, but I saw no sign nor heard one word, nor knew any news of her. So I feared for my life sitting there alone; and at last I arose and walked home reeling like a drunken man. When I reached the house, I found my cousin Azizah standing, with one hand grasping a peg driven into the wall and the other on her breast; and she was sighing and groaning and repeating these couplets:—

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[1] Lane (i. 608) has a valuable note on the language of signs, from M. du Vigneau's "Secrétaire Turc," etc. (Paris, 1688), Baron von Hammer-Purgstall ("Mines de l'Orient," No. 1, Vienna, 1809) and Marcel's "Contes du Cheykh El-Mohdy" (Paris, 1833). It is practised in Africa as well as in Asia. At Abeokuta in Yoruba a man will send a symbolical letter in the shape of cowries, palm-nuts and other kernels strung on rice-straw; and sharp wits readily interpret the meaning. A specimen is given in p. 262 of Miss Tucker's "Abbeokuta; or Sunrise within the Tropics."

[2] "Turk" in Arabic and Persian poetry means a plunderer, a robber. Thus Hafiz: "Agar án Turk-i-Shirázi ba-dast árad dil-i-márá," If that Shiraz one (ah, the Turk!) would deign to take my heart in hand, etc.

[3] Arab. "Názir," a steward or an eye (a "looker"). The idea is borrowed from Al-Hariri (Assemblies, xiii.), etc.

[4] Arab. "Hájib," a groom of the chambers, a chamberlain; also an eyebrow. See Al-Hariri, ibid. xiii. and xxii.

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[1] This gesture speaks for itself: it is that of a dyer staining a cloth. The "Sabbágh's" shop is the usual small recess, open to the street and showing pans of various dyes sunk like "dog-laps" in the floor.

[2] The men who cry to prayer. The first was Bilál, the Abyssinian slave bought and manumitted by Abu Bakr. His simple cry was "I testify there is no Iláh (god) but Allah (God)! Come ye to prayers!" Caliph Omar, with the Prophet's permission, added, "I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah." The prayer-cry now is

Allah is Almighty (bis).
I declare no god is there but Allah (bis).
Hie ye to Rogation (Hayya = halumma).
Hie ye to Salvation (Faláh = prosperity, Paradise).
("Hie ye to Edification," a Shi'ah adjunct),
Prayer is better than sleep (in the morning, also bis).
No god is there but Allah.

This prayer-call is similarly worded and differently pronounced and intoned throughout Al-Islam.

The longing of an Arab lass forlorn of kith and kin * (Who to Hijázian willow-wand and myrtle[1] doth incline),
Exceeds not mine for him nor more devotion shows, but he * Seeing my heart is wholly his spurns love as thing indign.

Now when she had finished her verse she turned to me and, seeing me, wiped away her tears and my tears with her sleeve. Then she smiled in my face and said, "O my cousin, Allah grant thee joy of that which He hath given thee! Why didst thou leave thy beloved?" When I heard her words, I gave her a blow and she fell down in the saloon and her brow struck upon the edge of the raised pavement and hit against a wooden peg therein. I looked at her and saw that her forehead was cut open and the blood running,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-fifteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk:—Now when I struck the daughter of my uncle she fell on the edge of the raised pavement in the saloon and her brow struck upon a wooden peg. Thereby her forehead was cut open and the blood ran down, but she was silent and did not utter a single sound.[2] Presently she rose up, and made some tinder of rags, then staunching with it the bleeding wound, bound her forehead with a bandage; after which she wiped up the blood that had fallen on the carpet, and it was as if nothing had been. Presently she came up to me and smiling in my face, said with gentle voice, "By Allah, O son of my uncle, I spake not these words to mock at thee or at her! But I was troubled with an ache in my head and was minded to be blooded, but now thou hast eased my head and lightened my brow; so tell me what hath befallen thee to-day." Thereupon I told her all that had passed between me and her that day; and she wept as she heard my words and said, "O son of my uncle, rejoice at the good tidings of thy desire being fulfilled and thine aim being attained. Of a truth this is a sign of acceptance; for that she stayed away only because she wisheth to try thee and know if thou be patient or not, and sincere in thy love for her or otherwise. To-morrow, repair to her at the old place and see what sign she maketh to thee; for indeed thy gladness is near and the end of thy sadness is at hand." And she went on to comfort me; but my cark and care ceased not to increase on me. Presently she brought me food which I kicked away with my foot so that the contents of every saucer were scattered in all directions, and I said, "Every lover is a madman; he inclineth not to food neither enjoyeth he sleep." And my cousin Azizah rejoined, "By Allah, O son of my uncle, these be in very deed the signs of love!" And the tears streamed down her cheeks whenas she gathered the fragments of the saucers and wiped up the food; then she took seat and talked to me, whilst I prayed Allah to hasten the dawn. At last, when morning rose fine with its sheen and shine, I went out to seek her and hastening to her by-street sat down on that bench, when lo! the wicket opened and she put out her head laughing. Then she disappeared within and returned with a mirror, a bag, and a pot full of green plants and she held in hand a lamp. The first thing she did was to take the mirror and, putting it into the bag, tie it up and throw it back into the room; then she let down her hair over her face and set the lamp on the pot of flowers during the twinkling of an eye; then she took up all the things and went away shutting the window without saying a word. My heart was riven by this state of the case, and by her secret signals, her mysterious secrets and her utter silence; and thereby my longing waxed more violent and my passion and distraction redoubled on me. So I retraced my steps, tearful-eyed and heavy-hearted, and returned home, where I found the daughter of my uncle sitting with her face to the wall; for her heart was burning with grief and galling jealousy; albeit her affection forbade her to acquaint me with what she suffered of passion and pining when she saw the excess of my longing and distraction. Then I looked at her and saw on her head two bandages, one on account of the accident to her forehead and the other over her eye in consequence of the pain she endured for stress of weeping; and she was in miserable plight shedding tears and repeating these couplets:—

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[1] *i.e.* a graceful youth of Al-Hijaz, the Moslem Holy Land, whose "sons" claim especial privileges.
[2] Arab. "harf" = a letter, as we should say a syllable.

I number nights; indeed I count night after night; * Yet lived I long ere learnt so sore accompt to see, ah!

Dear friend, I compass not what Allah pleased to doom * For Laylà, nor what Allah destinèd for me, ah !
To other giving her and unto me her love, * What loss but Layla's loss would He I ever dree, ah !

And when she had finished her reciting, she looked towards me and seeing me through her tears, wiped them away and came up to me hastily, but could not speak for excess of love. So she remained silent for some while and then said, "O my cousin, tell me what befel thee with her this time." I told her all that had passed and she said, "Be patient, for the time of thy union is come and thou hast attained the object of thy hopes. As for her signal to thee with the mirror which she put in the bag, it said to thee, When the sun is set; and the letting down of her hair over her face signified, When night is near and letteth fall the blackness of the dark and hath starkened the daylight, come hither. As for her gesture with the pot of green plants it meant, When thou comest, enter the flower-garden which is behind the street; and as for her sign with the lamp it denoted, When thou enterest the flower-garden walk down it and make for the place where thou seest the lamp shining; and seat thyself beneath it and await me; for the love of thee is killing me." When I heard these words from my cousin, I cried out from excess of passion and said, "How long wilt thou promise me and I go to her, but not find any true sense in thine interpreting?" Upon this she laughed and replied, "It remaineth for thee but to have patience during the rest of this day till the light darken and the night starken and thou shalt meet her; and indeed all my words be without leasing." Then she repeated these two couplets :—

Let days their folds and plies deploy, * And shun the house that deals annoy !
Full oft when joy seems farthest far * Thou nighmost art to hour of joy.

Then she drew near to me and began to comfort me with soothing speech, but dared not bring me aught of food, fearing lest I be angry with her; so when coming to me she only said to me, "Sit, O my cousin, that I may divert thee with talk till the end of the day and, Almighty Allah willing, as soon as it is night thou shalt be with thy beloved." But I paid no heed to her and ceased not looking for the approach of darkness, saying, "O Lord, hasten the coming of the night!" And when night set in, the daughter of my uncle wept with sore weeping and gave me a crumb of pure musk, and said to me, "O my cousin, put this crumb in thy mouth, and when thou hast won thy beloved repeat to her this couplet :—

Ho, lovers all! by Allah say me sooth * What shall he do when love sore vexeth youth?[1]"

And she kissed me and swore me not to repeat this couplet till I should be about to leave my lover and I said, "Hearing is obeying!" And when it was supper-tide I went out and ceased not walking on till I came to the flower-garden whose door I found open. So I entered and, seeing a light in the distance, made towards it and reaching it, came to a great pavilion vaulted over with a dome of ivory and ebony, and the lamp hung from the midst of the dome. The floor was spread with silken carpets embroidered in gold and silver, and under the lamp stood a great candle, burning in a candelabrum of gold. In mid-pavilion was a fountain adorned with all manner of figures;[2] and by its side stood a table covered with a silken napkin, and on its edge a great porcelain bottle full of wine, with a cup of crystal inlaid with gold. Near all these was a large tray of silver covered over, and when I uncovered it I found therein fruits of every kind, figs and pomegranates, grapes and oranges, citrons and shaddocks[3] disposed amongst an infinite variety of sweet-scented flowers, such as rose, jasmine, myrtle, eglantine, narcissus and all sorts of sweet-smelling herbs. I was charmed with the place and I joyed with exceeding joy, albeit I found not there a living soul, and my grief and anxiety ceased from me.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-sixteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk:—I was charmed with the place and joyed with great joy albeit there I found not a living soul of Almighty Allah's creatures, and saw nor slave nor handmaid to oversee these things or to watch and ward these properties. So I sat down in the pavilion to await the coming of the beloved of my heart; but the first hour of the night passed by, and the second hour, and the third hour, and still she came not. Then hunger grew sore upon me, for that it was long since I had tasted food by reason of the violence of my love: but when I found the place even as my cousin had told me, and saw the truth of her interpretation of my beloved's signs, my mind was set at rest, and I felt the pangs of hunger; moreover, the odour of the viands on the table excited me to eat. So making sure of attaining my desire, and being famished for food I went up to the table and raised the cover and found in the middle a china dish containing four chickens reddened with roasting and seasoned with spices, round the which were four saucers, one containing sweetmeats, another conserve of pomegranate-seeds, a third almond-pastry,[1] and a fourth honey fritters; and the contents of these saucers were part sweet and part sour. So I ate of the fritters and a piece of meat, then went on to the almond-cakes and ate what I could; after which I fell upon the sweetmeats, whereof I swallowed a spoonful or two or three or four, ending with part of a chicken and a mouthful of something beside. Upon this I waxed too drowsy to keep awake: so I laid my head on a cushion, after having washed my hands, and sleep overcame me; I knew not what happened to me after this, and I awoke not till the sun's heat scorched me, for I had never once tasted sleep for days past. When I awoke I found on my chest a piece of salt and a bit of charcoal; so I stood up and shook my clothes and turned to look right and left, but could see no one; and discovered that I had been sleeping on the marble pavement without bedding beneath me. I was perplexed thereat and afflicted with great affliction; the tears ran down my cheeks and I mourned for myself. Then I returned home, and when I entered, I found my cousin beating her hand on her bosom and weeping tears like rain-shedding clouds; and she versified with these couplets:—

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[1] She uses the masculine "fatà," in order to make the question more mysterious.

[2] The fountain-bowl is often ornamented by a rude mosaic of black and white marble with enlivenments of red stone or tile in complicated patterns.

[3] Arab. "Kubbád" = shaddock (citrus decumana): the hugh orange which Captain Shaddock brought from the West Indies; it is the Anglo-Indian pompelmoose, vulg. pummelo. See Russell's Nat. Hist. of Aleppo. An excellent bitter is made out of the rind steeped in spirits. Citronworts came from Marocco; oranges from India whence they spread throughout the tropics: they were first introduced into Europe by the heroic Joam de Castro and planted in his garden at Cintra where their descendants are still seen.

Blows from my lover's land a Zephyr coolly sweet, * And with its every breath makes olden love new glow;
O Zephyr of the morning hour, come show to us * Each lover hath his lot, his share of joy and woe:
Allah forbids, while bides unseen my cousin's face, * All joys the World can give or hand of Time bestow.
Would Heaven I knew his heart were like this heart of me, * Melted by passion-flame and charged with longing lowe.

When she saw me, she rose in haste and wiped away her tears and addressed me with her soft speech, saying, "O son of my uncle, verily Allah hath been gracious to thee in thy love, for that she whom thou lovest loveth thee, whilst I pass my time in weeping and bewailing my severance from thee who blamest me and chidest me; but may Allah not punish thee for my sake!" Thereupon she smiled in my face a smile of reproach and caressed me, and said, "Tell me what hath befallen thee, O my cousin." I told her all that had passed, and she smiled again a smile of reproach and said, "Verily, my heart is full of pain; but may he not live who would hurt thy heart! Indeed, this woman maketh herself inordinately dear and difficult to thee, and by Allah, O son of my uncle, I fear for thee from her. Know, O my cousin, that the meaning of the salt is thou wast drowned in sleep like insipid food, and it is as though she said to thee:—It behoveth thou be salted for thou professest to be of the lovers noble and true; but sleep is unlawful and to a lover undue; therefore is thy love but a lie. However, it is her love for thee that lieth; for she saw thee asleep yet aroused thee not and were her love for thee true, she had indeed awoken thee. As for the charcoal, it means Allah blacken thy face,[1] for thou makest a lying pretence of love, whereas thou art naught but a child and hast no object in life other than eating and drinking and sleeping! Such is the interpretation of her signs, and may Allah Almighty deliver thee from her!" When I heard my cousin's words, I beat my hand upon my breast and cried out, "By Allah, this is the very truth, for I slept and lovers sleep not! Indeed I have sinned against myself, for what could have wrought me more hurt than eating and sleeping? Now what shall I do?" Then I wept sore and said to the daughter of my uncle, "Tell me how to act and have pity on me, so may Allah have pity on thee: else I shall die." As my cousin loved me with very great love,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. Bakláwah, Turk. Bakláva, a kind of pastry with blanched almonds bruised small between layers of dough, baked in the oven and cut into lozenges. It is still common.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-seventeenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued his tale to Taj al-Muluk:—Thereupon quoth I to the daughter of my uncle, "Tell me what to do and have pity on me, so may Allah have pity on thee!" As the daughter of my uncle loved me with great love, she replied, "On my head and eyes! But, O my cousin, I repeat what I have told thee oftentimes, if I could go in and out at will, I would at once bring you two together, nor would I do this but hoping to win thy favour. Inshallah, I will do my utmost endeavour to unite you; but hear my words and do my bidding. Go thou to the very same place and sit down where thou sattest before and at supper-tide look thou eat not, for eating induceth sleep; and have a care thou slumber not, for she will not come to thee till a fourth part of the night be passed. And the Almighty avert her mischief from thee!" Now when I heard these words I rejoiced and besought Allah to hasten the night; and, as soon as it was dark, I was minded to go, and my cousin said to me, "When thou shalt have met her, repeat to her the couplet I taught thee before, at the time of thy leave-taking." Replied I, "On my head and eyes!" and went out and repaired to the garden, where I found all made ready in the same state as on the previous night, with every requisite of meat and drink, dried fruits, sweet-scented flowers and so forth. I went up into the pavilion and smelt the odour of the viands and my spirit hungered after them; but I possessed my soul in patience for a while, till at last I could no longer withstand temptation. So I arose from my seat and went up to the table and, raising its cover, found a dish of fowls, surrounded by four saucers containing four several meats. I ate a mouthful of each kind and as much as I would of the sweetmeats and a piece of meat: then I drank from the saucer a sauce yellowed with saffron[1] and as it pleased me, I supped it up by the spoonful till I was satisfied. Upon this, my eyelids drooped; so I took a cushion and set it under my head, saying, "Haply I can recline upon it without going to sleep." Then I closed my eyes and slept, nor did I wake till the sun had risen, when I found on my breast a cube of bone,[2] a single tip-cat stick,[3] the stone of a green date,[4] and a carob-pod. There was no furniture nor aught else in the place, and it was as if there had been nothing there yesterday. So I rose and shaking all these things off me, rushed forth in fury; and, going home, found my cousin groaning and versifying with these couplets:—

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[1] The curse is pregnant with meaning. On Judgment-day the righteous shall arise with their faces shining gloriously: hence the blessing, "Bayyaz' Allahu wajh-ak" (= Allah whiten thy countenance!). But the wicked shall appear with faces scorched black and deformed by horror (Koran xxiv.): hence "God blacken thy brow!"

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[1] Arab. "Zardah," usually rice dressed with saffron and honey, from Pers. "Zard," saffron, yellow. See Night dccxii.

[2] Vulgarly called "knuckle-bone," concerning which I shall have something to say.

[3] A bit of wood used in the children's game called "Táb" which resembles our tip-cat (Lane M. E. chapt. xvii.).

[4] Arab. "Balah," the unripened date.

A wasted body, heart enpierced to core, * And tears that down my poor cheeks pour and pour;
And lover dure of access; but, but still * Naught save what's fair can come from fairest flow'r:
O cousin mine thou fill'st my soul with pain, * And from these tears mine eyelids ache full sore!

I chid the daughter of my uncle and abused her, whereat she wept, then, wiping away her tears, she came up to me and kissed me and began pressing me to her bosom, whilst I held back from her, blaming myself. Then said she to me, "O my cousin, it seemeth thou sleptest again this night?" Replied I, "Yes; and when I awoke, I found on my breast a cube of bone, a single tip-cat stick, a stone of a green date and a carob-pod, and I know not why she did this." Then I wept and went up to her and said, "Expound to me her meaning in so doing and tell me how shall I act and aid me in my sore strait." She answered, "On my head and eyes! By the single tip-cat stick and the cube of bone which she placed upon thy breast she saith to thee, Thy body is present but thy heart is absent; and she meaneth, Love is not thus: so do not reckon thyself among lovers. As for the date-stone, it is as if she said to thee, An thou wert in love thy heart would be burning with passion and thou wouldst not taste the delight of sleep; for the sweet of love is like a green date[1] which kindleth a coal of fire in the heart. As for the carob-pod[2] it signifieth to thee, The lover's heart is wearied; and thereby she saith, Be patient under our separation with the patience of Job." When I heard this interpretation, fires darted into my vitals like a dart and grief redoubled upon my heart and I cried out, saying, "Allah decreed sleep to me for my ill-fortune." Then I said to her, "O my cousin, by my life, devise me some device whereby I may again meet her!" She wept and answered, "O Aziz, O son of my uncle, verily my heart is full of sad thought which I cannot speak: but go thou again to-night to the same place and beware thou sleep not, and thou shalt surely attain thy desire. This is my counsel and peace be with thee!" Quoth I, "If Allah please I will not sleep, but will do as thou biddest me." Then my cousin rose, and brought me food, saying, "Eat now what may suffice thee, that nothing may divert thy heart." So I ate my fill and, when night came, my cousin rose and brought me a sumptuous suit of clothes. Then she made me swear I would repeat to my lover the verse aforesaid and bade me beware of sleeping. So I left her and repaired to the garden and went up into that same pavilion where I occupied myself in holding my eyelids open with my fingers and nodding my head as the night darkened on me.—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Lane (i. 611), quoting Al-Kazwíní, notes that the date-stone is called "Nawá" (dim. "Nawáyah") which also means distance, absence, severance. Thus the lady threatens to cast off her greedy and sleepy lover.

[2] The pod of the carob-bean which changes little after being plucked is an emblem of constancy.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-eighteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk :—So I repaired to the garden and went up into that same pavilion and occupied myself in gazing upon the flower-beds and in holding my eyelids open with my fingers and nodding my head as the night darkened on me. And presently I grew hungry with watching and the smell of the meats being wafted towards me, my appetite increased; so I went up to the table and took off the cover and ate a mouthful of every dish and a bit of meat; after which I turned to the flagon of wine, saying to myself, I will drink one cup. I drank it, and then I drank a second and a third, till I had drunk full ten, when the cool air smote me and I fell to the earth like a felled man. I ceased not to lie thus till day arose, when I awoke and found myself outside the garden, and on my breast were a butcher's knife and a dram-weight of iron.[1] Thereat I trembled and, taking them with me, went home, where I found my cousin saying, "Verily I am in this house wretched and sorrowful, having no helper but weeping." Now when I entered, I fell down at full length and throwing the knife and the dram-weight from my hand, I fainted clean away. As soon as I came to myself, I told her what had befallen me and said, "Indeed I shall never be happy." But when she saw my tears and my passion, they redoubled her distress on my account, and she cried, "Verily, I am helpless! I warned thee against sleeping; but thou wouldst not hearken to my warning, nor did my warning profit thee aught." I rejoined, "By Allah, I conjure thee to explain to me the meaning of the knife and the iron dram-weight." "By the dram-weight," replied my cousin, "she alludeth to her right eye,[2] and she sweareth by it and saith :—By the lord of all creatures and by my right eye! if thou come here again and sleep, I will cut thy throat with this very knife. And indeed I fear for thee, O my cousin, from her malice; my heart is full of anguish for thee and I cannot speak. Nevertheless, if thou can be sure of thyself not to sleep when thou returnest to her, return to her and beware of sleeping and thou shalt attain thy desire; but if when returning to her thou wilt sleep, as is thy wont, she will surely slaughter thee." Asked I, "What shall I do, O daughter of my uncle: I beg thee, by Allah, to help me in this my calamity." Answered she, "On my head and eyes! if thou wilt hearken to my words and do my bidding, thou shalt have thy will." Quoth I, "I will indeed hearken to thy words and do thy bidding;" and quoth she, "When it is time for thee to go, I will tell thee." Then she pressed me to her bosom and I lay down till drowsiness overcame me and I was drowned in sleep; then she took a fan and seated herself at my head with the fan in her hand and she was weeping till her clothes were wet with tears. Now when she saw that I was awake, she wiped away the drops and fetched me some food and set it before me. I refused it, but she said to me, "Did I not tell thee that thou must do my bidding? Eat!" So I ate and thwarted her not and she made me drink jujube-sherbet[1] and sugar and washed my hands and dried them with a kerchief; after which she sprinkled me with rose-water, and I sat with her awhile in the best of spirits. When the darkness had closed in, she said to me, "O son of my uncle, watch through the whole night and sleep not; for she will not come to thee this tide till the last of the dark hours and, Allah willing, thou shalt be at one with her this night; but forget not my charge." Then she wept, and my heart was pained for her by reason of her over much weeping, and I asked, "What is the charge thou gavest me?" She answered, "When thou takest leave of her repeat to her the verse before mentioned." So, full of joy, I left her and repairing to the garden, went up into the pavilion where, being satiated with food, I sat down and watched till a fourth part of the dark hours was past.

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[1] This dirham = 48 grains avoir.

[2] The weight would be round: also "Hadíd" (= iron) means sharp or piercing (Koran chapt. vii. 21). Moreover iron conjures away fiends: when a water-spout or a sand-devil (called Shaytán also in Arabia) approaches, you point the index at the Jinn and say, "Iron, O thou ill-omened one!" Amongst the Ancient Egyptians the metal was ill-omened being the bones of Typhon, so here, possibly, we have an instance of early homœopathy—similia similibus.

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[1] Probably fermented to a kind of wine. The insipid fruit (Unnáb) which looks like an apple in miniature, is much used in stews, etc. It is the fruit (Nabak, classically Nabik) of Rhamnus Nabeca (or Sidrat) also termed Zizyphus Jujuba, seu Spina Christi because fabled to have formed the crown of thorns: in the English market this plum is called Chinese Japonica. I have described it in Pilgrimage ii. 205, and have noticed the infusion of the leaves for washing the dead (ibid. ii. 105): this is especially the use of the "Ber" in India, where the leaves are superstitiously held peculiarly pure. Our dictionaries translate "Sidr" by "Lote-tree"; and no wonder that believers in Homeric writ feel their anger roused by so poor a translation of the glorious myth. The Homerids probably alluded to Hashish or Bhang.

That night seemed longsome to me as it were a year; but I remained awake till it was three quarters spent and the cocks crew and I was famished for long watching. Accordingly I went up to the table and ate my fill, whereupon my head grew heavy and I wanted to sleep, when behold, a light appeared making towards me from afar. I sprang up and washed my hands and mouth and roused myself; and before long she came with ten damsels, in whose midst she was like the full moon among the stars. She was clad in a dress of green satin purfled with red gold, and she was as saith the poet:—

She lords it o'er our hearts in grass-green gown, * With gold adorned and locks long flowing down.
Quoth I, "What is thy name?" Quoth she, "I'm she, * Who burns the lover-heart live coals upon:"
I made my plaint to her of loving lowe; * Laughed she, "To stone thou moanest useless moan!"
Quoth I, "An be of hardest stone thy heart, * Allah drew sweetest spring from hardest stone."

When she saw me she laughed and said, "How is it that thou art awake and that sleep overcame thee not? Forasmuch as thou hast watched through the night, I know that thou art a lover." Then she turned to her women and signed to them and they went away from her, whereupon she came up to me and we sat together in talk till the morning when I would have gone away, but she stopped me and said, "Stay till I tell thee something"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-nineteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued his recital to Taj al-Muluk:—When I would have gone away, she stopped me and said, "Stay till I tell thee something and charge thee with a charge." So I stayed whilst she unfolded a kerchief and drew out this piece of linen and spread it open before me. I found worked on it these two figures of gazelles and admired it with great admiration. Then I took the piece of linen and went away, joyful, after we had agreed that I should visit her every night in the garden; but in my joy I forgot to repeat to her the verse my cousin had taught me. For when giving me the piece of linen with the gazelles she had said to me, "Keep this carefully, as it is my sister's handiwork." I asked her, "What is thy sister's name?" and she answered, "Her name is Núr al-Hudà." When I went to my cousin, I found her lying down; but as soon as she saw me, she rose, with the tears running from her eyes, and came up to me, and kissed me on the breast and said, "Didst thou do as I enjoined thee and repeat the verse to her?" "I forgot it," replied I; "and nothing drove it out of my mind but these two figured gazelles." And I threw the piece of linen on the floor before her. She rose and sat down again, but was unable to contain herself for impatience, and her eyes ran over with tears, whilst she repeated these two couplets:—

O thou who seekest parting, softly fare! * Let not the Fair delude with cunning art:
Fare softly, Fortune's nature is to 'guile, * And end of every meeting is to part.

And when she ended her recitation she said, "O my cousin, give me this piece of linen." So I gave it to her and she took it and unfolding it, saw what was therein. When the tryst-time came for my going to my lover, the daughter of my uncle said to me, "Go, and peace attend thee; and when thou art about to leave her, recite to her the verse I taught thee long ago and which thou didst forget." Quoth I, "Tell it me again"; and she repeated it. Then I went to the garden and entered the pavilion, where I found the young lady awaiting me. When she saw me, she rose and kissed me; and we ate and drank and I repeated to her my cousin's verse which was this:—

Ho, lovers all! by Allah say me sooth * What shall he do when Love sore vexeth youth

When she heard this, her eyes filled with tears and she answered and said:—

Strive he to cure his case, to hide the truth; * Patiently humble self and sue for ruth.

I committed it to memory and returned home rejoicing at having done my cousin's bidding. When I entered the house I found her lying down and my mother at her head weeping over her case; but as soon as I went in to her my mother said to me, "A foul plague on such a cousin! How couldst thou leave the daughter of thy uncle ailing and not ask what ailed her?" But when my cousin saw me she raised her head and sat up and asked me, "O Aziz, didst thou repeat to her the couplet I taught thee?" I answered, "Yes, and when she heard it she wept and recited in answer another couplet which I committed to memory." Quoth my cousin, "Tell it me." I did so; and when she heard it she wept with much weeping and repeated the following verses:—

How shall youth cure the care his life undo'th, * And every day his heart in pieces hew'th?
In sooth he would be patient, but he findeth * Naught save a heart which love with pains imbu'th.

Then added my cousin, "When thou goest to her as of wont, repeat to her also these two couplets which thou hast heard." I replied, "Hearkening and obedience!" and I went at the wonted time to the garden. When I was about to leave my beloved, I repeated to her those two couplets of my cousin's; whereupon the tears streamed from her eyes and she replied:—

If he of patience fail the truth to hide * For him no cure save Death my vision view'th!

I committed them to memory and returned home, and when I went in to my cousin I found her fallen into a fit and my mother sitting at her head. When she heard my voice, she opened her eyes and asked, "O Aziz! didst thou repeat the two couplets to her?" whereto I answered, "Yes; but she wept on hearing them and she replied with this couplet beginning, If he of patience fail, to the end." And I repeated it; whereupon my cousin swooned again, and when she came to herself, she recited these two couplets:—

Hearkening, obeying, with my dying mouth * I greet who joy of union ne'er allow'th:
Fair fall all happy loves, and fair befal * The hapless lover dying in his drowth!

Again when it was night I repaired to the garden as usual, where I found the young lady awaiting me. We sat down and ate and drank, and, as I was going away, I repeated to her the saying of my cousin. When she heard the couplet she cried out with a loud cry and was greatly moved and exclaimed, "Awáh! Awah![1] By Allah, she who spake these lines is dead!" Then she wept and said to me, "Woe to thee! How is she who spoke thus related to thee?" Replied I, "She is the daughter of my father's brother." "Thou liest," rejoined she; "by Allah, were she thy cousin, thou hadst borne her the same love as she bore thee! It is thou who hast slain her and may the Almighty kill thee as thou killedst her! By Allah, hadst thou told me thou hadst a cousin, I would never have spoken with thee." Quoth I, "Verily 'twas she who interpreted to me the signs thou madest and 'twas she who taught me how to come to thee and, but for her, I should never have known thee." She then asked me, "Did thy cousin then know of us?" and I answered, "Yes;" whereupon she exclaimed, "Allah give thee sorrow of thy youth, even as thou hast sorrowed her youth!" Then she cried to me, "Go now and see after her." So I went away troubled at heart, and ceased not walking till I reached our street, when I heard sounds of wailing, and, asking about it, was answered, "Azizah, we found her dead behind the door." I entered the house, and when my mother saw me, she said, "Her death lieth heavy on thy neck and may Allah not acquit thee of her blood!" ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Equivalent to our "Alas! Alas!" which, by the by, no one ever says. "Awah," like "Yauh," is now a woman's word although used by al-Hariri (Assembly of Basrah) and so Al-awwáh = one who cries from grief "Awáh." A favourite conversational form is "Yehh" with the aspirate exasperated; but it is an expression of astonishment rather than sorrow. It enters into Europe travel-books.

Now when it was the Hundred-and-twentieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk:—So I entered the house and when my mother saw me she said, "Her death lieth heavy on thy neck and may Allah not acquit thee of her blood! A plague on such a cousin!" Then came my father, and we laid her out and gat ready her bier and buried her; and we had recitations of the whole Koran over her tomb and we abode by her grave three days, after which we returned to our home, and I grieving for her grievously. Then my mother came to me and said, "I would fain know what thou didst to her, to break her heart; for, O my son, I questioned her at all times of the cause of her complaint, but she would tell me naught nor let me know aught of it. So Allah upon thee, tell me what thou hast been doing to her that she died." Quoth I, "I did nothing." Quoth my mother, "Allah avenge her on thee! Verily she told me naught, but kept her secret till she died of her love for thee; but when she died I was with her and she opened her eyes and said to me:—O wife of my uncle, may Allah hold thy son guiltless of my blood and punish him not for what he hath done by me! And now Allah transporteth me from the house of the world which is perishable to the house of the other world which is eternal. Said I, O my daughter, Allah preserve thee and preserve thy youth! And as I questioned her of the cause of her illness, she made me no answer; but she smiled and said, O wife of my uncle, bid thy son, whenever he would go whither he goeth every day, repeat these two saws at his going away:—Faith is fair! Unfaith is foul! For this is of my tender affection to him, that I am solicitous concerning him during my lifetime and after my death. Then she gave me somewhat for thee and sware me that I would not give it until I see thee weeping for her and lamenting her death.[1] The thing is with me; and, when I have seen thy case as I have said, I will make it over to thee." "Show it to me," cried I: but she would not. Then I gave myself up to love and thought no more of my cousin's death: for my mind was unsettled and fain would I have been with my lover always. So hardly had I perceived the darkness fall when I betook myself to the garden, where I found the young lady very impatient. As soon as she was sure that she saw me, she ran to me and throwing her arms about my neck, enquired of the daughter of my uncle. I replied, "Sooth to say she is dead, and we have caused Zikr-litanies and recitations of the Koran to be performed for her; and it is now four nights and this be the fifth since she is gone." When she heard that, she shrieked aloud and wept and said, "Did I not tell thee that thou hast slain her? Hadst thou let me know of her before her death, I would have requited her the kindness she did me, in that she served me and united thee to me; for without her, we had never foregathered, we twain, and I fear lest some calamity befal thee because of thy sin against her." Quoth I, "She acquitted me of offence ere she died;" and I repeated to her what my mother had told me. Quoth she, "Allah upon thee! when thou returnest to thy mother, learn what thing she keepeth for thee." I rejoined, "My mother also said to me:—Before the daughter of thy uncle died, she laid a charge upon me, saying, Whenever thy son would go whither he is wont to go, teach him these two saws, Faith is fair; Unfaith is foul!" When my lady heard this she exclaimed, "The mercy of Almighty Allah be upon her! Indeed, she hath delivered thee from me, for I minded to do thee a mischief, but now I will not harm thee nor trouble thee." I wondered at this and asked her, "What then wast thou minded to do with me in time past?" Answered she, "Thou art infatuated with me; for thou art young in life and a raw laddie; thy heart is void of guile and thou weetest not our malice and deceit. Were she yet alive, she would protect thee; for she is the cause of thy preservation and she hath delivered thee from destruction. And now I charge thee speak not with any woman, neither accost one of our sex, be she young or be she old; and again I say Beware! for thou art simple and raw and knowest not the wiles of women and their malice, and she who interpreted the signs to thee is dead. And indeed I fear for thee, lest thou fall into some disgrace and find none to deliver thee from it, now that the daughter of thy uncle is no more."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The death of Azizah is told with true Arab pathos and simplicity: it still draws tears from the eyes of the Badawi, and I never read it (in Arabic) without a "lump in the throat."

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk:—Then the young lady said to me, "I fear for thee lest thou fall into some disgrace and find none to deliver thee from it. Alas for thy cousin and ah, the pity of her! Would I had known her before her death, that I might have requited by waiting upon her the fair service she did me. The mercy of Allah Almighty be upon her, for she kept her secret and revealed not what she suffered, and but for her thou hadst never known me; no, never! But there is one thing I desire of thee." I asked, "What is it?" and she answered, "It is that thou bring me to her grave, that I may visit her in the tomb wherein she is and write some couplets thereon." I rejoined, "To-morrow, if Allah please!"[1] Then I asked her, "What is the meaning of the two saws she taught me: Faith is fair! Unfaith is foul?" But she made no answer. As soon as it was day she rose and, taking a purse of gold pieces, said to me, "Come, show me her tomb, that I may visit it and grave some verses thereon and build a dome over it and commend her to Allah's mercy and bestow these dinars in alms for her soul." I replied, "To hear is to obey!" and walked on before her, whilst she followed me, giving alms as she went and saying to all upon whom she lavisht bounty, "This is an alms for the soul of Azizah, who kept her counsel till she drank the cup of death and never told the secret of her love." And she stinted not thus to give alms and say, "For Azizah's soul," till the purse was empty and we came to the grave. And when she looked at the tomb, she wept and threw herself on it; then, pulling out a chisel of steel and a light hammer, she graved therewith upon the head-stone in fine small characters these couplets:—

I past by a broken tomb amid a garth right sheen, * Whereon seven blooms of
  Nu'mán[2] glowed with cramoisie;

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[1] Arab. "Inshallah bukra!" a universal saying which is the horror of travellers.

[2] I have explained "Nu'uman's flower" as the anemone which in Grecised Arabic is "Anúmiyá." Here they are strewed over the tomb; often the flowers are planted in a small bed of mould sunk in the upper surface.

Quoth I, "Who sleepeth in this tomb?" Quoth answering Earth, * "Before a lover Hades-tombed[1] bend reverently!"
Quoth I, "May Allah help thee, O thou slain of Love, * And grant thee home in Heaven and Paradise-height to see!"
Hapless are lovers all e'en tombèd in their tombs, * Where amid living folk the dust weighs heavily!
Fain would I plant a garden blooming round thy grave, * And water every flower with tear-drops flowing free!

Then she turned away in tears and I with her and returned to the garden where she said to me, "By Allah! I conjure thee never leave me!" "To hear is to obey," replied I. Then I gave myself wholly up to her and paid her frequent visits: she was good and generous to me; and she would make much of me and would ask me of the two saws my cousin Azizah told my mother and I would repeat them to her. And matters ceased not to be on this wise and I continued for a whole year eating and drinking and enjoying dalliance and wearing change of rich raiment until I lost all thought of sorrowing and mourning, and I clean forgot my cousin Azizah. And on New Year's day I went to the bath, where I refreshed myself and put on a suit of sumptuous clothes; then coming out I drank a cup of wine and smelt the scent of my new gear which was perfumed with various essences; and my breast was broadened thereby, for I knew not the tricks of Fate nor the changing ways of Time. When the hour of evening-prayer came, I was minded to repair to my lover; but, being the worse for wine, I knew not when going to her whither I went, so my drunkenness turned me into a by-street called Syndic Street,[2] and the while I walked up that street behold, I caught sight of an old woman walking with a lighted taper in one hand, and in the other a folded letter——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant, whose name was Aziz, continued to Taj al-Muluk:—And when I entered the street called Syndic Street behold, I caught sight of an old woman walking with a lighted taper in one hand and in the other a folded letter and I drew near her and lo! she was weeping and repeating these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Barzakh" lit. a bar, a partition: in the Koran (chapts. xxiii and xxxv.) the space or the place between death and resurrection where souls are stowed away. It corresponds after a fashion with the classical Hades and the Limbus (Limbo) of Christendom. But it must not be confounded with Al-A'aráf, the Moslem purgatory.

[2] Arab. "Zukák al-Nakíb," the latter word has been explained as a chief, leader, head man.

O glad-news bearer Well come! Welcome! Hail! * How sweet thy speech to me, what treat thy tale:
O messenger from him whose weal I love, * God bless thee long as breathes soft Morning-gale!

Now when she saw me she asked, "O my son! canst thou read?" and I answered, of my officiousness, "Yes, old naunty!" Rejoined she, "Then take this letter and read it to me." And when she handed it to me, I took it and unfolding it read it to her, and behold it was from an absent man to his friends and lovers whom he greeted: and, when she heard its purport, she rejoiced at the good tidings and blessed me, saying, "Allah dispel thine anxiety, even as thou hast dispelled mine!" Then she took the letter and walked on. I was about to wend my way, when suddenly the old woman came up to me again and, bending down over my hand, kissed it and said, "O my master! the Lord give thee joy of thy youth! I entreat thee to walk with me a few steps as far as yonder door, for I told them what thou didst read to me of the letter, and they believed me not; so come with me two steps and read them the letter from behind the door and accept the prayers of a righteous woman." I enquired, "What is the history of this letter?" and she replied, "O my son, this letter is from my son, who hath been absent for a term of ten years. He set out with a stock of merchandise and tarried long in foreign parts, till we lost hope of him and supposed him to be dead. Now after all that delay cometh this letter from him, and he hath a sister who weepeth for him night and day; so I said to her, He is well and all right. But she will not believe me and declares, There is no help but thou bring me one who will read this letter in my presence, that my heart may be at rest and my mind at ease. Thou knowest, O my son, that all who love are wont to think evil: so be good enough to go with me and read to her this letter, standing behind the curtain, whilst I call his sister to listen within the door, so shalt thou dispel our heed and fulfil our need. Verily quoth the Apostle of Allah (whom Allah bless and preserve!):—Whoso easeth the troubled of one of the troubles of this troublous world, Allah will ease him of an hundred troubles; and according to another tradition:—Whoso easeth his brother of one of the troubles of this troublous world, Allah shall relieve him of seventy-and-two troubles on the Day of Resurrection. And I have betaken myself to thee; so disappoint me not." Replied I, "To hear is to obey: do thou go before me!" So she walked on devancing me and I followed her a little way, till she came to the gate of a large and handsome mansion whose door was plated with copper.[1] I stood behind the door, whilst the old woman cried out in Persian, and ere I knew it a damsel ran up with light and nimble step. She had tucked up her gown and had rolled up her sleeves to the elbow, so that I could see her white wrists whereon were two pairs of bracelets with clasps of great pearls; and round her neck was a collar of costly gems. Her ears were adorned with pendants of pearls and on her head she wore a kerchief[2] of brocade, brand-new and broidered with jewels of price. So when I saw her I was confounded at her beauty, for she was like a shining sun. Then she said, with soft, choice speech, never heard I sweeter, "O my mother! is this he who cometh to read the letter?" "It is," replied the old woman; and she put out her hand to me with the letter. Now between her and the door was a distance of about half a rod[3]; so I stretched forth my hand to take the letter from her and thrust head and shoulders within the door, thinking to draw near her and read the letter when, before I knew what her design was, the old woman butted her head against my back and pushed me forwards with the letter in my hand, so that ere I could take thought I found myself in the middle of the hall far beyond the vestibule. Then she entered, faster than a flash of blinding lightning, and had naught to do but to shut the door.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the youth Aziz pursued to Taj al-Muluk:—When the old woman pushed me forwards I found myself, ere I could think, inside the vestibule; and the old woman entered faster than a flash of blinding lightning and had naught to do but to shut the door. When the girl saw me in the vestibule, she came up to me and she took me by the hand and led me through seven vestibules, whilst the old woman forewent us with the lighted candle, till we came to a great saloon with four estrades whereon a horseman might play Polo.[1] The whole saloon was built of the finest marbles and alabasters, and all its furniture was of silk and brocade even to the cushions and mattrasses. Therein also were two benches of yellow brass and a couch of red gold, set with pearls and precious stones, befitting none save Kings like thyself. And off the saloon were smaller sitting rooms; and the whole place was redolent of wealth. Then she asked, "O Aziz, which is liefer to thee life or death?" "Life," answered I; and she said, "If life be liefer to thee, marry me." Quoth I, "Indeed I should hate to marry the like of thee." Quoth she, "If thou marry me thou wilt at least be safe from the daughter of Dalílah the Wily One."[2] I asked, "And who be that daughter of the Wily One?" Whereupon she laughed and replied, "'Tis she who hath companied with thee this day for a year and four months; and, by Allah, there liveth not a more perfidious than she. How many men hath she not slain before thee and what deeds hath she not done! Nor can I understand how thou hast been all the time in her company, yet she hath not killed thee nor wrought thee a mischief." When I heard her words, I marvelled with exceeding marvel and said, "O my lady, who made thee to know her?" Said she, "I know her as the age knoweth its calamities; but now I would fain have thee tell me all that hath passed between you two, that I may ken the cause of thy deliverance from her." So I told her all that happened between us, including the story of my cousin Azizah. She expressed her pity when she heard of the death, and her eyes ran over with tears and she clapt hand on hand and cried out, "Her youth was lost on Allah's way,[3] and may the Lord bless thee for her good works! By Allah, O Aziz, she who died for thee was the cause of thy preservation from the daughter of Dalilah the Wily; and, but for her, thou hadst been lost. And now she is dead I fear for thee from the Crafty One's perfidy and mischief; but my throat is choking and I cannot speak." Quoth I, "Ay, by Allah: all this happened even as thou sayest." And she shook her head and cried, "There liveth not this day the like of Azizah." I continued, "And on her death-bed she bade me repeat to my lover these two saws:—Faith is fair! Unfaith is foul!" When she heard me say this, she exclaimed, "O Aziz, by Allah, those same words saved thee from dying by her hand; and now my heart is at ease for thee from her, for she will never kill thee; and the daughter of thy uncle preserved thee during her lifetime and after her death. By Allah, thou art a raw youth[1] and knowest not the wiles of young women nor the deadly guile of old women." Rejoined I, "No, by Allah!" Then said she to me, "Be of good cheer and eyes clear; the dead hath found Allah's grace, and the live shall be in good case. Thou art a handsome youth and I do not seek thee but according to the ordinance of Allah and His Apostle (on whom be salutation and salvation!). Whatever thou requirest of money and stuff, thou shalt have forthright without stint, and I will not impose any toil on thee, no never! for there is with me always bread baked hot and water in pot." Then she clapped her hands and cried out, saying, "O my mother, bring forward those who are with thee." And behold, in came the old woman accompanied by four lawful witnesses, and carrying a veil of silk. Then she lighted four candles, whilst the witnesses saluted me and sat down; and the girl veiled herself with the veil and deputed one of them to execute the contract on her behalf. So they wrote out the marriage-bond and she testified to have received the whole sum settled upon her, both the half in advance and the half in arrears, and that she was indebted to me in the sum of ten thousand dirhams.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Nuhás ahmar," lit. red copper: "Nuhas asfar" (yellow) = brass.

[2] Lane (i. 614) never saw a woman wearing such kerchief which is deshabille. It is either spread over the head or twisted turband-wise.

[3] The "Kasabah" was about two fathoms of long measure, and sometimes 12½ feet; but the length has been reduced.

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[1] "Bat and ball," or hockey on horseback (Polo) is one of the earliest Persian games as shown by every illustrated copy of Firdausi's "Shahnámeh." This game was played with a Kurrah or small hand-ball and a long thin bat crooked at the end called in Persian Chaugán and in Arabic Saulaján. Another sense of the word is given in the Burhán-i-Káti, translated by Vullers (Lex. Persico-Latinum), a large bandy with bent head to which is hung an iron ball, also called Kaukabah (our "morning-star") and like the umbrella it denotes the grandees of the court. The same Kaukabah particularly distinguished one of the Marquesses of Waterford. This Polo corresponds with the folliculus, the pallone, the baloun-game (moyen âge) of Europe, where the horse is not such a companion of man; and whereof the classics sang:—

Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes.

In these days we should spell otherwise the "folle" of seniors playing at the ball or lawn-tennis.

[2] "Dalíl" means a guide; "Dalílah," a woman who misguides. See the Tale of Dalílah the Crafty, Night dcxcviii.

[3] *i.e.* she was a martyr.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young merchant continued to Taj al-Muluk:—When they wrote out the marriage-contract, she testified to having received the whole sum settled upon her, the half in advance and the half in arrears, and that she was indebted to me in the sum of ten thousand dirhams. She paid the witnesses their wage and they withdrew whence they came. Next day I would have gone out; but lo! she came up to me, laughing, and said, "So! So! thinkest thou that going into the Hammam is the same as going out?[1] Dost thou deem me to be the like of the daughter of Dalilah the Wily One? Beware of such a thought, for thou art my husband by contract and according to law. If thou be drunken return to thy right mind, and know that the house wherein thou art openeth but one day in every year. Go down and look at the great door." So I arose and went down and found the door locked and nailed up and returned and told her of the locking and nailing. "O Aziz," said she, "We have in this house flour, grain, fruits and pomegranates; sugar, meat, sheep, poultry and so forth enough for many years; and the door will not be opened till after the lapse of a whole twelvemonth and well I weet thou shalt not find thyself without this house till then." Quoth I, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" "And how can this harm thee," rejoined she; "seeing thou art wedded to me?" Then she laughed and I laughed too, and I conformed to what she said and abode with her for a year of full twelve months, during which time I was blessed with a babe by her. On the New Year's day I heard the door opened and behold, men came in with cates and flour and sugar. Upon this, I would have gone out but my wife said, "Wait till supper-tide and go out even as thou camest in." So I waited till the hour of night-prayer and was about to go forth in fear and trembling, when she stopped me, saying, "By Allah, I will not let thee go until thou swear to come back this night before the closing of the door." I agreed to this, and she swore me a solemn oath on Blade and Book,[2] and the oath of divorce to boot, that I would return to her. Then I left her and, going straight to the garden, found the door open as usual; whereat I was angry and said to myself, "I have been absent this whole year and come here unawares and find the place open as of wont! I wonder is the damsel still here as before? I needs must enter and see before I go to my mother, more by reason that it is now nightfall." So I entered the flower-garden——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Ghashím" a popular and insulting term, our "Johnny Raw." Its use is shown in Pilgrimage i. 110.

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[1] Bathers pay on leaving the Hammam; all enter without paying.

[2] *i.e.* she swore him upon his sword and upon the Koran: a loaf of bread is sometimes added. See Lane (i. 615).

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-fifth Night,

Shahrazad continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Aziz pursued to Taj al-Muluk:—Then I entered the flower-garden and made for the pavilion, where I found the daughter of Dalilah the Wily One sitting with head on knee and hand to cheek. Her colour was changed and her eyes were sunken; but, when she saw me, she exclaimed, "Praised be Allah for thy safety!" And she was minded to rise but fell down for joy. I was abashed before her and hung my head; presently, however, I went up to her and kissed her and asked, "How knewest thou that I should come to thee this very night?" She answered, "I knew it not! By Allah, this whole year past I have not tasted the taste of sleep, but have watched through every night, expecting thee; and such hath been my case since the day thou wentest out from me and I gave thee the new suit of clothes, and thou promisedst me to go the Hammam and to come back! So I sat awaiting thee that night and a second night and a third night; but thou camest not till after so great delay, and I ever expecting thy coming; for this is lovers' way. And now I would have thee tell me what hath been the cause of thine absence from me the past year long?" So I told her. And when she knew that I was married, her colour waxed yellow, and I added, "I have come to thee this night but I must leave thee before day." Quoth she, "Doth it not suffice her that she tricked thee into marrying her and kept thee prisoner with her a whole year, but she must also make thee swear by the oath of divorce, that thou wilt return to her on the same night before morning, and not allow thee to solace thyself with thy mother or me, nor suffer thee to pass one day with either of us, away from her? How then must it be with one from whom thou hast been absent a full year, and I knew thee before she did? But Allah have mercy on thy cousin Azizah, for there befel her what never befel any and she bore what none other ever bore and she died by thy ill-usage; yet 'twas she who protected thee against me. Indeed, I thought thou didst love me, so I let thee take thine own way; else had I not suffered thee to go safe in a sound skin, when I had it in my power to clap thee in jail and even to slay thee." Then she wept with sore weeping and waxed wroth and shuddered in my face and looked at me with furious eyes. When I saw her in this case I was terrified at her and my side-muscles trembled and quivered, for she was like a dreadful she-Ghul, an ogress in ire, and I like a bean over the fire. Then said she, "Thou art no longer fit for my company. Thou hast sold me for yonder wretch; but, by Allah, I will make her heart ache for thee, and thou shalt not live either for me or for her!" Then she cried a loud cry and, ere I could think, up came the slave-girls and threw me on the ground; and when I was helpless under their hands she rose and, taking a knife, said, "I will cut thy throat as they slaughter he-goats; and that will be less than thy desert, for thy doings to me and the daughter of thy uncle before me." When I looked to my life and found myself at the mercy of her slave-women, with my cheeks dust-soiled, and saw her sharpen the knife, I made sure of death"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan thus continued his tale to Zau al-Makan:—Then quoth the youth Aziz to Taj al-Muluk, Now when I found my life at the mercy of her slave-women with my cheeks dust-soiled, and I saw her sharpen the knife, I made sure of death and cried out to her for mercy. But she only redoubled in ferocity and ordered the slave-girls to pinion my elbows behind me, which they did; and, throwing me on my back, she seated herself on my breast and held down my head. Then two of them came up and sat on my shin-bones, whilst other two grasped my hands and arms; and she summoned a third pair and bade them beat me. So they beat me till I fainted and my voice failed. When I revived I said to myself, "'Twere easier and better for me to have my gullet slit than to be beaten on this wise!" And I remembered the words of my cousin, and how she used to say to me, "Allah keep thee from her mischief!" and I shrieked and wept till my voice failed and I remained without power to breathe or to move. Then she again whetted the knife and said to the slave-girls, "Uncover his throat." Upon this the Lord inspired me to repeat to her the two phrases my cousin had taught me, and had bequeathed to me, and I said, "O my lady, dost thou not know that Faith is fair, Unfaith is foul?" When she heard this, she cried out and said, "Allah pity thee, Azizah, and give thee Paradise in exchange for thy wasted youth! By Allah, of a truth she served thee in her life-time and after her death, and now she hath saved thee alive out of my hands with these two saws. Nevertheless, I cannot by any means leave thee thus, but needs must I set my mark on thee, to spite yonder brazen-faced huzzy, who hath kept thee from me." Thereupon she called out to the slave-women and bade them bind my feet with cords and then said to them, "Take seat on him!"

They did her bidding, upon which she arose and fetched a pan of copper and hung it over the brazier and poured into it oil of sesame, in which she fried cheese. Then she came up to me (and I still insensible) and cut off my right hand with a razor of steel, and I swooned away and was for excess of pain in a world other than this. Then she seared the wound with the boiling oil and rubbed it with a powder, and I the while unconscious. Now when I came to myself, the blood had stopped; so she bade the slave-girls unbind me and made me drink a cup of wine. Then said she to me, "Go now to her whom thou hast married and who grudged me a single day, and the mercy of Allah be on thy cousin Azizah, who saved thy life and never told her secret love! Indeed, haddest thou not repeated those words to me, I had surely slit thy weasand. Go forth this instant to whom thou wilt, for I have no further want of thee or care for thee. So begone about thy business and rub thy head[1] and implore mercy for the daughter of thine uncle!" Thereupon she kicked me with her foot and I rose, hardly able to walk; and I went, little by little, till I came to our home.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan pursued to King Zau al-Makan, The youth Aziz thus continued his story to Taj al-Muluk:—So I rose, groaning for pain and misery, and made my way to our home and entering, I came upon my mother weeping for me, and saying, "Would I knew, O my son, in what land art thou!" So I drew near and threw myself upon her, and when she looked at me and felt me, she knew that I was ill; for my face was coloured black and tan. Then I thought of my cousin and all the kind offices she had been wont to do me, and I learned when too late that she had truly loved me; so I wept for her and my mother wept also. Presently she said to me, "O my son, thy sire is dead." At this my fury against Fate redoubled, and I cried till I fell into a fit. When I came to myself, I looked at the place where my cousin Azizah had been used to sit, and shed tears anew till I all but fainted once more for excess of weeping; and I ceased not to cry and sob and wail till midnight, when my mother said to me, "Thy father hath been dead these ten days." "I shall never think of anyone but my cousin Azizah," replied I; "and indeed I deserve all that hath befallen me, for that I neglected her who loved me with love so dear." Asked she, "What hath befallen thee!" So I told her all that had happened and she wept awhile, then she rose and set some matter of meat and drink before me. I ate a little and drank, after which I repeated my story to her, and told her the whole occurrence; whereupon she exclaimed, "Praised be Allah, that she did but this to thee and forbore to slaughter thee!" Then she nursed me and medicined me till I regained my health; and, when my recovery was complete, she said to me, "O my son, I will now bring out to thee that which thy cousin committed to me in trust for thee; for it is thine. She swore me not to give it thee, till I should see thee recalling her to mind and weeping over her and thy friendship severed from other than herself; and now I know that these conditions are fulfilled in thee." So she arose and, opening a chest, took out this piece of linen, with the figures of gazelles worked thereon, which I had given to Azizah in time past; and taking it I found written therein these couplets:—

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[1] See vol. i. Night xi.

Lady of beauty, say, who taught thee hard and harsh design, * To slay with longing Love's excess this hapless lover thine?
An thou fain disremember me beyond our parting day, * Allah will know, that thee and thee my memory never shall tyne.
Thou blamest me with bitter speech yet sweetest 'tis to me; * Wilt generous be and deign one day to show of love a sign?
I had not reckoned Love contained so much of pine and pain: * And soul-distress until I came for thee to pain and pine;
Never my heart knew weariness, until that eve I fell * In love wi' thee, and prostrate fell before those glancing eyne!
My very foes have mercy on my case and moan therefor; * But thou, O heart of Indian steel, all mercy dost decline.
No, never will I be consoled, by Allah, an I die, * Nor yet forget the love of thee though life in ruins lie!

When I read these couplets, I wept with sore weeping and buffeted my face; then I unfolded the scroll, and there fell from it another paper. I opened it and behold, I found written therein, "Know, O son of my uncle, that I acquit thee of my blood and I beseech Allah to make accord between thee and her whom thou lovest; but if aught befal thee through the daughter of Dalilah the Wily, return thou not to her neither resort to any other woman and patiently bear thine affliction, for were not thy fated life-tide a long life, thou hadst perished long ago; but praised be Allah who hath appointed my death-day before thine! My peace be upon thee; preserve this cloth with the gazelles herein figured and let it not leave thee, for it was my companion when thou was absent from me;"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan pursued to King Zau al-Makan, And the youth Aziz continued to Taj al-Muluk:—So I read what my cousin had written and the charge to me which was, "Preserve this cloth with the gazelles and let it not leave thee, for it was my companion when thou wast absent from me and, Allah upon thee! if thou chance to fall in with her who worked these gazelles, hold aloof from her and do not let her approach thee nor marry her; and if thou happen not on her and find no way to her, look thou consort not with any of her sex. Know that she who wrought these gazelles worketh every year a gazelle-cloth and despatcheth it to far countries, that her report and the beauty of her broidery, which none in the world can match, may be bruited abroad. As for thy beloved, the daughter of Dalilah the Wily, this cloth came to her hand, and she used to ensnare folk with it, showing it to them and saying, I have a sister who wrought this. But she lied in so saying, Allah rend her veil! This is my parting counsel; and I have not charged thee with this charge, but because I know[1] that after my death the world will be straitened on thee, and haply, by reason of this, thou wilt leave thy native land and wander in foreign parts, and hearing of her who wrought these figures, thou mayest be minded to foregather with her. Then wilt thou remember me, when the memory shall not avail thee; nor wilt thou know my worth till after my death. And, lastly, learn that she who wrought the gazelles is the daughter of the King of the Camphor Islands and a lady of the noblest." Now when I had read that scroll and understood what was written therein, I fell again to weeping, and my mother wept because I wept, and I ceased not to gaze upon it and to shed tears till night-fall. I abode in this condition a whole year, at the end of which the merchants with whom I am in this cafilah, prepared to set out from my native town; and my mother counselled me to equip myself and journey with them, so haply I might be consoled and my sorrow be dispelled, saying, "Take comfort and put away from thee this mourning and travel for a year or two or three, till the caravan return, when perhaps thy breast may be broadened and thy heart heartened." And she ceased not to persuade me with endearing words, till I provided myself with merchandise and set out with the caravan. But all the time of my wayfaring, my tears have never dried; no, never! and at every halting-place where we halt, I open this piece of linen and look on these gazelles and call to mind my cousin Azizah and weep for her as thou hast seen; for indeed she loved me with dearest love and died, oppressed by my unlove. I did her naught but ill and she did me naught but good. When these merchants return from their journey, I shall return with them, by which time I shall have been absent a whole year: yet hath my sorrow waxed greater and my grief and affliction were but increased by my visit to the Islands of Camphor and the Castle of Crystal. Now these islands are seven in number and are ruled by a King, by name Shahrimán,[1] who hath a daughter called Dunyá;[2] and I was told that it was she who wrought these gazelles and that this piece in my possession was of her embroidery. When I knew this, my yearning redoubled and I burnt with the slow fire of pining and was drowned in the sea of sad thought; and I wept over myself, for that I was maimed and shamed and there was no help for it. From the day of my quitting the Camphor Islands, I have been tearful-eyed and heavy-hearted, and such hath been my case for a long while and I know not whether it will be given me to return to my native land and die beside my mother or no; for I am sick from eating too much of the world. Thereupon the young merchant wept and groaned and complained and gazed upon the gazelles; whilst the tears rolled down his cheeks in streams and he repeated these two couplets:—

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[1] The purity and intensity of her love had attained to a something of prophetic strain.

"Joy needs shall come," a prattler 'gan to prattle: * "Needs cease thy blame!"
 I was commoved to rattle:
"In time," quoth he: quoth I, "'Tis marvellous! * Who shall ensure my life,
 O cold of tattle!"[3]

And he repeated also these:—

Well Allah weets that since our severance-day * I've wept till forced to ask of
 tears a loan:
"Patience! (the blamer cries): thou'lt find her yet!" * Quoth I, "O blamer
 where my patience wone?"

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[1] Lane corrupts this Persian name to Sháh Zemán (i. 568).
[2] *i.e.* the World, which includes the ideas of Fate, Time, Chance.
[3] Arab. "Bárid," silly, noyous, contemptible; a "cold-of-countenance" = a fool: "May Allah make cold thy face!" = may it show want and misery. "By Allah, a cold speech!" = a silly or abusive tirade (Pilgrimage, ii. 22).

Then said he, "This, O King! is my tale: hast thou ever heard one stranger?" So Taj al-Muluk marvelled with great marvel at the young merchant's story, and fire darted into his heart on hearing the name of the Lady Dunya and her loveliness.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Twenty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan:—Now when Taj al-Muluk heard the story of the young merchant, he marvelled with great marvel and fire darted into his heart on hearing the name of the Lady Dunya who, as he knew, had embroidered the gazelles; and his love and longing hourly grew, so he said to the youth, "By Allah, that hath befallen thee whose like never befel any save thyself, but thou hast a life-term appointed, which thou must fulfil; and now I would fain ask of thee a question." Quoth Aziz, "And what is it?" Quoth he, "Wilt thou tell me how thou sawest the young lady who wrought these gazelles?" Then he, "O my lord, I got me access to her by a sleight and 'twas this. When I entered her city with the caravan, I went forth and wandered about the garths till I came to a flower garden abounding in trees, whose keeper was a venerable old man, a Shaykh stricken in years. I addressed him, saying, O ancient sir, whose may be this garden? and he replied, It belongs to the King's daughter, the Lady Dunya. We are now beneath her palace and, when she is minded to amuse herself, she openeth the private wicket and walketh in the garden and smelleth the fragrance of the flowers. So I said to him, Favour me by allowing me to sit in this garden till she come; haply I may enjoy a sight of her as she passeth. The Shaykh answered, There can be no harm in that. Thereupon I gave him a dirham or so and said to him, Buy us something to eat. He took the money gladly and opened the door and, entering himself, admitted me into the garden, where we strolled and ceased not strolling till we reached a pleasant spot in which he bade me sit down and await his going and his returning. Then he brought me somewhat of fruit and, leaving me, disappeared for an hour; but after a while he returned to me bringing a roasted lamb, of which we ate till we had eaten enough, my heart yearning the while for a sight of the lady. Presently, as we sat, the postern opened and the keeper said to me, Rise and hide thee, I did so; and behold, a black eunuch put his head out through the garden-wicket and asked, O Shaykh, is there any one with thee? No, answered he; and the eunuch said, Shut the garden gate. So the keeper shut the gate, and lo! the Lady Dunya came in by the private door. When I saw her, methought the moon had risen above the horizon and was shining; so I looked at her a full hour. After a while she withdrew and shut the door; whereupon I left the garden and sought my lodging, knowing that I was no husband for her, more especially as I was maimed and shamed: moreover she was a King's daughter and I but a merchant-man. Accordingly, when these my companions gat them ready for the road, I also made preparation and set out with them, and we journeyed towards this city till we arrived at the place where we met with thee. Thou askedst me and I have answered; and these are my adventures and peace be with thee!" Now when Taj al-Muluk heard that account, fires raged in his bosom and his heart and thought were occupied with love for the Lady Dunya; and passion and longing were sore upon him. Then he arose and mounted horse and, taking Aziz with him, returned to his father's capital, where he settled him in a separate house and supplied him with all he needed in the way of meat and drink and dress. Then he left him and returned to his palace, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, for hearing oftentimes standeth in stead of seeing and knowing.[1] And he ceased not to be in this state till his father came in to him and finding him wan-faced, lean of limb and tearful-eyed, knew that something had occurred to chagrin him and said, "O my son, acquaint me with thy case and tell me what hath befallen thee, that thy colour is changed and thy body is wasted." So he told him all that had passed and what tale he had heard of Aziz and the account of the Princess Dunya; and how he had fallen in love of her on hearsay, without having set eyes on her. Quoth his sire, "O my son, she is the daughter of a King whose land is far from ours: so put away this thought and go in to thy mother's palace."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan:—And the father of Taj al-Muluk spake to him on this wise, "O my son, her father is a

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[1] The popular form is "often the ear loveth before the eye."

King whose land is far from ours: so put away this thought and go into thy mother's palace where are five hundred maidens like moons, and whichsoever of them pleaseth thee, take her; or else we will seek for thee in marriage some one of the King's daughters, fairer than the Lady Dunya." Answered Taj al-Muluk, "O my father, I desire none other, for she it is who wrought the gazelles which I saw, and there is no help but that I wed her; else I will flee into the wold and the waste and I will slay myself for her sake." Then said his father, "Have patience with me, till I send to her sire and demand her in marriage, and win thee thy wish as I did for myself with thy mother. Haply Allah will bring thee to thy desire; and, if her parent will not consent, I will make his kingdom quake under him with an army, whose rear shall be with me whilst its van shall be upon him." Then he sent for the youth Aziz and asked him, "O my son, tell me dost thou know the way to the Camphor Islands?" He answered "Yes;" and the King said, "I desire of thee that thou fare with my Wazir thither." Replied Aziz, "I hear and I obey, O King of the Age!" whereupon the King summoned his Minister and said to him, "Devise me some device whereby my son's affair may be rightly managed, and fare thou forth to the Camphor Islands and demand of their King his daughter in marriage for my son, Taj al-Muluk." The Wazir replied, "Hearkening and obedience." Then Taj al-Muluk returned to his dwelling-place, and his love and longing redoubled and the delay seemed endless to him; and when the night darkened around him, he wept and sighed and complained and repeated this poetry:—

Dark falls the night: my tears unaided rail * And fiercest flames of love my heart assail:
Ask thou the nights of me, and they shall tell * An I find aught to do but weep and wail:
Night-long awake, I watch the stars what while * Pour down my cheeks the tears like dropping hail:
And lone and lorn I'm grown with none to aid; * For kith and kin the love-lost lover fail.

And when he had ended his reciting he swooned away and did not recover his senses till the morning, at which time there came to him one of his father's eunuchs and, standing at his head, summoned him to the King's presence. So he went with him and his father, seeing that his pallor had increased, exhorted him to patience and promised him union with her he loved. Then he equipped Aziz and the Wazir and supplied them with presents; and they set out and journeyed on day and night till they drew near the Isles of Camphor, where they halted on the banks of a stream, and the Minister despatched a messenger to acquaint the King of his arrival. The messenger hurried forwards and had not been gone more than an hour, before they saw the King's Chamberlains and Emirs advancing towards them, to meet them at a parasang's distance from the city and escort them into the royal presence. They laid their gifts before the King and became his guests for three days. And on the fourth day the Wazir rose and going in to the King, stood between his hands and acquainted him with the object which induced his visit; whereat he was perplexed for an answer inasmuch as his daughter misliked men and disliked marriage. So he bowed his head groundwards awhile, then raised it and calling one of his eunuchs, said to him, "Go to thy mistress, the Lady Dunya, and repeat to her what thou hast heard and the purport of this Wazir's coming." Accordingly the eunuch went forth and returning after a time, said to the King, "O King of the Age, when I went in to the Lady Dunya and told her what I had heard, she was wroth with exceeding wrath and rose at me with a staff, designing to break my head; so I fled from her, and she said to me:—If my father force me to wed him, whomsoever I wed I will slay." Then said her sire to the Wazir and Aziz, "Ye have heard, and now ye know all! So let your King wot of it and give him my salutations and say that my daughter misliketh men and disliketh marriage."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-first Night,

She said:—It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Shahriman thus addressed the Wazir and Aziz, "Salute your King from me and inform him of what ye have heard, namely that my daughter misliketh marriage." So they turned away unsuccessful and ceased not travelling on till they rejoined the King and told him what had passed; whereupon he commanded the chief officers to summon the troops and get them ready for marching and campaigning. But the Wazir said to him, "O my liege Lord, do not thus: the King is not at fault because, when his daughter learnt our business, she sent a message, saying, If my father force me to wed, whomsoever I wed I will slay and myself after him. So the refusal cometh from her." When the King heard his Minister's words he feared for Taj al-Muluk and said, "Verily if I make war on the King of the Camphor Islands and carry off his daughter, she will kill herself and it will avail me naught." Then he told his son how the case stood, who hearing it said, "O my father, I cannot live without her; so I will go to her and contrive to get at her, even though I die in the attempt, and this only will I do and nothing else." Asked his father, "How wilt thou go to her?" and he answered, "I will go in the guise of a merchant." Then said the King, "If thou needs must go and there is no help for it, take with thee the Wazir and Aziz." Then he brought out money from his treasuries and made ready for his son merchandise to the value of an hundred thousand dinars. The two had settled upon this action; and when the dark hours came Taj al-Muluk and Aziz went to Aziz's lodgings and there passed that night, and the Prince was heart-smitten, taking no pleasure in food or in sleep; for melancholy was heavy upon him and he was agitated with longing for his beloved. So he besought the Creator that he would vouchsafe to unite him with her and he wept and groaned and wailed and began versifying:—

Union, this severance ended, shall I see some day? * Then shall my tears this love-lorn lot of me portray.
While night all care forgets I only minded thee, * And thou didst gar me wake while all forgetful lay.

And when his improvising came to an end, he wept with sore weeping and Aziz wept with him, for that he remembered his cousin; and they both ceased not to shed tears till morning dawned, whereupon Taj al-Muluk rose and went to farewell his mother, in travelling dress. She asked him of his case and he repeated the story to her; so she gave him fifty thousand gold pieces and bade him adieu; and, as he went forth, she put up prayers for his safety and for his union with his lover and his friends. Then he betook himself to his father and asked his leave to depart. The King granted him permission and, presenting him with other fifty thousand dinars, bade set up a tent for him without the city and they pitched a pavilion wherein the travellers abode two days. Then all set out on their journey. Now Taj al-Muluk delighted in the company of Aziz and said to him, "O my brother, henceforth I can never part from thee." Replied Aziz, "And I am of like mind and fain would I die under thy feet: but, O my brother, my heart is concerned for my mother." "When we shall have won our wish," said the Prince, "there will be naught save what is well!" Now the Wazir continued charging Taj al-Muluk to be patient, whilst Aziz entertained him every evening with talk and recited poetry to him and diverted him with histories and anecdotes. And so they travelled on diligently night and day for two whole months, till the way became tedious to Taj al-Muluk and love redoubled on him; and he broke out:—

The road is longsome; grow my grief and need, * While on my breast love-fires for ever feed:
Goal of my hopes, sole object of my wish! * By him who fashioned man with heart to bleed,
I bear such loads of longing for thy love, * Dearest, as weight of al-Shumm Mounts exceed:
O 'Lady of my World'[1] Love does me die; * No breath of life is left for life to plead;
But for the union-hope that lends me strength, * My weary limbs were weak this way to speed.

When he had finished his verses, he wept (and Aziz wept with him) from a wounded heart, till the Minister was moved to pity by their tears and said, "O my lord, be of good cheer and keep thine eyes clear of tears; there will be naught save what is well!" Quoth Taj al-Muluk, "O Wazir, indeed I am weary of the length of the way. Tell me how far we are yet distant from the city." Quoth Aziz, "But a little way remaineth to us." Then they continued their journey, cutting across river-vales and plains, wolds and stony wastes, till one night, as Taj al-Muluk was sleeping, he dreamt that his beloved was with him and that he spoke to her and embraced her; and he awoke quivering, shivering with pain, delirious with emotion, and improvised these verses:—

Dear friend, my tears aye flow these cheeks adown, * With longsome pain and pine, my sorrow's crown:
I 'plain like keening woman child-bereft, * And as night falls like widow-dove I groan:
An blow the breeze from land where thou dost wone * I find o'er sunburnt earth sweet coolness blown.
Peace be wi' thee, my love, while zephyr breathes, * And cushat flies and turtle makes her moan.

And when he had ended his versifying, the Wazir came to him and said, "Rejoice; this is a good sign: so be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear, for thou shalt surely compass thy desire." And Aziz also came to him and exhorted him to patience and applied himself to divert him, talking with him and telling him tales. So they pressed on, marching day and night, other two months, till there appeared to them one day at sunrise some white thing in the distance and Taj al-Muluk said to Aziz, "What is yonder whiteness?" He replied, "O my lord! yonder is the Castle of Crystal and that is the city thou seekest." At this the Prince rejoiced, and they ceased not riding forwards till they drew near the city and, as they approached it, Taj al-Muluk joyed with exceeding joy, and his care ceased from him. They entered in trader guise, the King's son being habited as a merchant of importance, and repaired to a great Khan, known as the Merchants' Lodging. Quoth Taj al-Muluk to Aziz, "Is this the resort of the merchants?" and quoth he, "Yes; 'tis the Khan wherein I lodged before." So they alighted there and, making their baggage-camels kneel, unloaded them and stored their goods in the warehouses.[1] They abode four days for rest; when the Wazir advised that they should hire a large house. To this they assented and they found them a spacious house, fitted up for festivities, where they took up their abode, and the Wazir and Aziz studied to devise some device for Taj al-Muluk, who remained in a state of perplexity, knowing not what to do. Now the Minister could think of nothing but that he should set up as a merchant on 'Change and in the market of fine stuffs; so he turned to the Prince and his companion and said to them, "Know ye that if we tarry here on this wise, assuredly we shall not win our wish nor attain our aim; but a something occurred to me whereby (if Allah please!) we shall find our advantage." Replied Taj al-Muluk and Aziz, "Do what seemeth good to thee, indeed there is a blessing on the grey-beard; more specially on those who, like thyself, are conversant with the conduct of affairs: so tell us what occurreth to thy mind." Rejoined the Wazir, "It is my counsel that we hire thee a shop in the stuff-bazar, where thou mayst sit to sell and buy. Everyone, great and small, hath need of silken stuffs and other cloths; so if thou patiently abide in thy shop, thine affairs will prosper, Inshallah! more by token as thou art comely of aspect. Make, however, Aziz thy factor and set him within the shop, to hand thee the pieces of cloth and stuffs." When Taj al-Muluk heard these words, he said, "This counsel is right and a right pleasant recking." So he took out a handsome suit of merchant's weed, and, putting it on, set out for the bazar, followed by his servants, to one of whom he had given a thousand dinars, wherewith to fit up the shop. They ceased not walking till they came to the stuff-market, and when the merchants saw Taj al-Muluk's beauty and grace, they were confounded and went about saying, "Of a truth Rizwán[2] hath opened the gates of Paradise and left them unguarded, so that this youth of passing comeliness hath come forth." And others, "Peradventure this is one of the angels." Now when they went in among the traders they asked for the shop of the Overseer of the market and the merchants directed them thereto. So they delayed not to repair thither and to salute him, and he and those who were with him rose to them and seated them and made much of them, because of the Wazir, whom they saw to be a man in years and of reverend aspect; and, viewing the youths Aziz and Taj al-Muluk in his company, they said to one another, "Doubtless our Shaykh is the father of these two youths." Then quoth the Wazir, "Who among you is the Overseer of the market?" "This is he," replied they; and behold, he came forward and the Wazir observed him narrowly and saw him to be an old man of grave and dignified carriage, with eunuchs and servants and black slaves. The Syndic greeted them with the greeting of friends and was lavish in his attentions to them: then he seated them by his side and asked them, "Have ye any business which we[1] may have the happiness of transacting?" The Minister answered, "Yes, I am an old man, stricken in years, and have with me these two youths, with whom I have travelled through every town and country, entering no great city without tarrying there a full year, that they might take their pleasure in viewing it and come to know its citizens. Now I have visited your town intending to sojourn here for a while; so I want of thee a handsome shop in the best situation, wherein I may establish them, that they may traffic and learn to buy and sell and give and take, whilst they divert themselves with the sight of the place, and become familiar with the usages of its people." Quoth the Overseer, "There is no harm in that;" and, looking at the two youths, he was delighted with them and affected them with a warm affection. Then he went out and made ready for them a shop which was in the very midst of the Exchange; nor was there any larger or better in the bazar, for it was spacious and handsomely decorated and fitted with shelves of ivory and ebony wood. After this he delivered the keys to the Wazir, who was dressed as an old merchant, saying, "Take them, O my lord, and Allah make it a blessed abiding-place to thy two sons!" The Minister took the keys, and the three, returning to the Khan where they had alighted, bade the servants transport to the shop all their goods and stuffs.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] *i.e.* the Lady Dunya.

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[1] These magazines are small strongly-built rooms on the ground floor, where robbery is almost impossible.

[2] Lit. "approbation," "benediction"; also the Angel who keeps the gates of Paradise and who has allowed one of the Ghilmán (or Wuldán), the boys of supernatural beauty that wait upon the Faithful, to wander forth into this wicked world.

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[1] In Europe this would be a *plurale majestatis*, used only by Royalty. In Arabic it has no such significance, and even the lower orders apply it to themselves; although it often has a *soupçon* of "I and thou."

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir took the shop keys, he went accompanied by Taj al-Muluk and Aziz to the Khan, and they bade the servants transport to the shop all their goods and stuffs and valuables of which they had great store worth a mint of money. And when all this was duly done, they went to the shop and ordered their stock in trade and slept there that night. As soon as morning morrowed the Wazir took the two young men to the Hammam-bath where they washed them clean; and they donned rich dresses and scented themselves with essences and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. After bathing they left; and, when the Overseer heard that they had gone to the Hammam, he sat down to await the twain, and presently they came up to him like two gazelles; their cheeks were reddened by the bath and their eyes were darker than ever; their faces shone and they were as two lustrous moons or two branches fruit-laden. Now when he saw them he rose forthright and said to them, "O my sons, may your bath profit you alway!"[1] Whereupon Taj al-Muluk replied, with the sweetest of speech, "Allah be bountiful to thee, O my father; why didst thou not come with us and bathe in our company?" Then they both bent over his right hand and kissed it and walked before him to the shop, to entreat him honourably and show their respect for him, for that he was Chief of the Merchants and the market, and he had done them kindness in giving them the shop. Then he repeated these two couplets:—

I went to the house of the keeper-man; * He was out, but others to smile began:
I entered his Heaven[2] and then his Hell;[3] * And I said "Bless Málik[4] and bless Rizwán."[5]

When they heard these verses they were charmed, and the Overseer invited them to his house; but they declined and returned to their own place, to rest from the great heat of the bath. So they took their ease there and ate and drank and passed that night in perfect solace and satisfaction, till morning dawned, when they arose from sleep and making their lesser ablution, prayed the dawn-prayer and drank the morning draught.[1] As soon as the sun had risen and the shops and markets opened, they arose and going forth from their place to the bazar opened their shop, which their servants had already furnished after the handsomest fashion, and had spread with prayer-rugs and silken carpets and had placed on the divans a pair of mattresses, each worth an hundred dinars. On every mattress they had disposed a rug of skin fit for a King and edged with a fringe of gold; and a-middlemost the shop stood a third seat still richer, even as the place required. Then Taj al-Muluk sat down on one divan, and Aziz on another, whilst the Wazir seated himself on that in the centre, and the servants stood before them. The city people soon heard of them and crowded about them, so that they sold some of their goods and not a few of their stuffs; for Taj al-Muluk's beauty and loveliness had become the talk of the town. Thus they passed a trifle of time, and every day the people flocked to them and pressed upon them more and more, till the Wazir, after exhorting Taj al-Muluk to keep his secret, commended him to the care of Aziz and went home, that he might commune with himself alone and cast about for some contrivance which might profit them. Meanwhile, the two young men sat talking and Taj al-Muluk said to Aziz, "Haply someone will come from the Lady Dunya." So he ceased not expecting this chance days and nights, but his heart was troubled and he knew neither sleep nor rest; for love had got the mastery of him, and pining and longing were sore upon him, so that he renounced the solace of sleep and abstained from meat and drink; yet ceased he not to be like the moon on the night of fulness. Now one day as he sat in the shop, behold, there came up an ancient woman——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The normal phrase on such occasions: reply "Allah give thee profit!"

[2] The frigidarium or cold room, coolness being delightful to the Arab.

[3] The calidarium or hot room of the bath.

[4] The Angel who acts door-keeper of Hell; others say he specially presides over the torments of the condemned (Koran xliii. 78).

[5] The door-keeper of Heaven before mentioned who, like the Guebre Zamiyád, has charge of the heavenly lads and lasses, and who is often charged by poets with letting them slip.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir Dandan continued to Zau al-Makan :—Now one day as Taj al-Muluk sat in his shop, behold, there appeared an ancient woman, who came up to him followed by two slave girls. She ceased not advancing till she stood before the shop of Taj al-Muluk and, observing his symmetry and beauty and loveliness, marvelled at his charms, exclaiming, "Glory to him who created thee, and made thee a wonder to all beholders!" And she fixed her eyes on him and said, "This is not a mortal, he is none other than an angel deserving the highest respect."[1] Then she drew near and saluted him, whereupon he returned her salute and rose to his feet to receive her and smiled in her face (all this by a hint from Aziz); after which he made her sit down by his side and fanned her with a fan, till she was rested and refreshed. Then she turned to Taj al-Muluk and said, "O my son! O thou who art perfect in bodily gifts and spiritual graces; say me, art thou of this country?" He replied, in voice the sweetest and in tone the pleasantest, "By Allah, O my mistress, I was never in this land during my life till this time, nor do I abide here save by way of diversion." Rejoined she, "May the Granter grant thee all honour and prosperity! And what stuffs hast thou brought with thee? Show me something passing fine; for the beauteous should bring nothing but what is beautiful." When he heard her words, his heart fluttered and he knew not their inner meaning; but Aziz made a sign to him and he replied, "I have everything thou canst desire and especially I have goods that besit none but Kings and King's daughters; so tell me what stuff thou wantest and for whom, that I may show thee what will be fitting for him." This he said, that he might learn the meaning of her words; and she rejoined, "I want a stuff fit for the Princess Dunya, daughter of King Shahriman." Now when the Prince heard the name of his beloved, he joyed with great joy and said to Aziz, "Give me such a parcel." So Aziz brought it and opened it before Taj al-Muluk who said to the old woman, "Select what will suit her; for these goods are to be found only with me." She chose stuffs worth a thousand dinars and asked, "How much is this?" Answered Taj al-Muluk, "Shall I haggle with the like of thee about this paltry price? Praised be Allah who hath acquainted me with thee!" The old woman rejoined, "Allah's name be upon thee! I commend thy beautiful face to the protection of the Lord of the Daybreak.[2] Beautiful face and eloquent speech! Happy she who loveth thee, especially if she be beautiful and lovely like thyself!" At this, Taj al-Muluk laughed till he fell on his back and she asked, "O my son, what is thy name?" and he answered, "My name is Taj al-Muluk, the Crown of Kings." Quoth she, "This is indeed a name of Kings and King's sons and thou art clad in merchant's clothes." Quoth Aziz, "For the love his parents and family bore him and for the value they set on him, they named him thus." Replied the old woman, "Thou sayest sooth, Allah guard you both from the evil eye and the envious, though hearts be broken by your charms!" Then she took the stuffs and went her way; but she was amazed at his beauty and stature and symmetry, and she ceased not going till she found the Lady Dunya and said to her, "O my mistress! I have brought thee some handsome stuff." Quoth the Princess, "Show me that same;" and the old woman, "O apple of my eye, here it is, turn it over and examine it." Now when the Princess looked at it she was amazed and said, "O my nurse, this is indeed handsome cloth: I have never seen its like in our city." "O my lady," replied the old nurse, "he who sold it me is handsomer still. It would seem as if Rizwan had left the gates of Paradise open in his carelessness, and as if the youth who sold me this stuff had come bodily out of Heaven. He hath travelled to thy city with these precious cloths for amusement's sake, and he is a wonder to all who set eyes on him." The Princess laughed at her words and said, "Allah afflict thee, O pernicious old hag! Thou dotest and there is no sense left in thee." Presently, she resumed, "Give me the stuff that I may look at it anew." So she gave it her and she took it again and saw that its size was small and its value great. It pleased her, for she had never in her life seen its like, and she exclaimed, "By Allah, this is a handsome stuff!" Answered the old woman, "O my lady, by Allah! if thou sawest its owner thou wouldst know him for the handsomest man on the face of the earth." Quoth the Lady Dunya, "Didst thou ask him if he had any need, that he might tell us and we might satisfy it?" But the nurse shook her head and said, "The Lord keep thy sagacity! By Allah, he hath a want, may thy skill not fail thee. What! is any man free from wants?" Rejoined the Princess, "Go back to him and salute him and say to him:—Our land and town are honoured by thy visit and, if thou have any need, we will fulfil it to thee, on our head and eyes." So the old woman at once returned to Taj al-Muluk, and when he saw her his heart jumped for joy and gladness and he rose to his feet before her and, taking her hand, seated her by his side. As soon as she was rested, she told him what Princess Dunya had said; and he on hearing it joyed with exceeding joy; his breast dilated to the full; gladness entered his heart and he said to himself, "Verily, I have my need." Then he asked the old woman, "Haply thou wilt take her a message from me and bring me her answer?" and she answered, "I hear and I obey." So he said to Aziz, "Bring me ink-case and paper and a brazen pen." And when Aziz brought him what he sought, he took the pen in hand and wrote these lines of poetry:—

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[1] Lane (i. 616) says "of wine, milk, sherbet, or any other beverage." Here it is wine, a practice famed in Persian poetry, especially by Hafiz, but most distasteful to a European stomach. We find the Mu'allakah of Imr al-Kays noticing "our morning draught." Nott (Hafiz) says a "cheerful cup of wine in the morning was a favourite indulgence with the more luxurious Persians. And it was not uncommon among the Easterns, to salute a friend by saying :—May your morning potation be agreeable to you!" In the present day this practice is confined to professed debauchees.

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[1] Koran xii. 31. The words spoken by Zulaykhá's women friends and detractors whom she invited to see Joseph.

[2] A formula for averting fascination. Koran, chapt. cxiii. 1. "Falak" means "cleaving"; hence the breaking forth of light from darkness, a "wonderful instance of the Divine power."

I write to thee, O fondest hope! a writ * Of grief that severance on my soul doth lay:
Saith its first line, "Within my heart is lowe!" * Its second, "Love and longing on me prey!"
Its third, "My patience waste is, fades my life!" * Its fourth, "Naught shall my pain and pine allay!"
Its fifth, "When shall mine eyes enjoy thy sight?" * Its sixth, "Say, when shall dawn our meeting-day?"

And, lastly, by way of subscription he indited these words. "This letter is from the captive of captivation * prisoned in the hold of longing expectation * wherefrom is no emancipation * but in anticipation and intercourse and in conversation * after absence and separation. * For from the severance of friends he loveth so fain * he suffereth love-pangs and pining pain. *" Then his tears rushed out, and he indited these two couplets:—

I write thee, love, the while my tears pour down; * Nor cease they ever pouring thick and fleet:
Yet I despair not of my God, whose grace * Haply some day will grant us twain to meet.

Then he folded the letter[1] and sealed it with his signet-ring and gave it to the old woman, saying, "Carry it to the Lady Dunya." Quoth she, "To hear is to obey;" whereupon he gave her a thousand dinars and said to her, "O my mother! accept this gift from me as a token of my affection." She took both from him and blessed him and went her way and never stinted walking till she went in to the Lady Dunya. Now when the Princess saw her she said to her, "O my nurse, what is it he asketh of need that we may fulfil his wish to him?" Replied the old woman, "O my lady, he sendeth thee this letter by me, and I know not what is in it;" and handed it to her. Then the Princess took the letter and read it; and when she understood it, she exclaimed, "Whence cometh and whither goeth this merchant man that he durst address such a letter to me?" And she slapt her face saying, "Whence are we that we should come to shopkeeping? Awah! Awah! By the Lord, but that I fear Almighty Allah I had slain him;" and she added, "Yea, I had crucified him over his shop-door!" Asked the old woman, "What is in this letter to vex thy heart and move thy wrath on this wise? Doth it contain a complaint of oppression or demand for the price of the stuff?" Answered the Princess, "Woe to thee! There is none of this in it, naught but words of love and endearment. This is all through thee: otherwise whence should this Satan[1] know me?" Rejoined the old woman, "O my lady, thou sittest in thy high palace and none may have access to thee; no, not even the birds of the air. Allah keep thee, and keep thy youth from blame and reproach! Thou needest not care for the barking of dogs, for thou art a Princess, the daughter of a King. Be not wroth with me that I brought thee this letter, knowing not what was in it; but I opine that thou send him an answer and threaten him with death and forbid him this foolish talk; surely he will abstain and not do the like again." Quoth the Lady Dunya, "I fear that, if I write to him, he will long for me the more." The old woman returned, "When he heareth thy threats and promise of punishment, he will desist from his persistence." She cried, "Here with the ink-case and paper and brazen pen;" and when they brought them she wrote these couplets:—

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[1] Such letters are generally written on a full-sized sheet of paper ("notes" are held slighting in the East) and folded till the breadth is reduced to about one inch. The edges are gummed; the ink, much like our Indian ink, is smeared with the finger upon the signet-ring; the place where it is to be applied is slightly wetted with the tongue and the seal is stamped across the line of junction to secure privacy. I have given a specimen of an original love-letter of the kind in "Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley," chapt. iv.

O thou who for thy wakeful nights wouldst claim my love to boon * For what of pining thou must feel and tribulation!
Dost thou, fond fool and proud of sprite, seek meeting with the Moon? * Say, did man ever win his wish to take in arms the Moon?
I counsel thee, from soul cast out the wish that dwells therein, * And cut that short which threatens thee with sore risk oversoon:
An to such talk thou dare return, I bid thee to expect * Fro' me such awful penalty as suiteth froward loon:
I swear by Him who moulded man from gout of clotted blood, * Who lit the Sun to shine by day and lit for night the Moon,
An thou return to mention that thou spakest in thy pride, * Upon a cross of tree for boon I'll have thee crucified!

Then she folded the letter and handing it to the old woman said, "Give him this and say him:—Cease from this talk!" "Hearkening and obedience" replied she, and taking the letter with joy, returned to her own house, where she passed the night; and when morning dawned she betook herself to the shop of Taj al-Muluk whom she found expecting her. When he saw her he was ready to fly[1] for delight, and when she came up to him, he stood to her on his feet and seated her by his side. Then she brought out the letter and gave it to him, saying, "Read what is in this;" adding, "When Princess Dunya read thy letter she was angry; but I coaxed her and jested with her till I made her laugh, and she had pity on thee and she hath returned thee an answer." He thanked her for her kindness and bade Aziz give her a thousand gold pieces: then he perused the letter and understanding it fell to weeping a weeping so sore that the old woman's heart was moved to ruth for him, and his tears and complaints were grievous to her. Presently she asked him, "O my son, what is there in this letter to make thee weep?" Answered he, "She hath threatened me with death and crucifixion and she forbiddeth me to write to her; but if I write not my death were better than my life. So take thou my answer to her letter and let her work her will." Rejoined the old woman. "By the life of thy youth, needs must I risk my existence for thee, that I may bring thee to thy desire and help thee to win what thou hast at heart!" And Taj al-Muluk said, "Whatever thou dost, I will requite thee for it and do thou weigh it in the scales of thy judgment, for thou art experienced in managing affairs, and skilled in reading the chapters of the book of wooing; all hard matters to thee are easy doings; and Allah can bring about everything." Then he took a sheet of paper and wrote thereon these improvised couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Shaytán," the insolent or rebellious one is a common term of abuse. The word is Koranic and borrowed as usual from the Jews.

Yestre'en my love with slaughter menaced me, * But sweet were slaughter and Death's foreordainèd:
Yes, Death is sweet for lover doomed to bear * Long life, rejected, injured and constrainèd:
By Allah! deign to visit friendless friend! * Thy thrall am I and like a thrall I'm chainèd.
Mercy, O lady mine, for loving thee! * Who loveth noble soul should be assainèd.

Then he sighed heavy sighs and wept till the old woman wept also; and presently taking the letter she said to him, "Be of good cheer and cool eyes and clear; for needs must I bring thee to thy wish." ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The Hindus similarly exaggerate: "He was ready to leap out of his skin in his delight" (Katha, etc., p. 443).

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Taj al-Muluk wept the old woman said to him, "Be of good cheer and cool eyes and clear; for needs must I bring thee to thy wish." Then she rose and left him on coals of fire; and returned to Princess Dunya, whom she found still showing on her changed face rage at Taj al-Muluk's writ. So she gave her his second letter, whereat her wrath redoubled and she said, "Did I not say he would long for us the more?" Replied the old woman, "What thing is this dog that he should aspire to thee?" Quoth the Princess, "Go back to him and tell him that, if he write me after this, I will cut off his head." Quoth the nurse, "Write these words in a letter and I will take it to him that his fear may be the greater." So she took a sheet of paper and wrote thereon these couplets :—

Ho thou who past and bygone risks regardest with uncare! * Thou who to
  win thy meeting-prize dost overslowly fare!
In pride of spirit thinkest thou to win the star Soha[1]? * Albe thou may not
  reach the Moon which shines through upper air?
Leave this thy purpose lest my wrath come down on thee some day, * A day of
  wrath shall hoary turn the partings of thy hair!

Then she folded the letter and gave it to the old woman, who took it and repaired to Taj al-Muluk. And when he saw her, he rose to his feet and exclaimed, "May Allah never bereave me of the blessing of thy coming!" Quoth she, "Take the answer to thy letter." He took it and, reading it, wept with sore weeping and said, "I long for someone to slay me at this moment and send me to my rest, for indeed death were easier to me than this my state!" Then he took ink-case and pen and paper and wrote a letter containing these two couplets :—

O hope of me! pursue me not with rigour and disdain: * Deign thou to visit
  lover-wight in love of thee is drowned;
Deem not a life so deeply wronged I longer will endure; * My soul for severance from my friend divorced this frame unsound.

Lastly he folded the letter and handed it to the old woman, saying, "Be not angry with me, though I have wearied thee to no purpose."

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[1] A star in the tail of the Great Bear, one of the "Banát al-Na'ash," or a star close to the second. Its principal use is to act foil to bright Sohayl (Canopus) as in the beginning of Jámí's Layla-Majnún :—

To whom Thou'rt hid, day is darksome night:
To whom shown, Sohá as Sohayl is bright.

See also Al-Hariri (xxxii. and xxxvi.).

And he bade Aziz give her other thousand ducats, saying, "O my mother, needs must this letter result in perfect union or utter severance." Replied she, "O my son, by Allah, I desire naught but thy weal; and it is my object that she be thine, for indeed thou art the shining moon, and she the rising sun.[1] If I do not bring you together there is no profit in my existence; and I have lived my life till I have reached the age of ninety years in the practice of wile, so how should I fail to unite two lovers, though in defiance of right and law?" Then she took leave of him having comforted his heart, and ceased not walking till she went in to the Lady Dunya. Now she had hidden the letter in her hair: so when she sat down by the Princess she rubbed her head and said, "O my lady, maybe thou wilt untwist my hair-knot, for it is a time since I went to the Hammam." The King's daughter bared her arms to the elbows and, letting down the old woman's locks, began to loose the knot of back-hair; when out dropped the letter and the Lady Dunya seeing it, asked, "What is this paper?" Quoth the nurse, "As I sat in the merchant's shop, this paper must have stuck to me: give it to me that I may return it to him; possibly it containeth some account whereof he hath need." But the Princess opened it and read it, and when she understood it, she cried out, "This is one of thy manifold tricks, and hadst thou not reared me, I would lay violent hands on thee this moment! Verily Allah hath afflicted me with this merchant: but all that hath befallen me with him is on thy head. I know not from what country this one can have come: no man but he would venture to affront me thus, and I fear lest this my case get abroad, more by token as it concerneth one who is neither of my kin nor of my peers." Rejoined the old woman, "None would dare speak of this for fear of thy wrath and for awe of thy sire; so there can be no harm in sending him an answer." Quoth the Princess, "O my nurse, verily this one is a perfect Satan! How durst he use such language to me and not dread the Sultan's rage. Indeed, I am perplexed about his case: if I order him to be put to death, it were unjust; and if I leave him alive his boldness will increase." Quoth the old woman, "Come, write him a letter; it may be he will desist in dread." So she called for paper and ink-case and pen and wrote these couplets:—

Thy folly drives thee on though long I chid, * Writing in verse, how long shall I forbid?
For all forbiddal thou persistest more * And my sole grace it is to keep it hid:

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[1] The moon being masculine (lunus) and the sun feminine.

Then hide thy love nor ever dare reveal; * For an thou speak, of thee I'll soon be rid;
If to thy silly speech thou turn anew, * Ravens shall croak for thee the wold amid:
And Death shall come and beat thee down ere long, * Put out of sight and bury 'neath an earthen lid:
Thy folk, fond fool! thou'lt leave for thee to mourn, * And through their lives to sorrow all forlorn.

Then she folded the letter and committed it to the old woman, who took it and returning to Taj al-Muluk, gave it to him. When he read it, he knew that the Princess was hard-hearted and that he should not win access to her; so he complained of his case to the Wazir and besought his counsel. Quoth the Minister, "Know thou that naught will profit thee save that thou write to her and invoke the retribution of Heaven upon her." And quoth the Prince, "O my brother, O Aziz, do thou write to her as if my tongue spake, according to thy knowledge." So Aziz took a paper and wrote these couplets:—

By the Five Shaykhs,[1] O Lord, I pray deliver me; * Let her for whom I suffer bear like misery:
Thou knowest how I fry in flaming lowe of love, * While she I love hath naught of ruth or clemency:
How long shall I, despite my pain, her feelings spare? * How long shall she wreak tyranny o'er weakling me?
In pains of never-ceasing death I ever grieve: * O Lord deign aid; none other helping hand I see.
How fain would I forget her and forget her love! * But how forget when Love garred Patience death to dree?
O thou who hinderest Love to 'joy fair meeting-tide * Say! art thou safe from Time and Fortune's jealousy
Art thou not glad and blest with happy life, while I * From folk and country for thy love am doomèd flee

Then Aziz folded the letter and gave it to Taj al-Muluk, who read it and was pleased with it. So he handed it to the old woman, who took it and went in with it to Princess Dunya. But when she read it and mastered the meaning thereof, she was enraged with great rage and said, "All that hath befallen me cometh by means of this ill-omened old woman!" Then she cried out to the damsels and eunuchs, saying, "Seize this old hag, this accursed trickstress and beat her with your slippers!" So they came down upon her till she swooned away; and when she came to herself, the Princess said to her, "By the Lord! O wicked old woman, did I not fear Almighty Allah, I would slay thee." Then quoth she to them, "Beat her again" and they did so till she fainted a second time, whereupon she bade them drag her forth and throw her outside the palace-door. So they dragged her along on her face and threw her down before the gate; but as soon as she revived she got up from the ground and, walking and sitting by turns, made her way home. There she passed the night till morning, when she arose and went to Taj al-Muluk and told them all that had occurred. He was distressed at this grievous news and said, "O my mother, hard indeed to us is that which hath befallen thee, but all things are according to fate and man's lot." Replied she, "Be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear, for I will not give over striving till I have brought thee and her together, and made thee friends with this girl who hath burnt my skin with beating." Asked the Prince, "Tell me what caused her to hate men?" and the old woman answered, "It arose from what she saw in a dream." "And what was this dream?" "'Twas this: one night as she lay asleep, she saw a fowler spread his net upon the ground and scatter wheat-grain round it. Then he sat down hard by, and not a bird in the neighbourhood but flocked to his toils. Amongst the rest she beheld a pair of pigeons, male and female; and, whilst she was watching the net, behold, the male bird's foot caught in the meshes and he began to struggle; whereupon all the other birds took fright and flew away. But presently his mate came back and hovered over him, then alighted on the toils unobserved by the fowler, and fell to pecking with her beak and pulling at the mesh in which the male bird's foot was tangled, till she released the toes and they flew away together. Then the fowler came up, mended his net and seated himself afar off. After an hour or so the birds flew back and the female pigeon was caught in the net; whereupon all the other birds took fright and scurried away; and the male pigeon fled with the rest and did not return to his mate, but the fowler came up and took the female pigeon and cut her throat. The Princess awoke, troubled by her dream, and said:—All males are like this pigeon, worthless creatures: and men in general lack grace and goodness to women." When the old woman had ended her story, the Prince said to her, "O my mother, I desire to have one look at her, though it be my death; so do thou contrive me some contrivance for seeing her." She replied, "Know then that she hath under her palace windows a garden wherein she taketh her pleasure; and thither she resorteth once in every month by the private door. After ten days, the time of her thus going forth to divert herself will arrive; so when she is about to visit the garden, I will come and tell thee, that thou mayest go thither and meet her. And look thou leave not the garden, for haply, an she see thy beauty and loveliness, her heart will be taken with love of thee, and love is the most potent means of union." He said, "I hear and obey;" whereupon he and Aziz arose and left the shop and, taking the old woman with them, showed her the place where they lodged. Then said Taj al-Muluk to Aziz, "O my brother, I have no need of the shop now, having fulfilled my purpose of it; so I give it to thee with all that is in it; for that thou hast come abroad with me and hast left thy native land for my sake." Aziz accepted his gift and then they sat conversing, while the Prince questioned him of the strange adventures which had befallen him, and his companions acquainted him with the particulars thereof. Presently, they went to the Wazir and, reporting to him Taj al-Muluk's purpose, asked him, "What is to be done?" "Let us go to the garden," answered he. So each and every donned richest clothes and went forth, followed by three white slaves to the garden, which they found thick with thickets and railing its rills. When they saw the keeper sitting at the gate, they saluted him with the Salam and he returned their salute. Then the Wazir gave him an hundred gold pieces, saying, "Prithee, take this small sum and fetch us somewhat to eat; for we are strangers and I have with me these two lads whom I wish to divert."[1] The Gardener took the sequins and said to them, "Enter and amuse yourselves in the garden, for 'tis all yours; and sit down till I bring you what food you require." So he went to the market while the Wazir and Taj al-Muluk and Aziz entered the garden. And shortly after leaving for the bazar the Gardener returned with a roasted lamb and cotton-white bread, which he placed before them, and they ate and drank; whereupon he served up sweetmeats, and they ate of them, and washed their hands and sat talking. Presently the Wazir said to the garth-keeper, "Tell me about this garden: is it thine or dost thou rent it?" The Shaykh replied, "It doth not belong to me, but to our King's daughter, the Princess Dunya." "What be thy monthly wages?" asked the Wazir and he answered, "One dinar and no more." Then the Minister looked round about the garden and, seeing in its midst a pavilion tall and grand but old and disused, said to the keeper, "O elder, I am minded to do here a good work, by which thou shalt remember me." Replied the other, "O my lord, what is the good work thou wouldest do?" "Take these three hundred dinars," rejoined the Wazir. When the speaker heard speak of the gold, he said, "O my lord, whatso thou wilt, do!" So the Wazir gave him the monies, saying, "Inshallah, we will make a good work in this place!" Then they left him and returned to their lodging, where they passed the night; and when it was the next day, the Minister sent for a plasterer and a painter and a skilful goldsmith and, furnishing them with all the tools they wanted, carried them to the garden, where he bade them whitewash the walls of the pavilion and decorate it with various kinds of paintings. Moreover he sent for gold and lapis lazuli[1] and said to the painter, "Figure me on the wall, at the upper end of this hall, a man-fowler with his nets spread and birds falling into them and a female pigeon entangled in the meshes by her bill." And when the painter had finished his picture on one side, the Wazir said, "Figure me on the other side a similar figure and represent the she-pigeon alone in the snare and the fowler seizing her and setting the knife to her neck; and draw on the third side-wall, a great hawk clutching the male pigeon, her mate, and digging talons into him." The artist did his bidding, and when he and the others had finished the designs, they received their hire and went away. Then the Wazir and his companions took leave of the Gardener and returned to their place, where they sat down to converse. And Taj al-Muluk said to Aziz, "O my brother, recite me some verses: perchance it may broaden my breast and dispel my dolours and quench the fire flaming in my heart." So Aziz chanted with sweet modulation these couplets:—

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[1] The "five Shaykhs" must allude to that number of Saints whose names are doubtful; it would be vain to offer conjectures. Lane and his "Sheykh" (i. 617) have tried and failed.

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[1] The beauties of nature seem always to provoke hunger in Orientals, especially Turks, as good news in Englishmen.

Whate'er they say of grief to lovers came, * I, weakling I, can single-handed claim:
And seek thou watering-spot,[2] my streaming eyes * Pour floods that thirst would quench howe'er it flame:
Or wouldest view what ruin Love has wrought * With ruthless hands, then see this wasted frame.

And his eyes ran over with tears and he repeated these couplets also:—

Who loves not swan-neck and gazelle-like eyes, * Yet claims to know Life's joys, I say he lies:
In Love is mystery, none avail to learn * Save he who loveth in pure loving wise.
Allah my heart ne'er lighten of this love, * Nor rob the wakefulness these eye-lids prize.

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[1] Pers. "Lájuward": Arab. "Lázuward"; prob. the origin of our "azure," through the Romaic λαζούριον and the Ital. azzurro; and, more evidently still, of lapis lazuli, for which do *not* see the Dictionaries.

[2] Arab. "Maurid," the desert-wells where caravans drink; also the way to water-wells.

Then he changed the mode of song and sang these couplets :—

Ibn Síná[1] in his Canon doth opine * Lovers' best cure is found in merry song :
In meeting singer of a like degree, * Dessert in garden, wine-draughts long and strong :
I chose a singer who of thee might cure * While Force and Fortune aided well and long ;
But ah ; I learnt Love's mortal ill, wherein * Ibn Sina's recipe is found and wrong.

After hearing them to the end, Taj al-Muluk was pleased with his verses and wondered at his eloquence and the excellence of his recitation, saying, "Indeed, thou hast done away with somewhat of my sorrow." Then quoth the Wazir, "Of a truth, there occurred to those of old what astoundeth those who hear it told." Quoth the Prince, "If thou canst recall aught of this kind, prithee let us hear thy subtle lines and keep up the talk." So the Minister chanted in modulated song these couplets :—

Indeed I deemed thy friendship might be bought * By gifts of gold and things that joy the sprite ;
And ignorantly thought thee light to please * When can thy love lay low the highmost might ;
Until I saw thee choosing one, that one * Loved with all favour, crowned with all delight :
Then wot I thou by me canst ne'er be won * And under wing my head I hid from sight ;
And in this nest of sorrow made my wone, * Wherein I nestle morning, noon and night.

So far concerning them ; but as regards the old woman she remained shut up from the world in her house, till it befel that the King's daughter was taken with a desire to divert herself in the garden. Now she had never been wont so to do save in company with her nurse ; accordingly she sent for her and made friends with her and soothed her sorrow, saying, "I wish to go forth to the garden, that I may divert myself with the sight of its trees and fruits, and broaden my breast with the scent of its flowers." Replied the old woman, "I hear and obey ; but first I would go to my house, and soon I will be with thee." The Princess rejoined, "Go home, but be not long absent from me." So the old woman left her and, repairing to Taj al-Muluk, said to him, "Get thee ready and don thy richest dress and go to the garden and find out the Gardener and salute him and then hide thyself therein." "To hear is to obey" answered he; and she agreed with him upon a signal, after which she returned to the Lady Dunya. As soon as she was gone, the Wazir and Aziz rose and robed Taj al-Muluk in a splendid suit of royal raiment worth five thousand dinars, and girt his middle with a girdle of gold set with gems and precious metals. Then they repaired to the garden and found seated at the gate the Keeper who, as soon as he saw the Prince, sprang to his feet and received him with all respect and reverence, and opening the gate, said, "Enter and take thy pleasure in looking at the garden." Now the Gardener knew not that the King's daughter was to visit the place that day; but when Taj al-Muluk had been a little while there, he heard a hubbub and ere he could think, out issued the eunuchs and damsels by the private wicket. The Gardener seeing this came up to the Prince, informed him of her approach and said to him, "O my lord, what is to be done? The Princess Dunya, the King's daughter, is here." Replied the Prince, "Fear not, no harm shall befal thee; for I will hide me somewhere about the garden." So the Keeper exhorted him to the utmost prudence and went away. Presently the Princess entered the garden with her damsels and with the old woman, who said to herself, "If these eunuchs stay with us, we shall not attain our end." So quoth she to the King's daughter, "O my lady, I have somewhat to tell thee which shall ease thy heart." Quoth the Princess, "Say what thou hast to say." "O my lady," rejoined the old woman, "thou hast no need of these eunuchs at a time like the present; nor wilt thou be able to divert thyself at thine ease, whilst they are with us; so send them away;" and the Lady Dunya replied, "Thou speakest sooth." Accordingly she dismissed them and presently began to walk about, whilst Taj al-Muluk looked upon her and fed his eyes on her beauty and loveliness (but she knew it not); and every time he gazed at her he fainted by reason of her passing charms. The old woman drew her on by converse till they reached the pavilion which the Wazir had bidden be decorated, when the Princess entered and cast a glance round and perceived the picture of the birds, the fowler and the pigeon; whereupon she cried, "Exalted be Allah! This is the very counterfeit presentment of what I saw in my dream." She continued to gaze at the figures of the birds and the fowler with his net, admiring the work, and presently she said, "O my nurse, I have been wont to blame and hate men, but look now at the fowler how he hath slaughtered the she-bird and set free her mate; who was minded to return to her and aid her to escape when the bird of prey met him and tore him to pieces." Now the old woman feigned ignorance to her and ceased not to occupy her in converse, till they drew near the place where Taj al-Muluk lay hidden. Thereupon she signed to him to come out and walk under the windows of the pavilion; and, as the Lady Dunya stood looking from the casement, behold, her glance fell that way and she saw him and noting his beauty of face and form, said to the old woman, "O my nurse, whence cometh yonder handsome youth?" Replied the old woman, "I know nothing of him save that I think he must be some great King's son, for he attaineth comeliness in excess and extreme loveliness." And the Lady Dunya fell in love with him to distraction; the spells which bound her were loosed and her mind was charmed by his beauty and grace. So she said, "O my nurse! this is indeed a handsome youth;" and the old woman replied, "Thou sayest sooth, O my lady," and signed to Taj al-Muluk to go home. And though desire and longing flamed in him and he was distraught for love, yet he went away and took leave of the Gardener and returned to his place, obeying the old woman and not daring to cross her. When he told the Wazir and Aziz that she had signed him to depart, they exhorted him to patience, saying, "Did not the ancient dame know that there was an object to be gained by thy departure, she had not signalled thee to return home." Such was the case with Taj al-Muluk, the Wazir and Aziz; but as regards the King's daughter, the Lady Dunya, she was overcome with love, and she said to her nurse, "I know not how I shall manage a meeting with this youth, but through thee." Exclaimed the old woman, "I take refuge with Allah from Satan! Thou who art averse from men! How cometh it then that thou art thus afflicted with affection for this young man? Yet, by Allah, none is worthy of thy youth but he." Quoth the Lady Dunya, "O my nurse, further my cause and help me: thou shalt have of me a thousand dinars and a dress of honour worth as much more: but if thou aid me not, I am a dead woman in very sooth." Replied the ancient dame, "Go to thy palace and leave me to devise means for bringing you twain together. I will throw away my life to content you both!" So the Lady Dunya returned to her palace, and the old woman betook herself to Taj al-Muluk who, when he saw her, rose to receive her, and entreated her with respect and reverence making her sit by his side. Then she said, "The trick hath succeeded," and told him all that had passed between herself and the Princess. He asked her, "When is our meeting to be?" and she answered, "To-morrow." So he gave her a thousand dinars and a dress of like value, and she took them and stinted not walking till she returned to her mistress, who said to her, "O my nurse! what news of the beloved?" Replied she, "I have learnt where he liveth and will bring him to thee to-morrow." At this the Princess was glad and gave her a thousand dinars and a dress worth as much more, and she took them and returned to her own place, where she passed the night till morning. Then she went to Taj al-Muluk and dressing him in woman's clothes, said to him, "Follow me, and hasten not thy pace nor take heed of any who speaketh to thee." And after thus charging him she went out, and the Prince followed her in woman's attire and she continued to charge and encourage him by the way, that he might not be afraid; nor ceased they walking till they came to the palace-gate. She entered and the Prince after her, and she led him on, passing through doors and vestibules, till they had passed seven doors.[1] As they approached the seventh, she said to him, "Hearten thy heart and when I call out to thee and say:—O damsel pass on! do not slacken thy pace, but advance as if about to run. When thou art in the vestibule, look to thy left and thou wilt see a saloon with doors: count five doors and enter the sixth, for therein is thy lady." Asked Taj al-Muluk, "And whither wilt thou go?" and she answered, "Nowhere shall I go except that perhaps I may drop behind thee, and the Chief Eunuch may detain me to chat with him." She walked on (and he behind her) till she reached the door where the Chief Eunuch was stationed and he, seeing Taj al-Muluk with her dressed as a slave-girl, said to the old woman, "What business hath this girl with thee?" Replied she, "This is a slave-girl of whom the Lady Dunya hath heard that she is skilled in different kinds of work and she hath a mind to buy her." Rejoined the Eunuch, "I know neither slave-girls nor anyone else; and none shall enter here without my searching according to the King's commands."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The famous Avicenna, whom the Hebrews called Aben Sina. The early European Arabists, who seem to have learned Arabic through Hebrew, borrowed this corruption, and it long kept its place in Southern Europe.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Chamberlain Eunuch cried to the old woman, "I know neither slave-girl nor anyone else; and none shall enter here without my searching him according to the King's commands." Then quoth she, feigning to be angry, "I thought thee a man of sense and good breeding; but, if thou be changed, I will let the Princess know of it and tell her how thou hinderest her slave-girl;" and she cried out to Taj al-Muluk, saying, "Pass on, O damsel!" So he passed on into the vestibule as she bade him, whilst the Eunuch was silent and said no more. The Prince counted five doors and entered the sixth where he found the Princess Dunya standing and awaiting him. As soon as she saw him, she knew him and clasped him to her breast, and he clasped her to his bosom. This is how it fared with Taj al-Muluk and the Lady Dunya; but as regards the Wazir and Aziz when they found that the Prince had gone to the palace of the King's daughter and there delayed all the while, they concluded that he would never return from it and that he was lost for ever; and Aziz said to the Wazir, "O my father, what shall we do?" He replied, "O my son, this is a difficult matter, and except we return to his sire and tell him, he will blame us therefor." So they made ready at once and forthright set out for the Green Land and the Country of the Two Columns, and sought Sulayman Shah's capital. And they traversed the valleys night and day till they went in to the King, and acquainted with what had befallen his son and how from the time he entered the Princess's Palace they had heard no news of him. At this the King was as though the Day of Doom had dawned for him and regret was sore upon him, and he proclaimed a Holy War[1] throughout his realm. After which he sent forth his host without the town and pitched tents for them and took up his abode in his pavilion, whilst the levies came from all parts of the kingdom; for his subjects loved him by reason of his great justice and beneficence. Then he marched with an army walling the horizon, and departed in quest of his son. Thus far concerning them; but as regards Taj al-Muluk and the Lady Dunya, the two remained as they were half a year's time, whilst every day they redoubled in mutual affection; and love so pressed upon Taj al-Muluk, that at last he opened his mind and said to her, "O beloved of my heart, I would fain acquaint thee with my true story. Know, then, that I am no merchant, nay, I am a King, the son of a King, and my father's name is the supreme King Sulayman Shah, who sent his Wazir ambassador to thy father, to demand thee in marriage for me, but when the news came to thee thou wouldst not consent." Then he told her his past from first to last, nor is there any avail in a twice-told tale, and he added, "And now I wish to return to my father, that he may send an ambassador to thy sire, to demand thee in wedlock for me, so we may be at ease." When she heard these words, she joyed with great joy because it suited with her own wishes. But it so befel by the decree of Destiny that at this hour, King Shahriman was sitting on his cushion of estate, with his Emirs and Grandees before him, when the Syndic of the goldsmiths presented himself between his hands, carrying a large box. And he advanced and opening it in presence of the King, brought out therefrom a casket of fine work, worth an hundred thousand dinars, for that which was therein of precious stones, rubies and emeralds beyond the competence of any sovereign on earth to procure. When the King saw this, he marvelled at its beauty; and, turning to the Chief Eunuch (him with whom the old woman had had to do), said to him, "O Kafur,[1] take this casket, and wend with it to the Princess Dunya." The slave took the casket and repairing to the apartment of the King's daughter found the door shut and the old woman lying asleep on the threshold; whereupon said he, "What! sleeping at this hour?" When the old woman heard the Eunuch's voice she started from sleep and was terrified and said to him, "Wait till I fetch the key." Then she went forth and fled for her life. Such was her case; but as regards the Eunuch he, seeing her alarm, lifted the door off its hinge-pins,[2] and entering found the Lady Dunya with Taj al-Muluk. At this sight he was confounded and was preparing to return to the King, when the Princess, seeing him, was terrified and changed colour and waxed pale, and said to him, "O Kafur, veil thou what Allah hath veiled!"[3] But he replied, "I cannot conceal aught from the King;" and, locking the door on them, returned to Shahriman, who asked him, "Hast thou given the casket to the Princess?" Answered the Eunuch, "Take the casket, here it is, for I cannot conceal aught from thee. Know that I found a handsome young man by the side of the Princess." The King commanded the twain be brought into the presence and said to them, "What manner of thing is this?" and, being violently enraged, seized a dagger and was about to strike Taj al-Muluk with it, when the Lady Dunya threw herself upon him and said to her sire, "Slay me before thou slayest him." The King reviled her and commanded her to be taken back to her chamber; then he turned to Taj al-Muluk and said to him, "Woe to thee! Whence art thou? Who is thy father and what hath emboldened thee to address my daughter?" Replied the Prince, "Know, O King, that if thou put me to death, thou art a lost man, and thou and all in thy dominions will repent the deed." Quoth the King, "How so?" and quoth Taj al-Muluk, "Learn that I am the son of King Sulayman Shah, and ere thou knowest it, he will be upon thee with his horse and foot." When King Shahriman heard these words he would have deferred killing Taj al-Muluk and would rather have put him in prison, till he should look into the truth of his words; but his Wazir said to him, "O King of the Age, it is my opinion that thou make haste to slay this gallows-bird who dares address the daughters of Kings." So the King cried to the headsman, "Strike off his head; for he is a traitor." Accordingly, the headsman took him and bound him fast and raised his hand to the Emirs, signing to consult them, a first and a second signal, thinking thereby to gain time in this matter;[1] but the King cried in anger to him, "How long wilt thou consult others? If thou consult them again I will strike off thine own head." So the headsman raised his hand, and was about to smite his neck——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] In our idiom six doors.

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[1] Arab. "Jihád," lit. fighting against something: Koranically, fighting against infidels, *i.e.* non-believers in Al-Islam (chapt. lx. 1). But the "Mujáhidún" who wage such war are forbidden to act aggressively (ii. 186). Here it is a war to save a son.

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[1] "O Camphor," an antiphrase before noticed. The vulgar also say "Yá Taljí" = O snowy (our Snowball); the polite "Ya Abú Sumrah!" = O father of brownness.

[2] *i.e.* which fit into sockets in the threshold and lintel and act as hinges. These hinges have caused many disputes about how they were fixed, for instance in caverns without moveable lintel or threshold. But one may observe that the upper projections are longer than the lower and that the door never fits close above; so by lifting it up the inferior pins are taken out of the holes. It is the oldest form and the only form known to the Ancients. In Egyptian the hinge is called Akab = the heel, hence the proverb Wakaf' al-báb alá 'akabih; the door standeth on its heel; *i.e.* every thing in proper place.

[3] Hence the addresses to the Deity: Yá Sátir and Yá Sattár—O Thou who veilest the sins of Thy servants!

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the headsman raised his hand to smite off his head when behold, loud cries arose and the folk closed their shops; whereupon the King said to the headsman, "Wait awhile," and despatched one to learn the news. The messenger went forth and presently returned and reported, "I saw an army like the dashing sea with its clashing surge: and their horses curvetting till earth trembleth with the tramp; and I know no more of them." When the King heard this, he was confounded and feared for his realm lest it should be torn from him; so he turned to his Minister and said, "Have not any of our army gone forth to meet this army?" But ere he had done speaking, his Chamberlains entered with messengers from the King who was approaching, and amongst them the Wazir who had accompanied Taj al-Muluk. They began by saluting the King, who rose to receive them and bade them draw near, and asked the cause of their coming; whereupon the Minister came forward from amongst them and stood before him and said, "Know that he who hath come down upon thy realm is no King like unto the Kings of yore and the Sultans that went before." "And who is he?" asked Shahriman, and the Wazir answered, "He is the Lord of justice and loyalty, the bruit of whose magnanimity the caravans have blazed abroad, the Sultan Sulayman Shah, Lord of the Green Land and the Two Columns and the Mountains of Ispahan; he who loveth justice and equity, and hateth oppression and iniquity. And he saith to thee that his son is with thee and in thy city; his son, his heart's very core, and if he find him in safety, his aim is won and thou shalt have thanks and praise; but if he have been lost from thy realm, or if aught of evil have befallen him, look thou for ruin and the wasting of thy reign; for this thy city shall become a wold wherein the raven shall croak. Thus have I done my errand to thee and peace be with thee!" Now when King Shahriman heard from the messenger these words, his heart was troubled and he feared for his kingdom: so he cried out for his Grandees and Ministers, Chamberlains and Lieutenants; and, when they appeared, he said to them, "Woe to you! Go down and search for the youth." Now the Prince was still under the headsman's hands, but he was changed by the fright he had undergone. Presently however, the Wazir chancing to glance around, saw the Prince on the rug of blood and recognised him; so he arose and threw himself upon him, and so did the other envoys. Then they proceeded to loose his bonds and they kissed his hands and feet, whereupon Taj al-Muluk opened his eyes and, recognising his father's Wazir and his friend Aziz, fell down a-fainting for excess of delight in them. When King Shahriman made sure that the coming of this army was indeed because of this youth, he was confounded and feared with great fear; so he went up to Taj al-Muluk and, kissing his head, said to him, "O my son, be not wroth with me, neither blame the sinner for his sin: but have compassion on my grey hairs, and ravage not my realm." Whereupon Taj al-Muluk drew near unto him and kissing his hand, replied, "No harm shall come to thee, for indeed thou art to me as my father; but look that naught befal my beloved, the Lady Dunya!" Rejoined the King, "O my lord! fear not for her; naught but joy shall betide her;" and he went on to excuse himself and made his peace with Sulayman Shah's Wazir, to whom he promised much money, if he would conceal from the King what he had seen. Then he bade his chief Officers take the Prince with them and repair to the Hammam and clothe him in one of the best of his own suits and bring him back speedily. So they obeyed his bidding and bore him to the Baths and clad him in the clothes which King Shahriman had set apart for him, and brought him back to the presence-chamber. When he entered the King rose to receive him and made all his Grandees stand in attendance on him. Then Taj al-Muluk sat down to converse with his father's Wazir and with Aziz, and he acquainted them with what had befallen him; after which they said to him, "During that delay we returned to thy father and gave him to know that thou didst enter the Palace of the Princess and didst not return therefrom: and thy case seemed doubtful to us. But when thy sire heard of this he mustered his forces; then we came to this land and indeed our coming hath brought to thee relief in extreme case and to us great joy." Quoth he, "Good fortune hath attended your every action, first and last." While this was doing King Shahriman went in to his daughter, Princess Dunya, and found her wailing and weeping for Taj al-Muluk. Moreover, she had taken a sword and fixed the hilt in the ground and had set the point to the middle of her heart; and she bent over the blade saying, "Needs must I slay myself and not survive my beloved." When her father entered and saw her in this case, he cried out to her, saying, "O Princess of kings' daughters, hold thy hand and have ruth on thy sire and the folk of thy realm!" Then he came up to her and continued, "Let it not be that an ill thing befal thy father for thy sake!" And he told her the whole tale that her lover was the son of King Sulayman Shah and sought her to wife, and he added, "The marriage waiteth only for thy consent." Thereat she smiled, and said, "Did I not tell thee that he was the son of a Sultan? By Allah, there is no help for it but that I let him crucify thee on a bit of wood worth two pieces of silver!" Replied the King, "O my daughter, have mercy on me, so Allah have mercy on thee!" Rejoined she, "Up with you and make haste and go bring him to me without delay." Quoth the King, "On my head and eyes be it!" and he left her and, going in hastily to Taj al-Muluk, repeated her words in his ear.[1] So he arose and accompanied the King to the Princess, and when she caught sight of her lover, she took hold of him and embraced him in her father's presence and hung upon him and kissed him, saying, "Thou hast desolated me by thine absence!" Then she turned to her father and said, "Sawest thou ever any that could do hurt to the like of this beautiful being, who is moreover a King, the son of a King, and of the free born,[1] guarded against ignoble deeds?" Thereupon King Shahriman went out shutting the door on them with his own hand; and he returned to the Wazir and to the other envoys of Sulayman Shah and bade them inform their King that his son was in health and gladness and enjoying all delight of life with his beloved. So they returned to King Sulayman and acquainted him with this; whereupon King Shahriman ordered largesse of money and food to the troops of King Sulayman Shah; and, when they had conveyed all he had commanded, he bade be brought out an hundred coursers and an hundred dromedaries and an hundred white slaves and an hundred black slaves and an hundred female slaves; all of which he forwarded to the King as a present. Then he took horse, with his Grandees and Chief Officers, and rode out of the city in the direction of the King's camp; and as soon as Sultan Sulayman Shah knew of his approach, he rose and advanced many paces to meet him. Now the Wazir and Aziz had told him all the tidings, whereat he rejoiced and cried, "Praise be to Allah who hath granted the dearest wish of my son!" Then King Sulayman took King Shahriman in his arms and seated him beside himself on the royal couch, where they conversed awhile and had pleasure each in other's conversation. Presently food was set before them, and they ate till they were satisfied; and sweetmeats and dried fruits were brought, and they enjoyed their dessert. And after a while came to them Taj al-Muluk, richly dressed and adorned, and when his father saw him, he stood up and embraced him and kissed him. Then all who were sitting rose to do him honour; and the two Kings seated him between them and they sat conversing a while, after which quoth King Sulayman Shah to King Shahriman, "I desire to have the marriage-contract between my son and thy daughter drawn up in the presence of witnesses, that the wedding may be made public, even as is the custom of Kings." "I hear and I obey," quoth King Shahriman and thereon summoned the Kazi and the witnesses, who came and wrote out the marriage-contract between Taj al-Muluk and the Lady Dunya. Then they gave bakhshish[2] of money and sweetmeats; and lavished incense and essences; and indeed it was a day of joy and gladness and all the grandees and soldiers rejoiced therein. Then King Shahriman proceeded to dower and equip his daughter; and Taj al-

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[1] A necessary precaution for the headsman, who would certainly lose his own head by overhaste.

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[1] The passage has also been rendered, "and rejoiced him by what he said," (Lane, i. 600).

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[1] Arab. "Hurr" = noble, independent (opp. to 'Abd = a servile) often used to express animæ nobilitas as εὐγενὴς in Acts xvii. 11; where the Berœans were "more noble" than the Thessalonians.

[2] The Persian word is now naturalized as Anglo-Egyptian.

Muluk said to his sire, "Of a truth, this young man Aziz is of the generous and hath done me a notable service, having borne weariness with me; and he hath travelled with me and hath brought me to my desire. He ceased never to show sufferance with me and exhort me to patience till I accomplished my intent; and now he hath abided with us two whole years, and he cut off from his native land. So at present I purpose to equip him with merchandise, that he may depart hence with a light heart; for his country is nearhand." Replied his father, "Right is thy counsel;" so they made ready an hundred loads of the richest stuffs and the most costly, and Taj al-Muluk presented them with great store of money to Aziz, and farewelled him, saying, "O my brother and my true friend! take these loads and accept them from me by way of gift and token of affection, and go in peace to thine own country." Aziz accepted the presents and kissing the ground between the hands of the Prince and his father, bade them adieu. Moreover, Taj al-Muluk mounted and accompanied him three miles on his homeward way as a proof of amity, after which Aziz conjured him to turn back, saying, "By Allah, O my master, were it not for my mother, I never would part from thee! But, good my lord, leave me not without news of thee." Replied Taj al-Muluk, "So be it!" Then the Prince returned to the city and Aziz journeyed on till he came to his native town; and he entered it and ceased not riding till he went in to his mother and found that she had built him a monument in the midst of the house and used to visit it continually. When he entered, he saw her with hair dishevelled and dispread over the tomb, weeping and repeating these lines:—

Indeed I'm strong to bear whate'er befal; * But weak to bear such parting's dire
 mischance:
What heart estrangement of the friend can bear? * What strength withstand
 assault of severance?

Then sobs burst from her breast, and she recited also these couplets:—

What's this? I pass by tombs, and fondly greet * My friends' last homes, but
 send they no reply:
For saith each friend, "Reply how can I make * When pledged to clay and
 pawned to stones I lie?
Earth has consumed my charms and I forget * Thy love, from kith and kin poor
 banisht I."

While she was thus, behold, Aziz came in to her and when she saw him, she fell down, fainting for very joy. He sprinkled water on her face till she revived and rising, took him in her arms and strained him to her breast, whilst he in like manner embraced her. Then he greeted her and she greeted him, and she asked the reason of his long absence, whereupon he told her all that had befallen him from first to last and informed her how Taj al-Muluk had given him an hundred loads of monies and stuffs. At this she rejoiced, and Aziz abode with his mother in his native town, weeping for what mishaps had happened to him with the daughter of Dalilah the Wily One, even her who had cut off his hand. Such was the case with Aziz; but as regards Taj al-Muluk he married his beloved, the Princess Dunya. Then King Shahriman proceeded to equip his daughter for her journey with her husband and father-in-law, and bade bring them provisions and presents and rarities. Accordingly they loaded their beasts and set forth, whilst King Shahriman escorted them, by way of farewell, three days' journey on their way, till King Shah Sulayman conjured him to return. So he took leave of them and turned back, and Taj al-Muluk and his wife and father rode forwards night and day, with their troops, till they drew near their capital. As soon as the news of their coming spread abroad, the folk decorated for them the city——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Shah Sulayman drew near his capital, the folk decorated the city for him and for his son. So they entered in state and the King, sitting on his throne with his son by his side, gave alms and largesse and loosed all who were in his jails. Then he held a second bridal for his son, and the sound of the singing-women and players upon instruments was never silent for a whole month, and the tire-women stinted not to adorn the Lady Dunya and display her in various dresses; and she tired not of displaying nor did the women weary of gazing on her. Then Taj al-Muluk, after having foregathered awhile with his father and mother, took up his sojourn with his wife, and they abode in all joyance of life and in fairest fortune, till there came to them the Destroyer of all delights.[1] Now when the Wazir Dandan had ended the tale of Taj al-Muluk and the Lady Dunya, Zau al-Makan said to him, "Of a truth, it is the like of thee who lighten the mourner's heart and who deserve to be the boon-companions of Kings and to guide their policy in the right way." All this befel and they were still besieging Constantinople, where they lay four whole years, till they yearned after their native land; and the troops murmured, being weary of vigil and besieging and the endurance of fray and foray by night and by day. Then King Zau al-Makan summoned Rustam and Bahram and Tarkash, and when they were in presence bespoke them thus, "Know that we have lain here all these years and we have not won to our wish; nay, we have but gained increase of care and concern; for indeed we came, thinking to take our blood-revenge for King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and in so doing my brother Sharrkan was slain; so is our sorrow grown to sorrows twain and our affliction to afflictions twain. All this came of the old woman Zat al-Dawahi, for 'twas she who slew the Sultan in his Kingdom and carried off his wife, the Queen Sophia; nor did this suffice her, but she must put another cheat on us and cut the throat of my brother Sharrkan: and indeed I have bound myself and sworn by the solemnest oaths that there is no help but I take blood-revenge from her. What say ye? Ponder my address and answer me." Then they bowed their heads and answered, "It is for the Wazir Dandan to opine." So the Minister came forward and said, "Know, O King of the Age! it booteth us naught to tarry here; and 'tis my counsel that we strike camp and return to our own country, there to abide for a certain time and after that we should return for a raid upon the Franks." Replied the King, "This counsel is right; for indeed the folk weary for a sight of their families, and I am another who is also troubled with yearning after my son Kanmakan and my brother's daughter Kuzia Fakan, for she is in Damascus and I know not how is her case." When the troops heard this report, they rejoiced and blessed the Wazir Dandan. Then the King bade the crier call the retreat after three days. They fell to preparing for the march, and, on the fourth day, they beat the big drums and unfurled the banners and the army set forth, the Wazir Dandan in the van and the King riding in the mid-battle, with the Grand Chamberlain by his side; and all journeyed without ceasing, night and day, till they reached Baghdad city. The folk rejoiced in their return, and care and fear ceased from them whilst the stay-at-homes met the absentees and each Emir betook him to his own house. As for Zau al-Makan he marched up to the Palace and went in to his son Kanmakan, who had now reached the age of seven; and who used to go down to the weapon-plain and ride. As soon as the King was rested of his journey, he entered the Hammam with his son, and returning, seated himself on his sofa of state, whilst the Wazir Dandan took up his station before him and the Emirs and Lords of the realm presented themselves and stood in attendance upon him. Then Zau al-Makan called for his comrade, the Stoker, who had befriended him in his wanderings; and, when he came into presence, the King rose to do him honour and seated him by his side. Now he had acquainted the Wazir with all the kindness and good turns which the Stoker had done him; and he found that the wight had waxed fat and burly with rest and good fare, so that his neck was like an elephant's throat and his face like a dolphin's body. Moreover, he was grown dull of wit, for that he had never stirred from his place; so at first he knew not the King by his aspect. But Zau al-Makan came up to him smiling in his face, and greeted him after the friendliest fashion, saying, "How soon hast thou forgotten me?" With this the man roused himself and, looking steadfastly at Zau al-Makan, made sure that he knew him; whereupon he sprang hastily to his feet and exclaimed, "O my friend, who hath made thee Sultan?" Then Zau al-Makan laughed at him; and the Wazir, coming up to him expounded the whole story to him and said, "In good sooth he was thy brother and thy friend; and now he is King of the land and needs must thou get great good of him. So I charge thee, if he say:—Ask a boon of me, ask not but for some great thing; for thou art very dear to him." Quoth the Stoker, "I fear lest, if I ask of him aught, he may not choose to give it or may not be able to grant it." Quoth the Wazir, "Have no care; whatsoever thou askest he will give thee." Rejoined the man "By Allah, I must at once ask of him a thing that is in my thought; every night I dream of it and implore Almighty Allah to vouchsafe it to me." Said the Wazir, "Take heart; by Allah, if thou ask of him the government of Damascus, in place of his brother, he would surely give it thee and make thee Governor." With this the Stoker rose to his feet and Zau al-Makan signed to him to sit; but he refused, saying, "Allah forfend! The days are gone by of my sitting in thy presence." Answered the Sultan, "Not so, they endure even now. Thou wast in very deed the cause that I am at present alive and, by Allah, whatever thing most desired thou requirest of me, I will give that same to thee. But ask thou first of Allah, and then of me!" He said, "O my lord, I fear—" "Fear not," quoth the Sultan. He continued, "I fear to ask aught and that thou shouldst refuse it to me and it is only—" At this the King laughed and replied, "If thou require of me the half of my kingdom I would share it with thee: so ask what thou wilt and leave talking." Repeated the Stoker, "I fear—" "Don't fear," quoth the King. He went on, "I fear lest I ask a thing and thou be not able to grant it." Upon this the Sultan waxed wroth and cried, "Ask what thou wilt." Then said he, "I ask, first of Allah and then of thee, that thou write me a patent of Syndicate over all the Stokers of the baths in the Holy City, Jerusalem." The Sultan and all present laughed and Zau al-Makan said, "Ask something more than this." He replied, "O my lord, said I not I feared that thou wouldst not choose to give me what I should ask or that thou be not able to grant it?" Therewith the Wazir signed him with his foot once and twice and thrice, and every time he began, "I ask of thee—" Quoth the Sultan, "Ask and be speedy." So he said, "I ask thee to make me Chief of the Scavengers in the Holy City of Jerusalem or in Damascus-town." Then all those who were present fell on their backs with laughter and the Wazir beat him; whereupon he turned to the Minister and said to him, "What art thou that thou shouldest beat me? 'Tis no fault of mine: didst thou not thyself bid me ask some important thing?" And he added, "Let me go to my own land." With this, the Sultan knew that he was jesting and took patience with him awhile; then turned to him and said, "O my brother, ask of me some important thing, befitting our dignity." So the Stoker said, "O King of the Age, I ask first of Allah and then of thee, that thou make me Viceroy of Damascus in the place of thy brother;" and the King replied, "Allah granteth this to thee." Thereupon the Stoker kissed ground before him and he bade set him a chair in his rank and vested him with a viceroy's habit. Then he wrote him a patent and sealed it with his own seal, and said to the Wazir Dandan, "None shall go with him but thou; and when thou makest the return journey, do thou bring with thee my sister's daughter, Kuzia Fakan." "Hearkening and obedience," answered the Minister; and, taking the man, went down with him and made ready for the march. Then the King appointed for the Stoker servants and suite, and gave him a new litter and a princely equipage and said to the Emirs, "Whoso loveth me, let him honour this man and offer him a handsome present." So each and every of the Emirs brought him his gift according to his competence; and the King named him Khán, and conferred on him the honourable surname of al-Mujáhid,[1] or the Fighter of the Faith. As soon as the gear was ready, he went up with the Wazir Dandan to the King, that he might take leave of him and ask his permission to depart. The King rose to him and embraced him, and charged him to do justice between his subjects and bade him make ready for fight against the Franks after two years. Then they took leave each of other and the King,[1] the Fighter for the Faith called Zibl Khan, having been again exhorted by Zau al-Makan to deal fairly with his subjects, set out on his journey, after the Emirs had brought him Mamelukes and eunuchs, even to five thousand in number, who rode after him. The Grand Chamberlain also took horse, as did Bahram, captain of the Daylamites, and Rustam, captain of the Persians, and Tarkash, captain of the Arabs, who attended to do him service; and they ceased not riding with him three days' journey by way of honour. Then, taking their leave of him, they returned to Baghdad and the Sultan Zibl Khan and the Wazir Dandan fared on, with their suite and troops, till they drew near Damascus. Now news was come, upon the wings of birds,[2] to the notables of Damascus, that King Zau al-Makan had made Sultan over Damascus a King named Zibl Khan and surnamed Al-Mujahid; so when he reached the city he found it dressed in his honour and everyone in the place came out to gaze on him. The new Sultan entered Damascus in a splendid progress and went up to the citadel, where he sat down upon his chair of state, whilst the Wazir Dandan stood in attendance on him, to acquaint him with the ranks of the Emirs and their stations. Then the Grandees came in to him and kissed hands and called down blessings on him. The new King, Zibl Khan, received them graciously and bestowed on them dresses of honour and various presents and bounties; after which he opened the treasuries and gave largesse to the troops, great and small. Then he governed and did justice and proceeded to equip the Lady Kuzia Fakan, niece of King Sharrkan, appointing her a litter of silken stuff. Moreover, he furnished the Wazir Dandan equally well for the return journey and offered him a gift of coin; but he refused, saying, "Thou art near the time appointed by the King, and haply thou wilt have need of money, or after this we may send to seek of thee funds for the Holy War or what not." Now when the Wazir was ready to march, Sultan al-Mujahid mounted to bid the Minister farewell and brought Kuzia Fakan to him, and made her enter the litter and sent with her ten damsels to do her service. Thereupon they set forward, whilst King "Fighter for the Faith" returned to his government that he might order affairs and get ready his munitions of war, awaiting such time as King Zau al-Makan should send a requisition to him. Such was the case with Sultan Zibl Khan; but as regards the Wazir Dandan, he ceased not riding forward and finishing off the stages, in company with Kuzia Fakan till they came to Ruhbah[1] after a month's travel and thence pushed on, till he drew near Baghdad. Then he sent to announce his arrival to King Zau al-Makan who, when he heard this, took horse and rode out to meet him. The Wazir Dandan would have dismounted, but the King conjured him not to do so and urged his steed till he came up to his side. Then he questioned him of Zibl Khan called Al-Mujahid, whereto the Wazir replied that he was well and that he had brought with him Kuzia Fakan the niece of his brother. At this the King rejoiced and said to Dandan, "Down with thee and rest thee from the fatigue of the journey for three days, after which come to me again." Replied the Wazir, "With joy and gratitude," and betook himself to his own house, whilst the King rode up to his Palace and went in to his brother's niece, Kuzia Fakan, a girl of eight years old. When he saw her, he rejoiced in her and sorrowed for Sharrkan; then he bade make for her clothes and gave her splendid jewelry and ornaments, and ordered she be lodged with his son Kanmakan in one place. So they both grew up the brightest of the people of their time and the bravest; but Kuzia Fakan became a maiden of good sense and understanding and knowledge of the issues of events, whilst Kanmakan approved him a generous youth and freehanded, taking no care in the issue of aught. And thus they continued till each of them attained the age of twelve. Now Kuzia Fakan used to ride a-horseback and go forth with her cousin into the open plain and push forward and range at large with him in the wold; and they both learnt to smite with swords and spike with spears. But when they had reached the age of twelve, King Zau al-Makan, having completed his preparations and provisions and munitions for Holy War, summoned the Wazir Dandan and said to him, "Know that I have set mind on a thing which I will discover to thee, and I want thine opinion thereon; so do thou with speed return me a reply." Asked the Wazir, "What is that, O King of the Age?" and the other answered, "I am resolved to make my son Kanmakan Sultan and rejoice in him in my lifetime and do battle before him till death overtake me. What deemest thou of this?" The Wazir kissed the ground before the King and replied, "Know, O King and Sultan mine, Lord of the Age and the time! that which

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[1] Here ends the compound tale of Taj al-Muluk cum Aziz plus Azizah, and we return to the history of King Omar's sons.

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[1] *i.e.* one who fights the Jihád or "Holy War": it is equivalent to our "good knight."

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[1] Arab. "Malik." Azud al-Daulah, a Sultan or regent under the Abbaside Caliph Al-Tá'í li 'llah (regn. A.H. 363-381) was the first to take the title of "Malik." The latter in poetry is still written Malík.

[2] Carrier pigeons, of which more presently.

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[1] A townlet on the Euphrates, in the "Awwal Shám," or frontier of Syria.

is in thy mind is indeed good, save that it is now no tide to carry it out, for two reasons; the first, that thy son Kanmakan is yet of tender years; and the second, that it often befalleth him who maketh his son King in his life-time, to live but a little while thereafterward.[1] And this is my reply." Rejoined the King, "Know, O Wazir, that we will make the Grand Chamberlain guardian over him, for he is now one of the family and he married my sister, so that he is to me as a brother." Quoth the Wazir, "Do what seemeth good to thee: we have only to obey thine orders." Then the King sent for the Grand Chamberlain whom they brought into the presence together with the Lords of the realm and he said to them, "Ye know that this my son Kanmakan is the first cavalier of the age, and that he hath no peer in striking with the sword and lunging with the lance; and now I appoint him to be Sultan over you and I make the Grand Chamberlain, his uncle, guardian over him." Replied the Chamberlain, "I am but a tree which thy bounty hath planted!" and Zau al-Makan said, "O Chamberlain, verily this my son Kanmakan and my niece Kuzia Fakan are children of our race; so I hereby marry her to him and I call those present to witness thereof." Then he made over to his son such treasures as no tongue can describe; and, going in to his sister, Nuzhat al-Zaman, told her what he had done, whereat she was a glad woman and said, "Verily the twain are my children: Allah preserve thee to them and keep thy life for them many a year!" Replied he, "O my sister, I have accomplished in this world all my heart desired and I have no fear for my son; yet 'twere well thou have an eye on him, and an eye on his mother." And he charged the Chamberlain and Nuzhat al-Zaman with the care of his son and niece and wife, and this he continued to do nights and days till he fell sick and deemed surely that he was about to drink the cup of death; so he took to his bed, whilst the Chamberlain busied himself with ordering the folk and realm. At the end of the year, the King summoned his son Kanmakan and the Wazir Dandan and said, "O my son, after my death this Wazir is thy sire; for know that I am about to leave this house of life transitory for the house of eternity. And indeed I have fulfilled my will of this world; yet there remaineth in my heart one regret which may Allah dispel through and by thy hands." Asked his son, "What regret is that, O my father?" Answered Zau al-Makan, "O my son, the sole regret of me is that I die without having avenged thy grandfather, Omar bin al-Nu'uman, and thine uncle, Sharrkan, on an old woman which they call Zat al-Dawahi; but, if Allah grant thee aid, sleep not till thou take thy wreak on her, and so wipe out the shame we have suffered at the enemy's hands: and beware of the old hag's wile and do what the Wazir Dandan shall advise thee; because he from old time hath been the pillar of our realm." And his son assented to what he said. Then the King's eyes ran over with tears and his sickness redoubled on him; whereupon his brother in-law, the Chamberlain, took charge over the country and, being a capable man, he judged and bade and forbade for the whole of that year; while Zau al-Makan was occupied with his malady. And his sickness was sore upon him for four years, during which the Chief Chamberlain sat in his stead and gave full satisfaction to the commons and the nobles; and all the country blessed his rule. Such was the case with Zau al-Makan and the Chamberlain; but as regards the King's son, he busied himself only with riding and lunging with lance and shooting with shaft, and thus also did the daughter of his uncle, Kuzia Fakan; for he and she were wont to ride forth at the first of the day and return at nightfall, when she would go in to her mother, and he would go in to his mother whom he ever found sitting in tears by the head of his father's couch. Then he would tend his father all night long till daybreak, when he would go forth again with his cousin according to their wont. Now Zau al-Makan's pains and sufferings were longsome upon him and he wept and began versifying with these couplets:—

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[1] *i.e.* the son would look to that.

Gone is my strength, told is my tale of days * And, lookye! I am left as thou dost see:
In honour's day most honoured wont to be, * And win the race from all my company,
Would Heaven before my death I might behold * My son in seat of empire sit for me;
And rush upon his foes, to take his wreak * With sway of sword and lance lunged gallantly:
In this world and the next I am undone, * Except the Lord vouchsafe me clemency!

When he had ended repeating these verses, he laid his head on his pillow and closed his eyes and slept. Then saw he in his sleep one who said to him, "Rejoice, for thy son shall fill the lands with justest sway; and he shall rule them and him shall the lieges obey." Then he awoke from his dream gladdened by the good tidings he had seen, and after a few days, Death smote him, and because of his dying great grief fell on the people of Baghdad, and simple and gentle mourned for him. But Time passed over him, as though he had never been [1] and Kanmakan's estate was changed; for the people of Baghdad set him aside and put him and his family in a place apart. Now when his mother saw this, she fell into the sorriest of plights and said, "There is no help but that I go to the Grand Chamberlain, and I must hope for the aidance of the Subtle, the All-Wise!" Then she rose from her place and betook herself to the house of the Chamberlain who was now become Sultan, and she found him sitting upon his carpet. So she went in to his wife, Nuzhat al-Zaman, and wept with sore weeping and said unto her, "Verily the dead hath no friend! May Allah never bring you to want as long as your age and the years endure, and may you cease not to rule justly over rich and poor. Thine ears have heard and thine eyes have seen all that was ours of kingship and honour and dignity and wealth and fair fortune of life and condition; and now Time hath turned upon us, and fate and the world have betrayed us and wrought in hostile way with us; wherefore I come to thee craving thy favours, I from whom favours were craved: for when a man dieth, women and maidens are brought to despisal." And she repeated these couplets:—

Suffice thee Death such marvels can enhance, * And severed lives make lasting severance:
Man's days are marvels, and their stations are * But water-pits[2] of misery and mischance.
Naught wrings my heart save loss of noble friends, * Girt round by rings of hard, harsh circumstance.

When Nuzhat al-Zaman heard these words, she remembered her brother, Zau al-Makan, and his son Kanmakan, and, making her draw near to her and showing her honour, she said, "Verily at this moment, by Allah, I am grown rich and thou art poor; now by the Lord! we did not cease to seek thee out, but we feared to wound thy heart lest thou shouldest fancy our gifts to thee an alms-gift. Withal, whatever weal we now enjoy is from thee and thy husband; so our house is thy house and our place thy place, and thine is all our wealth and what goods we have belong to thee." Then she robed her in sumptuous robes and set apart for her a place in the Palace adjoining her own; and they abode therein, she and her son, in all delight of life. And Nuzhat al-Zaman clothed him also in Kings' raiment and gave to them both especial handmaids for their service. After a little, she related to her husband the sad case of the widow of her brother, Zau al-Makan, whereat his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Wouldest thou see the world after thee, look thou upon the world after other than thyself. Then entreat her honourably and enrich her poverty."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] A characteristic touch of Arab pathos, tender and true.

[2] Arab. "Mawárid" from "ward" = resorting to pool or water-pit (like those of "Gakdúl") for drinking, as opposed to "Sadr" = returning after having drunk at it. Hence the "Sádir" (part. act.) takes precedence of the "Wárid" in Al-Hariri (Ass. of the Badawi).

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Nuzhat al-Zaman related to her husband the sad case of the widow of her brother, Zau al-Makan, the Chamberlain said, "Entreat her honourably and enrich her poverty." Thus far concerning Nuzhat al-Zaman and her consort and the relict of Zau al-Makan; but as regards Kanmakan and his cousin Kuzia Fakan, they grew up and flourished till they waxed like unto two fruit-laden boughs or two shining moons; and they reached the age of fifteen. And she was indeed the fairest of maids who are modestly veiled, lovely-faced with smooth cheeks graced; and her shape was the shaft's thin line and her lips were sweeter than the fountain Salsabíl.[1] Of a truth Allah had united in her every charm: her shape would shame the branch of waving tree and the rose before her cheek craved lenity; and she gladdened heart and beholder with joyous cheer, even as saith of her the poet:—

Goodly of gifts is she, and charm those perfect eyes, * With lashes shaming Kohl
and all the fair ones Kohl'd[2]
And from those eyne the glances pierce the lover's heart, * Like sword in Mír
al-Mumininá Ali's hold.

And (the relator continueth) as for Kanmakan, he became unique in loveliness and excelling in perfection no less; none could even him in qualities as in seemliness, and the sheen of valour between his eyes was espied, testifying for him while against him it never testified. The hardest hearts inclined to his side; his eyelids bore lashes black as by Kohl; and he was of surpassing worth in body and soul. And when the down of lips and cheeks began to sprout, bards and poets sang for him far and near:—

Appeared not my excuse till hair had clothed his cheek, * And gloom o'ercrept
that side-face (sight to stagger!).

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[1] One of the fountains of Paradise (Koran, chapt. lxxvi.): the word lit. means "water flowing pleasantly down the throat."

[2] Arab. "Takhíl"=adorning with Kohl.

A fawn, when eyes would batten on his charms, * Each glance deals thrust like point of Khanjar-dagger.

And saith another :—

His lovers' souls have drawn upon his cheek * An ant that perfected its rosy light :
I marvel at such martyrs Lazá-pent * Who yet with greeny robes of Heaven are dight.[1]

Now it chanced one holiday, that Kuzia Fakan went forth to make festival with certain kindred of the court, and she went surrounded by her handmaids. And indeed beauty encompassed her ; the roses of her cheeks dealt envy to their mole ; from out her smiling lips lightning flashed white, gleaming like the chamomile[2]; and Kanmakan began to turn about her and devour her with his sight, for she was the moon of resplendent light. Then he took heart and giving his tongue a start began to improvise :—

When shall the disappointed heart be healed of severance, * And lips of Union smile at ceasing of our hard mischance?
Would Heaven I knew shall come some night, and with it surely bring * Meeting with friend who like myself endureth sufferance.[3]

When Kuzia Fakan heard these couplets, she showed vexation and disapproval and, putting on a haughty and angry air, said to him, "Dost thou name me in thy verse, to shame me amongst folk? By Allah, if thou turn not from this talk, I will assuredly complain of thee to the Grand Chamberlain, Sultan of Khorasan and Baghdad and lord of justice and equity; that disgrace and punishment may befal thee!" Kanmakan made no reply for anger but he returned to Baghdad ; and Kuzia Fakan also returned to her palace and complained of her cousin to her mother, who said to her, "O my daughter, haply he meant thee no harm, and is he aught but an orphan? Withal, he said naught of reproach to thee ; so beware thou tell none of this, lest perchance it come to the Sultan's ears and he cut short his life and blot out his name and make it even as yesterday, whose memory hath passed away." However, Kanmakan's love for Kuzia Fakan spread abroad in Baghdad, so that the women talked of it. Moreover, his breast became straitened and his patience waned and he knew not what to do, yet he could not hide his condition from the world. Then longed he to give vent to the pangs he endured, by reason of the lowe of separation: but he feared her rebuke and her wrath; so he began improvising:—

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[1] The allusions are far-fetched and obscure as in Scandinavian poetry. Mr. Payne (ii. 314) translates "Naml" by "net." I understand the ant (swarm) creeping up the cheeks, a common simile for a young beard. The lovers are in the Lazá (hell) of jealousy, etc., yet feel in the Na'ím (heaven) of love and robe in green, the hue of hope, each expecting to be the favoured one.

[2] Arab. "Ukhuwán," the classical term. There are two chamomiles ; the white (Bábúnaj) and the yellow (Kaysún) : these however are Syrian names and plants are differently called in almost every province of Arabia.

[3] In nomadic life the parting of lovers happens so frequently that it becomes a stock topic in poetry and often, as here, the lover complains of parting when he is not parted. As Ka'ab ibn Zuhayr began his famous poem with "Su'ád hath departed," nine hundred imitators (says Al-Siyuti) adopted the Ná-ib or address to the beloved and poor Su'ad came to signify a cruel, capricious mistress.

Now is my dread to incur reproaches, which * Disturb her temper and her mind obscure,
Patient I'll bear them; e'en as generous youth * Beareth the burn of brand his case to cure.[1]

——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Thirty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Grand Chamberlain became Sultan they named him King Sásán; and after he had assumed the throne he governed the people in righteous way. Now as he was giving audience one day, Kanmakan's verses came to his knowledge. Thereupon he repented him of the past and going in to his wife Nuzhat al-Zaman, said to her, "Verily, thy brother's son, Kanmakan, is come to man's estate and it behoveth us to forbid him access to the rooms where anklets tinkle, and 'tis yet more needful to forbid thy daughter the company of men, for the like of her should be kept in the Harem." Replied she, "Thou sayest sooth, O wise King!" Next day came Kanmakan according to his custom; and, going in to his aunt, saluted her. She returned his salutation and said to him, "O my son, I have somewhat to say to thee which I would fain leave unsaid; yet I must tell it thee despite my inclination." Quoth he, "Speak;" and quoth she, "Know then that thy sire the Chamberlain, the father of Kuzia Fakan, hath heard of the verses thou madest anent her, and hath ordered that she be kept in the Harem and out of thy reach; if, therefore, O my son, thou want anything from us, I will send it to thee from behind the door; and thou shalt not look upon Kuzia Fakan nor shalt thou return hither from this day forth." When he heard this he arose and withdrew without speaking a single word; and, betaking himself to his mother, related what his aunt had said. She observed, "This all cometh of thine overtalking. Thou knowest that the news of thy passion for Kuzia Fakan is noised abroad and the tattle hath spread everywhere how thou eatest their food and thereafter thou courtest their daughter." Rejoined he, "And who should have her but I? She is the daughter of my father's sister and I have the best of rights to her." Retorted his mother, "These are idle words. Be silent, lest haply thy talk come to King Sasan's ears and it prove the cause of thy losing her and the reason of thy ruin and increase of thine affliction. They have not sent us any supper to-night and we shall die an-hungered; and were we in any land but this, we were already perished of famine or of shame for begging our bread." When Kanmakan heard these words from his mother, his regrets redoubled; his eyes ran over with tears and he complained and began improvising:—

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[1] Actual cautery which can cause only counter-irritation, is a favourite nostrum; and the Hadis or prophetic saying is "Akhir al-dawá (or al-tibb) al-Kayy" = cautery is the end of medicine-cure; and "Fire and sickness cannot dwell together." Most of the Badawi bear upon their bodies grisly marks of this heroic treatment, whose abuse not unfrequently brings on gangrene. The Hadis (Burckhardt, Proverbs, No. 30) also means "if nothing else avail, take violent measures."

'Minish this blame I ever bear from you * My heart loves her to whom all love is due:
Ask not from me of patience jot or tittle, * Divorce of Patience by God's House! I rue:
What blamers preach of patience I unheed; * Here am I, love-path firmly to pursue:
Indeed they bar me access to my love; * Here am I, by God's ruth no ill I sue:
Good sooth my bones, whenas they hear thy name * Quail as birds quailed when Nisus[1] o'er them flew:
Ah! say to them who blame my love that I * Will love that face, fair cousin, till I die.

And when he had ended his verses he said to his mother, "I have no longer a place in my aunt's house nor among these people, but I will go forth from the palace and abide in the corners of the city." So he and his mother left the court; and, having sought an abode in the neighbourhood of the poorer sort, there settled; but she used to go from time to time to King Sasan's palace and thence take daily bread for herself and her son. As this went on Kuzia Fakan took her aside one day and said to her, "Alas, O my naunty, how is it with thy son?" Replied she, "O my daughter, sooth to say, he is tearful-eyed and heavy-hearted, being fallen into the net of thy love." And she repeated to her the couplets he had made; whereupon Kuzia Fakan wept and said, "By Allah! I rebuked him not for his words, nor for ill-will to him, but because I feared for him the malice of foes. Indeed my love for him is double that he feeleth for me; my tongue may not describe my yearning for him; and were it not for the extravagant wilfulness of his words and the wanderings of his wit, my father had not cut off from him favours that besit, nor had decreed unto him exclusion and prohibition as fit. However, man's days bring naught but change, and patience in all case is most becoming; peradventure He who ordained our severance will vouchsafe us reunion!" And she began versifying in these two couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Báshik" from Persian "Báshah" (*accipiter Nisus*) a fierce little species of sparrow-hawk which I have described in "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus" (p. 14, etc.)

O son of mine uncle! same sorrow I bear, * And suffer the like of thy cark and thy care:
Yet hide I from man what I suffer for pine; * Hide it too, and such secret to man never bare!

When his mother heard this from her, she thanked her and blessed her: then she left her and acquainted her son with what she had said; whereupon his love for her increased and he took heart, being eased of his despair and the turmoil of his love and care. And he said, "By Allah, I love none but her!" and he began improvising:—

Leave this blame, I will list to no flout of my foe! * I divulgèd a secret was told me to keep:
He is lost to my sight for whose union I yearn, * And I watch all the while he can slumber and sleep.

So the days and nights went by till Kanmakan reached the age of seventeen; and his beauty had waxt perfect and his wits were at their brightest. One night, as he lay awake, he communed with himself and said, "Why should I keep silence till I waste away and see not my lover? Fault have I none save poverty; so, by Allah, I am resolved to remove me from this region and wander over the wild and the wold; for my position in this city is a torture and I have no friend nor lover therein to comfort me; wherefore I am determined to distract myself by absence from my native land till I die and take my rest after this shame and tribulation." And he began to improvise and recited these couplets:—

Albeit my bosom quiver 'neath this ban; * Before the foe myself I'll ne'er unman!

So pardon me, my bosom is a writ * Whose superscription is my tears that ran!
Heigh-ho! my cousin seemeth Houri-may * Come down to earth by reason of Rizwán:
'Scapes not the dreadful sword-lunge of her look * Who dares the glancing of those eyne to scan:
O'er Allah's wide-spread world I'll roam and rove, * And from such exile win what bread I can:
Yes, o'er broad earth I'll roam and save my soul, * All but her absence bearing like a man:
With gladsome heart I'll haunt the field of fight, * And meet the bravest Brave in battle-van!

So Kanmakan fared forth from the palace barefoot and he walked in a short-sleeved gown, wearing on his head a skull-cap of felt[1] seven years old and carrying a scone three days stale, and in the deep glooms of night betook himself to the portal al-Arij of Baghdad. Here he waited for the gate being opened and when it was opened, he was the first to pass through it; and he went out at random and wandered about the wastes night and day. When the dark hours came, his mother sought him but found him not; whereupon the world waxt strait upon her for all that it was great and wide, and she took no delight in aught of weal it supplied. She looked for him a first day and a second day and a third day till ten days were past, but no news of him reached her. Then her breast became contracted and she shrieked and shrilled, saying, "O my son! O my darling! thou hast revived my regrets. Sufficed not what I endured, but thou must depart from my home? After thee I care not for food nor joy in sleep, and naught but tears and mourning are left me. O my son, from what land shall I call thee? And what town hath given thee refuge?" Then her sobs burst out, and she began repeating these couplets:—

Well learnt we, since you left, our grief and sorrow to sustain, * While bows of severance shot their shafts in many a railing rain:
They left me, after girthing on their selles of corduwayne, * To fight the very pangs of death while spanned they sandy plain:
Mysterious through the nightly gloom there came the moan of dove * A ring-dove, and replied I, "Cease thy plaint, how durst complain?"
If, by my life, her heart, like mine, were full of pain and pine * She had not deckt her neck with ring nor sole with ruddy stain.[2]
Fled is mine own familiar friend, bequeathing me a store * Of parting-pang and absence-ache to suffer evermore.

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[1] Arab. "Libdah," the sign of a pauper or religious mendicant. He is addressed "Yá Abu libdah!" (O father of a felt calotte!)

[2] In times of mourning Moslem women do not use perfumes and dyes like the Henna here alluded to in the pink shanks and feet of the dove.

Then she abstained from food and drink and gave herself up to excessive tear-shedding and lamentation. Her grief became public property far and wide and all the people of the town and country side wept with her and cried, "Where is thine eye, O Zau al-Makan?" And they bewailed the rigours of Time, saying, "Would Heaven we knew what hath befallen Kanmakan that he fled his native town, and chased himself from the place where his father used to fill all in hungry case and do justice and grace?" And his mother redoubled her weeping and wailing till the news of Kanmakan's departure came to King Sasan.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fortieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that came to King Sasan the tidings of the departure of Kanmakan through the Chief Emirs who said to him, "Verily he is the son of our Sovran and the seed of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and it hath reached us that he hath exiled himself from the land." When King Sasan heard these words, he was wroth with them and ordered one of them to be hanged by way of silencing him, whereat the fear of him fell upon the hearts of all the other Grandees and they dared not speak one word. Then he called to mind all the kindness that Zau al-Makan had done him, and how he had charged him with the care of his son; wherefore he grieved for Kanmakan and said, "Needs must I have search made for him in all countries." So he summoned Tarkash and bade him choose an hundred horse and wend with them in quest of the Prince. Accordingly he went out and was absent ten days, after which he returned and said, "I can learn no tidings of him and have hit on no trace of him, nor can any tell me aught of him." Upon this King Sasan repented him of that which he had done by the Prince; whilst his mother abode in unrest continual nor would patience come at her call: and thus passed over her twenty days in heaviness all. This is how it fared with these; but as regards Kanmakan, when he left Baghdad, he went forth perplexed about his case and knowing not whither he should go: so he went on alone through the desert for three days and saw neither footman nor horseman; withal, his sleep fled and his wakefulness redoubled, for he pined after his people and his homestead. He ate of the herbs of the earth and drank of its flowing waters and siesta'd under its trees at hours of noontide heats, till he turned from that road to another way and, following it other three days, came on the fourth to a land of green leas, dyed with the hues of plants and trees and with sloping valley-sides made to please, abounding with the fruits of the earth. It had drunken of the cups of the cloud, to the sound of thunders rolling loud and the song of the turtle-dove gently sough'd, till its hill-slopes were brightly verdant and its fields were sweetly fragrant. Then Kanmakan recalled his father's city of Baghdad, and for excess of emotion he broke out into verse:—

I roam, and roaming hope I to return; * Yet of returning see not how or when:
I went for love of one I could not win, * Nor way of 'scaping ills that pressed could ken.

When he ended his recital he wept, but presently he wiped away his tears and ate of the fruits of the earth enough for his present need. Then he made the Wuzu-ablution and prayed the ordained prayers which he had neglected all this time; and he sat resting in that place through the livelong day. When night came he slept and ceased not sleeping till midnight, when he awoke and heard a human voice declaiming these couplets:—

What's life to me, unless I see the pearly sheen * Of teeth I love, and sight that glorious mien?
And Death is lighter than the loved one's wrath, * Whose phantom haunts me seen in every scene:
O joy of cup-companions, when they meet, * And loved and lover o'er each other lean!
E'en more in time of spring, the lord of flowers, * When fragrant is the world with bloom and green:
Drainer of vine-juice! up wi' thee, for now * Earth is a Heaven where sweet waters flow.[1]

When Kanmakan heard these distichs his sorrows surged up; his tears ran down his cheeks like freshets and flames of fire darted into his heart. So he rose to see who it was that spake these words, but saw none for the thickness of the gloom; whereupon passion increased on him and he was frightened and restlessness possessed him. He descended from his place to the sole of the valley and walked along the banks of the stream, till he heard the same voice sighing heavy sighs and reciting these couplets:—

Tho' 'tis thy wont to hide thy love perforce, * Yet weep on day of parting and divorce!
Twixt me and my dear love were plighted vows; * Pledge of reunion, fonder intercourse:

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[1] Koran, chapt. ii. 23. The idea is repeated in some forty Koranic passages.

With joy inspires my heart and deals it rest * Zephyr, whose coolness doth desire enforce.
O Sa'adá,[1] thinks of me that anklet-wearer? * Or parting broke she troth without remorse?
And say! shall time foregather us, and we * Of suffered hardships tell in soft discourse?
Quoth she "Thou 'rt daft for us and fey;" quoth I, * "'Sain thee! how many a friend hast turned to corse!"
If taste mine eyes sweet sleep while she's away, Allah with loss of her these eyne accurse.
O wounds in bosom mine! for cure they lack * Union and friendship's subtle theriack.[2]

When Kanmakan heard this verse again spoken by the same voice yet saw no one, he knew that the speaker was a lover like unto himself, debarred from union with her who loved him; and he said to himself, "'Twere fitting that this man should lay his head to my head and become my comrade in this my strangerhood."[3] Then he hailed the speaker and cried out to him, saying, "O thou who wanderest in sombrest night, draw near to me and tell me thy tale; haply thou shalt find me one who will succour thee in thy sufferings." And when the owner of the voice heard these words, he cried out, "O thou that respondest to my complaint and wouldest hear my history, who art thou amongst the knights? Art thou human or Jinni? Answer me speedily ere thy death draw near, for I have wandered in this desert some twenty days and have seen no one nor heard any voice but thy voice." At these words Kanmakan said to himself, "This one's case is like my case, for I, even I, have wandered twenty days, nor during my wayfare have I seen man or heard voice:" and he added, "I will make him no answer till day arise." So he was silent, and the voice again called out to him, saying, "O thou that callest, if thou be of the Jinn go in peace and, if thou be man stay awhile till the day break stark and the night flee with the dark." The speaker abode in his place and Kanmakan did likewise and the twain in reciting verses never failed, and wept tears that railed till the light of day began loom and the night departed with its gloom. Then Kanmakan looked at the other and found him to be of the Badawi Arabs, a youth in the flower of his age; clad in worn clothes and bearing in baldrick a rusty sword which he kept sheathed, and the signs of love-longing were apparent on him. He went up to him and accosted him and saluted him, and the Badawi returned the salute and greeted him with courteous wishes for his long life, but somewhat despised him, seeing his tender years and his condition, which was that of a pauper. So he said to him, "O youth, of what tribe art thou and to whom art thou kin among the Arabs; and what is thy history that thou goest by night, after the fashion of knights? Indeed thou spakest to me in the dark words such as are spoken of none but doughty cavaliers and lion-like warriors; and now I hold thy life in hand. But I have compassion on thee by reason of thy green years; so I will make thee my companion and thou shalt go with me, to do me service." When Kanmakan heard him speak these unseemly words, after showing him such skill in verse, he knew that he despised him and would presume with him; therefore he answered him with soft and well-chosen speech, saying, "O Chief of the Arabs, leave my tenderness of age and tell me why thou wanderest by night in the desert reciting verses. Thou talkest, I see, of my serving thee; who then art thou and what moved thee to talk this wise?" Answered he, "Hark ye, boy! I am Sabbáh, son of Rammáh bin Humám.[1] My people are of the Arabs of Syria and I have a cousin called Najmah, who to all that look on her brings delight. And when my father died I was brought up in the house of his brother, the father of Najmah; but as soon as I grew up and my uncle's daughter became a woman, they secluded her from me and me from her, seeing that I was poor and without money in pouch. Then the Chiefs of the Arabs and the heads of the tribes rebuked her sire, and he was abashed before them and consented to give me my cousin, but upon condition that I should bring him as her dower fifty head of horses and fifty dromedaries which travel ten days[2] without a halt and fifty camels laden with wheat and a like number laden with barley, together with ten black slaves and ten handmaids. Thus the weight he set upon me was beyond my power to bear; for he exacted more than the marriage-settlement as by law established. So here am I, travelling from Syria to Irak, and I have passed twenty days without seeing other than thyself; yet I mean to go to Baghdad that I may ascertain what merchantmen of wealth and importance start thence. Then will I follow forth in their track and loot their goods, and I will slay their escort and drive off their camels with their loads. But what manner of man art thou?" Replied Kanmakan, "Thy case is like unto my case, save that my evil is more grievous than thine ill; for my cousin is a King's daughter and the dowry of which thou hast spoken would not content her people, nor would they be satisfied with the like of that from me." Quoth Sabbah, "Surely thou art a fool or thy wits for excess of passion are gathering wool! How can thy cousin be a King's daughter? Thou hast no sign of royal rank on thee, for thou art but a mendicant." Rejoined Kanmakan, "O Chief of the Arabs, let not this my case seem strange to thee; for what happened, happened;[1] and if thou desire proof of me, I am Kanmakan, son of King Zau al-Makan, son of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, Lord of Baghdad and the realm Khorasan; and Fortune banned me with her tyrant ban, for my father died and my Sultanate was taken by King Sasan. So I fled forth from Baghdad secretly, lest I be seen of any man, and have wandered twenty days without any but thyself to scan. So now I have discovered to thee my case, and my story is as thy story and my need as thy need." When Sabbah heard this, he cried out, "O my joy, I have attained my desire! I will have no loot this day but thyself; for since thou art of the seed of Kings and hast come out in beggar's garb, there is no help but thy people will seek thee; and, if they find thee in anyone's power, they will ransom thee with monies galore. So show me thy back, O my lad, and walk before me." Answered Kanmakan, "O brother of the Arabs, act not on this wise, for my people will not buy me with silver nor with gold,

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[1] A woman's name, often occurring. The "daughters of Sa'ada" are zebras, so called because "they resemble women in beauty and graceful agility."

[2] Arab. "Tiryák" from Gr. Θηριακόν φάρμακον a drug against venomous bites. It was compounded mainly of treacle, and that of Baghdad and Irák was long held sovereign: the European equivalent, "Venice treacle," (Theriaca Andromachi) is an electuary containing many elements. Badawin eat for counter-poison three heads of garlic in clarified butter for forty days. (Pilgrimage iii. 77.)

[3] Could Cervantes have read this? In Algiers he might easily have heard it recited by the tale-tellers. Kanmakan is the typical Arab Knight, gentle and valiant as Don Quixote; Sabbáh is the *Grazioso*, a "Beduin" Sancho Panza. In the "Romance of Antar" we have a similar contrast with Ocab who says: "Indeed I am no fighter: the sword in my hand-palm chases only pelicans;" and, "whenever you kill a satrap, I'll plunder him."

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[1] *i.e.* The Comely, son of the Spearman, son of the Lion, or Hero.

[2] Arab. "Ushári." Old Purchas (vi., i 9) says there are three kinds of camels (1) *Huguin* (= Hejin) of tall stature and able to carry 1,000 lbs (2) *Bechete* (= Bukhti) the two-humped Bactrian before mentioned and (3) the *Raguahill* (Rahíl) small dromedaries unfit for burden but able to cover a hundred miles in a day. The "King of Timbukhtu" (not "Bukhtu's well," pop. Timbuctoo) had camels which reach Segelmesse (Sijalmas) or Darha, nine hundred miles in eight days at most. Lyon makes the Maherry (also called El-Heirie = Mahri) trot nine miles an hour for a long time. Other travellers in North Africa report the

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Sabayee (Saba'i = seven days' wonder) as able to get over six hundred and thirty miles (or thirty-five caravan stages = each eighteen miles) in five to seven days. One of the dromedaries in the "hamlah" or caravan of Mr. Ensor (Journey through Nubia and Darfoor—a charming book) travelled one thousand one hundred and ten miles in twenty-seven days. He notes that his beasts were better with water every five to seven days, but in the cold season could do without drink for sixteen. I found in Al-Hijaz at the end of August that the camels suffered much after ninety hours without drink (Pilgrimage iii. 14). But these were "Júdi" fine-haired animals as opposed to "Khawár" (the Khowás of Chesney, p. 333), coarse-haired, heavy, slow brutes which will not stand great heat.

[1] *i.e.* Fortune so willed it (euphemistically).

not even with a copper dirham; and I am a poor man, having with me neither much nor little: so cease then to be upon this track and take me to thy comrade. Set we forth for the land of Al-Irak and wander over the world, so haply we may gain dower and marriage-portion, and we may seek and win our cousins' love when we come back." Hearing this, Sabbah waxed angry; his arrogance and fury redoubled and he said, "Woe to thee! Dost thou bandy words with me, O vilest of dogs that be? Turn thee thy back, or I will come down on thee with clack!" Kanmakan smiled and answered, "Why should I turn my back for thee? Is there no justice in thee? Dost thou not fear to bring blame upon the Arab men by driving a man like myself captive, in shame and disdain, before thou hast proved him on the plain, to know if he be a warrior or of coward strain?" Upon this Sabbah laughed and replied, "By Allah, a wonder! Thou art a boy in years told, but in talk thou art old. These words should come from none but a champion doughty and bold: what wantest thou of justice?" Quoth Kanmakan, "If thou wilt have me thy captive, to wend with thee and serve thee, throw down thine arms and put off thine outer gear and come on and wrestle with me; and whichever of us throw his opponent shall have his will of him and make him his boy." Then Sabbah laughed and said, "I think this waste of breath denoteth the nearness of thy death." Then he arose and threw down his weapon and, tucking up his skirt, drew near unto Kanmakan who also drew near and they gripped each other. But the Badawi found that the youth had the better of him and weighed him down, as the quintal downweighs the dinar; and he looked at his legs firmly planted on the ground, and saw that they were as two minarets[1] strongly based, or two tent-poles in earth encased, or two mountains which may not be displaced. So he acknowledged himself to be a failure and repented of having come to wrestle with him, saying in himself, "Would I had slain him with my weapon!" Then Kanmakan took hold of him and mastering him, shook him till the Badawi thought he would die, and he broke out, "Hold thy hand, O boy!" He heeded not his words, but shook him again and, lifting him from the ground, made with him towards the stream, that he might throw him therein: whereupon the Badawi roared out, saying, "O thou valiant man, what wilt thou do with me?"[2] Quoth he, "I mean to throw thee into this stream: it will bear thee to the Tigris, the Tigris will bring thee to the river Isa, and the Isa will carry thee to the Euphrates, and the Euphrates will land thee in thine own country; so thy tribe shall see thee and know thy manly cheer and how thy passion be sincere." Then Sabbah cried aloud and said, "O Champion of the desert-lair, do not with me what deed the wicked dare, but let me go, by the life of thy cousin, the jewel of the fair!" Hearing this, Kanmakan set him on the ground; but when he found himself at liberty, he ran to his sword and targe and taking them up, stood plotting in himself treachery and sudden assault on his adversary.[1] The Prince kenned his intent in his eye and said to him, "I con what is in thy heart, now thou hast hold of thy sword and thy targe. Thou hast neither length of hand nor trick of wrestling, but thou thinkest that, wert thou on thy mare and couldst wheel about the plain, and ply me with thy skene, I had long ago been slain. But I will give thee thy requite, so there may be left in thy heart no despite; now give me the targe and fall on me with thy whinger; either thou shalt kill me or I shall kill thee." "Here it is," answered Sabbah and, throwing him the targe, bared his brand and rushed at him sword in hand. Kanmakan took the buckler in his right and began to fend himself with it, whilst Sabbah struck at him, saying at each stroke, "This is the finishing blow!" But it fell harmless enow, for Kanmakan took all on his buckler and it was waste work, though he did not reply lacking the wherewithal to strike, and Sabbah ceased not to smite at him with his sabre till his arm was weary. When his opponent saw this, he rushed upon him and, hugging him in his arms, shook him and threw him to the ground. Then he turned him over on his face and pinioned his elbows behind him with the baldrick of his sword, and began to drag him by the feet and to make for the river, Thereupon cried Sabbah, "What wilt thou do with me, O youth and cavalier of the age and brave of the plain where battles rage?" Answered he, "Did I not tell thee that it was my intent to send thee by the river to thy kin and to thy tribe, that thy heart be not troubled for them nor their hearts be troubled for thee, and lest thou miss thy cousin's bride-feast!" At this Sabbah shrieked aloud and wept and screaming said, "Do not thus, O champion of the time's braves! Let me go and make me one of thy slaves!" And he wept and wailed and began reciting these verses:—

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[1] The "minaret" being feminine is usually compared with a fair young girl. The oldest minaret proper is supposed to have been built in Damascus by the Ommiade Caliph (No. X.) Al-Walid, A. H. 86-96 (= 705-715). According to Ainsworth (ii. 113) the second was at Kuch Hisar in Chaldea.

[2] None of the pure Badawin can swim for the best of reasons, want of waters.

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[1] The baser sort of Badawi is never to be trusted: he is a traitor born, and looks upon fair play as folly or cowardice. Neither oath nor kindness can bind him: he unites the cruelty of the cat with the wildness of the wolf. How many Englishmen have lost their lives by not knowing these elementary truths! The race has not changed from the days of Mandeville (A. D. 1322) whose "Arabians, who are called Bedouins and Ascopards (?), are right felonious and foul, and of a cursed nature." In his day they "carried but one shield and one spear, without other arm:" now, unhappily for travellers, they have matchlocks and most tribes can manufacture a something called by courtesy gunpowder.

I'm estranged fro' my folk and estrangement's long: * Shall I die amid strangers? Ah, would that I kenned!
I die, nor my kinsmen shall know where I'm slain, * Die in exile nor see the dear face of my friend!

Thereupon Kanmakan had compassion on him and said, "Make with me a covenant true and swear me an oath to be a comrade as due and to bear me company wheresoever I may go." "'Tis well," replied Sabbah and swore accordingly. Then Kanmakan loosed him and he rose and would have kissed the Prince's hand; but he forbade him that. Then the Badawi opened his scrip and, taking out three barley scones, laid them before Kanmakan and they both sat down on the bank of the stream to eat.[1] When they had done eating together, they made the lesser ablution and prayed; after which they sat talking of what had befallen each of them from his people and from the shifts of Time. Presently said Kanmakan, "Whither dost thou now intend?" Replied Sabbah, "I purpose to repair to Baghdad, thy native town, and abide there, until Allah vouchsafe me the marriage portion." Rejoined the other, "Up then and to the road! I tarry here." So the Badawi farewelled him and took the way to Baghdad, whilst Kanmakan remained behind, saying to himself, "O my soul, with what face shall I return pauper-poor? Now, by Allah, I will not go back empty-handed and, if the Almighty please, I will assuredly work my deliverance." Then he went to the stream and made the Wuzu-washing and when prostrating he laid his brow in the dust and prayed to the Lord, saying, "O Allah! Thou who sendest down the dew, and feedest the worm that homes in the stone, I beseech Thee vouchsafe me my livelihood of Thine Omnipotence and the Grace of Thy benevolence!" Then he pronounced the salutation which closes prayer; yet every road appeared closed to him. And while he sat turning right and left, behold, he espied a horseman making towards him with bent back and reins slack. He sat upright and after a time reached the Prince; and the stranger was at the last gasp and made sure of death, for he was grievously wounded when he came up; the tears streamed down his cheeks like water from the mouths of skins, and he said to Kanmakan, "O chief of the Arabs, take me to thy friendship as long as I live, for thou wilt not find my like; and give me a little water though the drinking of water be harmful to one wounded, especially whilst the blood is flowing and the life with it. And if I live, I will give thee what shall heal thy penury and thy poverty: and if I die, mayst thou be blessed for thy good intent." Now under that horseman was a stallion, so noble a Rabite[1] the tongue fails to describe him; and as Kanmakan looked at his legs like marble shafts, he was seized with a longing and said to himself, "Verily, the like of this stallion[2] is not to be found in our time." Then he helped the rider to alight and entreated him in friendly guise and gave him a little water to swallow; after which he waited till he had taken rest and addressed him, saying, "Who hath dealt thus with thee?" Quoth the rider, "I will tell thee the truth of the case. I am a horse-thief and I have busied myself with lifting and snatching horses all my life, night and day, and my name is Ghassán, the plague of every stable and steed. I heard tell of this horse, that he was in the land of Roum, with King Afridun, where they had named him Al-Katúl and surnamed him Al-Majnún.[3] So I journeyed to Constantinople for his sake and watched my opportunity and whilst I was thus waiting, there came out an old woman, one highly honoured among the Greeks, and whose word with them is law, by name Zat al-Dawahi, a past mistress in all manner of trickery. She had with her this steed and ten slaves, no more, to attend on her and the horse; and she was bound for Baghdad and Khorasan, there to seek King Sasan and to sue for peace and pardon from ban. So I went out in their track, longing to get at the horse,[4] and ceased not to follow them, but was unable to come by the steed, because of the strict guard kept by the slaves, till they reached this country and I feared lest they enter the city of Baghdad. As I was casting about to steal the steed lo! a great cloud of dust arose on them and walled the horizon. Presently it opened and disclosed fifty horsemen, gathered together to waylay merchants on the highway, and their captain, by name Kahrdásh, was a lion in daring and dash;

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[1] Thus by Arab custom they became friends.

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[1] Our classical term for a noble Arab horse.

[2] In Arab. "Khayl" is = horse; Husan, a male; Hudúd, a brood-male; Faras, a mare (but sometimes used as a horse and meaning "that tears over the ground"); Jiyád, a steed (noble); Kadísh, a nag (ignoble); Mohr a colt and Mohrah, a filly. There are dozens of other names but these suffice for conversation.

[3] Al-Katúl, the slayer; Al-Majnún, the mad; both high compliments in the style inverted.

[4] This was a highly honourable exploit, which would bring the doer fame as well as gain.

a furious knight who layeth knights flat as carpets in battle-crash." ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the wounded rider spake thus to Kanmakan, "Then came out the same Kahrdash, and fell on the old woman and her men and bore down upon them bashing them, nor was it long before they bound her and the ten slaves and bore off their captives and the horse, rejoicing. When I saw this, I said to myself:—My pains were in vain nor did I attain my gain. However, I waited to see how the affair would end, and when the old woman found herself in bonds, she wept and said to the captain, Kahrdash:—O thou doughty Champion and furious Knight, what wilt thou do with an old woman and slaves, now that thou hast thy will of the horse? And she beguiled him with soft words and she sware that she would send him horses and cattle, till he released her and her slaves. Then he went his way, he and his comrades, and I followed them till they reached this country; and I watched them, till at last I found an opportunity of stealing the horse, whereupon I mounted him and, drawing a whip from my wallet, struck him with it. When the robbers heard this, they came out on me and surrounded me on all sides and shot arrows and cast spears at me, whilst I stuck fast on his back and he fended me with hoofs and forehand,[1] till at last he bolted out with me from amongst them like unerring shaft or shooting star. But ere the stress was o'er I got sundry grievous wounds and sore; and, since that time, I have passed on his back three days without tasting food or sleeping aught, so that my strength is down brought and the world is become to me as naught. But thou hast dealt kindly with me and hast shown ruth on me; and I see thee well-nigh stark and sorrow hath set on thee its mark, yet are signs of wealth and gentle breeding manifest on thee. So tell me what and whence art thou and whither art thou bound?" Answered the Prince, "My name is Kanmakan, son of Zau al-Makan, son of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman. When my father died and an orphan lot was my fate, a base man seized the throne and became King over small and great." Then he told him all his past from first to last; and the horse-thief said to him, for he pitied him, "By Allah, thou art one of high degree and exceeding nobility, and thou shalt surely attain estate sublime and become the first cavalier of thy time. If thou can lift me on horseback and mount thee behind me and bring me to my own land, thou shalt have honour in this world and a reward on the day of band calling to band,[1] for I have no strength left to steady myself; and if this be my last day, the steed is thine alway; for thou art worthier of him than any other." Quoth Kanmakan, "By Allah, if I could carry thee on my shoulders or share my days with thee, I would do this deed without the steed! For I am of a breed that loveth to do good and to succour those in need; and one kindly action in Almighty Allah's honour averteth seventy calamities from its doer. So make ready to set out and put thy trust in the Subtle, the All-Wise." And he would have lifted him on to the horse and rode forward trusting in Allah, Aider of those who seek aid, but the horse-thief said, "Wait for me awhile." Then he closed his eyes and opening his hands, said, "I testify that there is no god but *the* God, and I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of God!" And he added, "O Glorious One, pardon me my mortal sin, for none can pardon mortal sins save the Immortal!" And he made ready for death and recited these couplets:—

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[1] This is a true and life-like description of horse-stealing in the Desert: Antar and Burckhardt will confirm every word. A noble Arab steed is supposed to fight for his rider and to wake him at night if he see any sign of danger. The owner generally sleeps under the beast which keeps eyes and ears alert till dawn.

I have wronged mankind, and have ranged like wind * O'er the world, and in wine-cups my life has past:
I've swum torrent-course to bear off the horse; * And my guiles high places on plain have cast.
Much I've tried to win and o'er much my sin; * And Katúl of my winnings is most and last:
I had hoped of this steed to gain wish and need, * But vain was the end of this journey vast.
I have stolen through life, and my death in strife * Was doomed by the Lord who doth all forecast;
And I've toiled these toils to their fatal end * For an orphan, a pauper sans kith or friend!

And when he had finished his verses he closed his eyes and opened his mouth; then with a single death-rattling he left this world. Thereupon Kanmakan rose and dug a grave and laid him in the dust; after which he went up to the steed and kissed him and wiped his face and joyed with exceeding joy, saying, "None hath the fellow of this charger; no, not even King Sasan." Such was the case with Kanmakan; but as regards King Sasan, presently news came to him that the Wazir Dandan had thrown off his allegiance, and with him half the army who swore that they would have no King but Kanmakan: and the Minister had bound the troops by a solemn covenant and had gone with them to the Islands of India and to Berber-land and to Black-land;[1] where he had levied armies from far and near, like unto the swollen sea for fear and none could tell the host's van from its rear. And the Minister was resolved to make for Baghdad and take the Kingdom in ward and slay every soul who dare retard, having sworn not to return the sword of war to its sheath, till he had made Kanmakan King. When this news came to Sasan, he was drowned in the sea of appal, knowing that the whole state had turned against him, great and small; and his trouble redoubled and his care became despair. So he opened his treasuries and distributed his monies among his officers; and he prayed for Kanmakan's return, that he might draw his heart to him with fair usage and bounty; and make him commander of those troops which ceased not being faithful to him, so might he quench the sparks ere they became a flame. Now when the news of this reached Kanmakan by the merchants, he returned in haste to Baghdad on the back of the aforesaid steed, and as King Sasan sat perplexed upon his throne he heard of the coming of Kanmakan; whereupon he despatched all the troops and head-men of the city to meet him. So all who were in Baghdad issued forth and met the Prince and escorted him to the palace and kissed the thresholds, whilst the damsels and the eunuchs went in to his mother and gave her the fair tidings of his return. She came to him and kissed him between the eyes, but he said to her, "O mother mine, let me go to my uncle King Sasan who hath overwhelmed me with weal and boon." And while he so did, all the palace-people and head-men marvelled at the beauty of the steed and said, "No King is like unto this man." So Kanmakan went in to King Sasan and saluted him as he rose to receive him; and, kissing his hands and feet, offered him the horse as a present. The King greeted him, saying, "Well come and welcome to my son Kanmakan! By Allah, the world hath been straitened on me by reason of thine absence, but praised be Allah for thy safety!" And Kanmakan called down blessings on him. Then the King looked at the charger Al-Katul and knew him for the very horse he had seen in such and such a year whilst beleaguering the Christians of Constantinople with Kanmakan's sire, Zau al-Makan, that time they slew his uncle Sharrkan. So he said to the Prince, "If thy father could have come by this courser, he would have bought it with a thousand blood horses: but now let the honour return to the honourable. We accept the steed and we give him back to thee as a gift, for to him thou hast more right than any wight, being knightliest of knights." Then King Sasan bade bring forth for him dresses of honour and led horses and appointed to him the chief lodging in the palace, and showed him the utmost affection and honour, because he feared the issue of the Wazir Dandan's doings. At this Kanmakan rejoiced and shame and humiliation ceased from him. Then he went to his house and, going to his mother asked, "O my mother, how is it with the daughter of my aunt?" Answered she, "By Allah, O my son, my concern for thine absence hath distracted me from any other, even from thy beloved; especially as she was the cause of thy strangerhood and thy separation from me." Then he complained to her of his case, saying, "O my mother, go to her and speak with her; haply she will vouchsafe me her sight to see and dispel from me this despondency." Replied his mother, "Idle desires abase men's necks; so put away from thee this thought that can only vex; for I will not wend to her nor go in to her with such message." Now when he heard his mother's words he told her what said the horse-thief concerning Zat al-Dawahi, how the old woman was then in their land purposing to make Baghdad, and added, "It was she who slew my uncle and my grandfather, and needs must I avenge them, that our reproach be wiped out." Then he left her and repaired to an old woman, a wicked, pernicious beldam by name Sa'adánah and complained to her of his case and of what he suffered for love of his cousin Kuzia Fakan and begged her to go to her and win her favour for him. "I hear and I obey," answered the old hag and leaving him betook herself to Kuzia Fakan's palace, that she might intercede with her in his behalf. Then she returned to him and said, "Of a truth Kuzia Fakan saluteth thee and promiseth to visit thee this night about midnight,"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Yaum al-tanádí," *i.e.* Resurrection-day.

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[1] Arab. "Bilád al-Súdán" = the Land of the Blacks, negro-land, whence the slaves came, a word now fatally familiar to English ears. There are, however, two regions of the same name, the Eastern upon the Upper Nile and the Western which contains the Niger-Valley; and each considers itself *the* Sudan. And the reader must not confound the Berber of the Upper Nile, the *Berberino* who acts servant in Lower Egypt, with the Berber of Barbary: the former speaks an African language; the latter a "Semitic" (Arabic) tongue.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the old woman came to Kanmakan and said, "Of a truth the daughter of thine aunt saluteth thee and she will visit thee this night about midnight," he rejoiced and sat down to await the fulfilment of his cousin's promise. But before the hour of night she came to him, wrapped in a veil of black silk, and she went in to him and aroused him from sleep, saying, "How canst thou pretend to love me, when thou art sleeping heart-free and in complete content!" So he awoke and said, "By Allah, O desire of my heart, I slept not but in the hope that thine image might visit my dreams!" Then she chid him with soft words and began versifying in these couplets:—

Hadst thou been leal in love's loyalty * Ne'er haddest suffered sleep to seal those eyne;
O thou who claimest lover-loyalty, * Treading the lover's path of pain and pine!
By Allah, O my cousin, never yet * Did eyes of lover sleep such sleep indign.

Now when he heard his cousin's words, he was abashed before her and rose and excused himself. Then they complained to each other of the anguish of separation; and they ceased not thus till dawn broke and day dispersed itself over the horizon; when she rose and took leave of him and returned to her palace. Now certain of her damsels became aware of her secret, and one of these slave-girls disclosed it to King Sasan, who went into Kuzia Fakan and, drawing his sabre upon her, would have slain her: but her mother Nuzhat al-Zaman entered and said to him, "By Allah, do her no harm, for if thou hurt her, the report will be noised among the folk and thou shalt become a reproach amongst the Kings of the age! Know thou that Kanmakan is a man of honour and nobility, who would not do aught that could shame him, and she was reared with him. So be not hasty; for verily the report is spread abroad, among all the palace-people and all the folk of Baghdad, how the Wazir Dandan hath levied armies from all countries and is on his way hither to make Kanmakan King." Quoth Sasan, "By Allah, needs must I cast him into such calamity that neither earth shall support him nor sky shall shadow him! I did but speak him fair and show him favour because of my lieges and my lords, lest they incline to him; but right soon shalt thou see what shall betide." Then he left her and went out to order the affairs of the realm. Such, then, was the case with King Sasan; but as regards Kanmakan, on the next day he came in to his mother and said, "O my mother! I am resolved to ride forth a-raiding and a-looting: and I will cut the road of caravans and lift horses and flocks, negroes and white slaves and, as soon as I have collected great store and my case is bettered galore, I will demand my cousin Kuzia Fakan in marriage of my uncle Sasan." Replied she, "O my son, of a truth the goods of men are not ready to hand like a scape-camel; for on this side of them are sword-strokes and lance-lungings and men that eat the wild beast and lay countries waste and chase lynxes and hunt lions." Quoth he, "Heaven forefend that I turn back from my resolve, till I have won my will!" Then he despatched the old woman to Kuzia Fakan, to tell her that he was about to set out in quest of a marriage-settlement befitting her, saying to the beldam, "Thou needs must pray her to send me an answer." "I hear and I obey," replied the old woman and going forth, presently returned with Kuzia Fakan's reply, which was, "She will come to thee at midnight." So he abode awake till one half of the night was passed, when restlessness gat hold on him, and before he was aware she came in to him, saying, "My life be thy ransom from wakefulness!" and he sprang up to receive her exclaiming, "O desire of my heart, my life be thy redemption from all ills and evils!" Then he acquainted her with his intent, and she wept: but he said, "Weep not, O daughter of my uncle; for I beseech Him who decreed our separation to vouchsafe us reunion and fair understanding." Then Kanmakan, having fixed a day for departure, went in to his mother and took leave of her, after which came he down from his palace and threw the baldrick of his sword over his shoulder and donned turband and face-veil; and mounting his horse, Al-Katul, and looking like the moon at its full, he threaded the streets of Baghdad, till he reached the city gate. And behold, here he found Sabbah bin Rammah coming out of town; and his comrade seeing him, ran to his stirrup and saluted him. He returned his salutation, and Sabbah asked him, "O my brother, how camest thou by this good steed and this sword and clothes, whilst I up to present time have gotten nothing but my sword and target?" Answered Kanmakan, "The hunter returneth not but with quarry after the measure of his intention. A little after thy departure, fortune came to me: so now say, wilt thou go with me and work thine intent in my company and journey with me in this desert?" Replied Sabbah, "By the Lord of the Ka'abah, from this time forth I will call thee naught but 'my lord!'" Then he ran on before the horse, with his sword hanging from his neck and his budget between his shoulder-blades, and Kanmakan rode a little behind him; and they plunged into the desert, for a space of four days, eating of the gazelles and drinking water of the springs. On

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[1] Arab. "Sáibah," a she-camel freed from labour under certain conditions amongst the pagan Arabs; for which see Sale (Prel. Disc. sect. v.).

the fifth day they drew near a high hill, at whose foot was a spring-encampment[1] and a deep running stream; and the knolls and hollows were filled with camels and cattle and sheep and horses, and little children played about the pens and folds. When Kanmakan saw this, he rejoiced at the sight and his breast was filled with delight; so he addressed himself to fight, that he might take the camels and the cattle, and said to Sabbah, "Come, fall with us upon this loot, whose owners have left it unguarded here, and do we battle for it with near and far, so haply may fall to our lot of goods some share." Replied Sabbah, "O my lord, verily they to whom these herds belong be many in number; and among them are doughty horsemen and fighting footmen; and if we venture lives in this raid we shall fall into danger great and neither of us will return safe from their hate; but we shall both be cut off by fate and leave our cousins desolate." Then Kanmakan laughed and knew that he was a coward; so he left him and rode down the rise, intent on rapine, with loud cries and chanting these couplets:—

Oh a valiant race are the sons of Nu'umán, * Braves whose blades shred heads of the foeman-clan![2]
A tribe who, when tried in the tussle of war, * Taketh prowest stand in the battle-van:
In their tents safe close gaberlunzie's eyne, * Nor his poverty's ugly features scan:
And I for their aidance sue of Him * Who is King of Kings and made soul of man.

Then he rushed upon the camp and drove all before him, sheep and cattle, horses and dromedaries. Therewith the slaves ran at him with their blades so bright and their lances so long; and at their head rode a Turkish horseman who was indeed a stout champion, doughty in fray and in battle chance and skilled to wield the nut-brown lance and the blade with bright glance. He drove at Kanmakan, saying, "Woe to thee! Knewest thou to whom these herds belong thou hadst not done this deed. Know that they are the goods of the band Grecian, the champions of the ocean and the troop Circassian; and this troop containeth none but valiant wights numbering an hundred knights, who have cast off the allegiance of every Sultan. But there hath been stolen from them a noble steed, and they have vowed not to return hence without him." Now when Kanmakan heard these words, he cried out, saying, "O villain, this I bestride is the steed whereof ye speak and after which ye seek, and ye would do battle with me for his sake! So come out against me, all of you at once, and do your dourest for the nonce!" Then he shouted between the ears of Al-Katul who ran at them like a Ghul; whereupon Kanmakan let drive at the Turk[1] and ran him through the body and threw him from his horse and let out his life; after which he turned upon a second and a third and a fourth, and also of life bereft them. When the slaves saw this, they were afraid of him, and he cried out and said to them, "Ho, sons of slaves, drive out the cattle and the stud or I will dye my spear in your blood." So they untethered the beasts and began to drive them out; and Sabbah came down to Kanmakan with loud voicing and hugely rejoicing; when lo! there arose a cloud of dust and grew till it walled the view, and there appeared under it of riders an hundred, like lions an-hungered. Upon this Sabbah took flight, and fled to the hill's topmost height, leaving the assailable site, and enjoyed sight of the fight, saying, "I am no warrior; but in sport and jest I delight."[2] Then the hundred cavaliers made towards Kanmakan and surrounded him on all sides, and one of them accosted him, saying, "Whither goest thou with this loot?" Quoth he, "I have made it my prize and am carrying it away; and I forbid you from it, or come on to the combat, for know ye that he who is before you is a terrible lion and an honourable champion, and a sword that cutteth wherever it turneth!" When the horseman heard these words, he looked at

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[1] Arab. "Marba'." In early spring the Badawi tribes leave the Rasm or wintering-place (the Turco-Persian "Kishlák") in the desert, where winter-rains supply them, and make for the Yaylák, or summer-quarters, where they find grass and water. Thus the great Ruwala tribe appears regularly every year on the eastern slopes of the Anti-Libanus (Unexplored Syria, i. 117), and hence the frequent "partings."

[2] This "renowning it" and boasting of one's tribe (and oneself) before battle is as natural as the war-cry: both are intended to frighten the foe and have often succeeded. Every classical reader knows that the former practice dates from the earliest ages. It is still customary in Arabia during the furious tribal fights, the duello on a magnificent scale, which often ends in half the combatants on either side being placed hors de combat. A fair specimen of "renowning it" is Amrú's Suspended Poem with its extravagant panegyric of the Taghlab tribe (p. 64, "Arabian Poetry for English Readers," etc., by W. A. Clouston, Glasgow: privately printed MDCCCLXXXI.; and transcribed from Sir William Jones's translation).

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[1] The "Turk" appeared soon amongst the Abbaside Caliphs. Mohammed was made to prophecy of them under the title Banú Kantúrah, the latter being a slave-girl of Abraham. The Imam Al-Shafi'i (A.H. 195=A.D. 810) is said to have foretold their rule in Egypt where an Ottoman defended him against a donkey-boy. (For details see Pilgrimage i. 216.) The Caliph Al-Mu'atasim bi'llah (A.D. 833-842) had more than 10,000 Turkish slaves and was the first to entrust them with high office. His successor Al-Wásik (Vathek, of the terrible eyes) was the first to appoint a Turk his Sultan or regent. After his reign they became prætorians and led to the downfall of the Abbasides.

[2] The Persian saying is "First at the feast and last at the fray."

Kanmakan and saw that he was a knight like a mane-clad lion in might, whilst his face was as the full moon rising on its fourteenth night, and valour shone from between his eyes. Now that horseman was the captain of the hundred horse, and his name was Kahrdash; and when he saw in Kanmakan the perfection of cavalarice with surpassing gifts of comeliness, his beauty reminded him of a beautiful lady whose name was Fátin. Now she was one of the fairest of women in face, for Allah had given her charms and grace and noble qualities of all kinds, such as tongue faileth to explain and which ravish the hearts of men. Moreover, the cavaliers of the tribe feared her prowess and all the champions of that land stood in awe of her high spirit; and she had sworn that she would not marry anyone except he should conquer her in combat (Kahrdash being one of her suitors); and she said to her father, " None shall approach me, save he be able to deal me overthrow in the field and stead of war-thrust and blow." Now when this news reached Kahrdash, he scorned to fight with a girl, fearing reproach; and one of his intimates said to him, "Thou art complete in all conditions of beauty and goodliness; so if thou contend with her, even though she be stronger than thou, thou must needs overcome her; for when she seeth thy beauty and grace, she will be discomfited before thee and yield thee the victory." Nevertheless Kahrdash refused and would not contend with her, and he ceased not to abstain from her thus, till he met from Kanmakan that which hath been set down. Now he took the Prince for his beloved Fatin and was afraid; albeit indeed she loved him for what she had heard of his beauty and valour; so he went up to him and said, "Woe to thee,[1] O Fatin! Thou comest here to show me thy prowess; but now alight from thy steed, that I may talk with thee, for I have lifted these cattle and have foiled my friends and waylaid many a brave and man of knightly race, all for the sake of thy beauty of form and face, which are without peer. So marry me now, that King's daughters may serve thee and thou shalt become Queen of these countries." When Kanmakan heard these words, the fires of wrath flamed up in him and he cried out, " Leave Fatin and thy trust and mistrust, and come to cut and thrust, for eftsoon thou shalt lie in the dust;" and so saying, he began to wheel about him and assail him and feel the way to prevail. But when Kahrdash observed him closely he knew him for a doughty knight and a stalwart in fight; and the error of his thought became manifest to him, whenas he saw the green down on his cheeks dispread like myrtles springing from the heart of a rose bright-red. And he feared his onslaught and quoth he to those with him, "Woe to you! Let one of you charge down upon him and show him the keen sword and the quivering spear; for know that when many do battle with one man it is foul shame, even though he be a kemperly wight and an invincible knight." Upon this, there ran at Kanmakan a horseman like a lion in fight, mounted on a black horse with hoofs snow-white and a star on his forehead, the bigness of a dirham, astounding wit and sight, as he were Abjar, which was Antar's destrier, even as saith of him the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Wayl-ak," here probably used in the sense of "Wayh-ak," an expression of affectionate concern.

The courser chargeth on battling foe, * Mixing heaven on high with the earth down low:[1]
As though the Morning had blazed his brow, * And he rends her vitals as quid pro quo.

He rushed upon Kanmakan, and they wheeled about awhile, giving blows and taking blows such as confound the sprite and dim the sight; but Kanmakan was the first to smite the foe a swashing blow, that rove through turband and iron skull-cap and reached his head, and he fell from his steed with the fall of a camel when he rolleth over. Then a second came out to him and offered battle, and in like guise a third, a fourth and a fifth, and he did with them all as he had done with the first. Thereupon the rest at once rushed upon him, for indeed they were roused by rage and wild with wrath; but it was not long before he had pierced them all with the point of his spear. When Kahrdash saw these feats of arms, he feared death; for he knew that the youth was stoutest of heart and concluded that he was unique among knights and braves; and he said to Kanmakan, "I waive my claim to thy blood and I pardon thee the blood of my comrades; so take what thou wilt of the cattle and wend thy ways, for thy firmness in fight moveth my ruth, and life is better for thee than death." Replied Kanmakan, "Thou lackest not of the generosity of the noble! but leave this talk and run for thy life and reck not of blame nor think to get back the booty; but take the straight path for thine own safety." Thereupon Kahrdash waxed exceeding wroth, and rage moved him to the cause of his death; so he said to Kanmakan, "Woe to thee, an thou knew who I be, thou wouldst not wield these words in the open field. I am the lion to bash known as Kahrdash, he who spoileth great Kings and waylayeth all travellings and seizeth the merchants' preciousest things. And the steed under thee is that I am seeking; and I call upon thee to tell me how thou camest by him and hast him in thy keeping." Replied Kanmakan, "Know thou that this steed was being carried to my uncle King Sasan, under the escort of an ancient dame high in rank attended by ten slaves, when thou fellest upon her and tookest the horse from her; and I have a debt of blood against this old woman for the sake of my grandfather King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and my uncle King Sharrkan." "Woe to thee!" quoth Kahrdash, "who is thy father?" Quoth he, "Know that I am Kanmakan, bin Zau al-Makan, son of Omar bin al-Nu'uman." But when Kahrdash heard this address he said, "Thy perfection cannot be denied, nor yet the union in thee of knightly virtue and bearing," and he added, "Go in peace, for thy father showed us favour." Rejoined Kanmakan, "By Allah, I will not deign to honour thee, O wretch I disdain, so far as to overcome thee in battle-plain!" Upon this the Badawi waxed wroth and they drove at each other, shouting aloud, whilst their horses pricked their ears and raised their tails.[1] And they ceased not clashing together with such a crash that it seemed to each as if the firmament were split in sunder, and they continued to strive like two rams which butt, smiting and exchanging with their spears thrust and cut. Presently Kahrdash thrust at Kanmakan; but he evaded it and rejoined upon him and so pierced him through the breast that the spearhead issued from his back. Then he collected the horses and the plunder, and he cried out to the slaves, saying, "Up and be driving as hard as ye may!" Hearing this, down came Sabbah and, accosting Kanmakan, said to him, "Right well hast thou done, O Knight of the age! Verily I prayed Allah for thee and the Lord heard my prayer." Then he cut off Kahrdash's head and Kanmakan laughed and said, "Woe to thee, O Sabbah! I thought thee a rider fain of fight." Quoth the Badawi, "Forget not thy slave in the division of the spoil, so haply therewith I may marry my cousin Najmah." Answered Kanmakan, "Thou shalt assuredly share in it, but now keep watch over the booty and the slaves." Then he set out for his home and he ceased not journeying night and day till he drew near Baghdad city, and all the troops heard of Kanmakan, and saw what was his of loot and cattle and the horse-thief's head on the point of Sabbah's spear. Also (for he was a noted highwayman) the merchants knew Kahrdash's head and rejoiced, saying, "Allah hath rid mankind of him!" and they marvelled at his being slain and blessed his slayer. Thereupon all the people of Baghdad came to Kanmakan, seeking to know what adventures had befallen him, and he told them what had passed, whereupon all men were taken with awe of him and the Knights and champions feared him. Then he drove his spoil under the palace walls; and, planting the spear-heel, on whose point was Kahrdash's head, over against the royal gate, gave largesse to the people of Baghdad, distributing horses and camels, so that all loved him and their hearts inclined to him. Presently he took Sabbah and lodged him in a spacious dwelling and gave him a share of the loot; after which he went in to his mother and told her all that had befallen him in his last journey. Meanwhile the news of him reached the King, who rose from his levée and, shutting himself up with his chief officers, said to them, "Know ye that I desire to reveal to you my secret and acquaint you with the hidden facts of my case. And further know that Kanmakan will be the cause of our being uprooted from this kingdom, our birth-place; for he hath slain Kahrdash, albeit he had with him the tribes of the Kurds and the Turks, and our affair with him will end in our destruction, seeing that the most part of our troops are his kinsmen and ye weet what the Wazir Dandan hath done; how he disowneth me, after all I have shown him of favours: and after being true he hath turned traitor. Indeed it hath reached me that he hath levied an army in the provinces and hath planned to make Kanmakan Sultan, for that the Sultanate was his father's and his grandfather's; and assuredly he will slay me without mercy." Now when the Lords of the Realm heard from him these words, they replied, "O King, verily this man[1] is unequal to this, and did we not know him to have been reared by thee, not one of us would approve him. And know thou that we are at thy commandment; if thou desire his death, we will kill him; and if thou wilt remove him, we will remove him." Now when King Sasan heard this, he said, "Verily, to slay him were wise; but needs must ye swear an oath to it." So all sware to slay Kanmakan without giving him a chance; to the end that, when the Wazir Dandan should come and hear of his death, his force might be weakened and he fail of his design. When they had made this compact and covenant with him, the King honoured them with the highest honours and presently retired to his own apartments. But the officers deserted him and the troops refused their service and would neither mount nor dismount until they should espy what might befal, for they saw that most of the army was with the Wazir Dandan. Presently, the news of these things came to Kuzia Fakan and caused her much concern; so that she sent for the old woman who was wont to carry messages between her and her cousin, and when she came, bade her go to him and warn him of the plot. Whereto he replied, "Bear my salutation to the daughter of my uncle and say to her:—Verily the earth is of Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty!), and He giveth it as heritage to whomsoever of His servants He willeth. How excellent is the saying of the sayer:—

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[1] Firdausi, the Homer of Persia, affects the same magnificent exaggeration. The trampling of men and horses raises such a dust that it takes one layer (of the seven) from earth and adds it to the (seven of the) Heavens. The "blaze" on the stallion's forehead (Arab. "Ghurrah") is the white gleam of the morning.

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[1] A noted sign of excitement in the Arab blood-horse.

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[1] *i.e.* Prince Kanmakan.

Allah holds Kingship! Whoso seeks without Him victory * Shall be cast out, with soul condemned to Hell of low degree:
Had I or any other man a finger-breadth of land, * The rule were changed and men a twain of partner-gods would see."

Then the old woman returned to Kuzia Fakan and told her his reply and acquainted her that he abode in the city. Meanwhile, King Sasan awaited his riding forth from Baghdad, that he might send after him some who would slay him; till it befel one morning that Kanmakan went out to course and chase, accompanied by Sabbah, who would not leave him night or day. He caught ten gazelles and among them one that had tender black eyes and turned right and left: so he let her go and Sabbah said to him, "Why didst thou free this gazelle?" Kanmakan laughed and set the others free also, saying, "It is only humane to release gazelles that have young, and this one turned not from side to side, save to look for her fawns: so I let her go and released the others in her honour." Quoth Sabbah, "Do thou release me, that I may go to my people." At this Kanmakan laughed and smote him with the spear-butt on the breast and he fell to the ground squirming like a snake. Whilst they were thus doing, behold, they saw a dust cloud spireing high and heard the tramp of horses; and presently there appeared under it a plump of knights and braves. Now the cause of their coming was this. Some of his followers had acquainted King Sasan with Kanmakan's going out to the chase; so he sent for an Emir of the Daylamites, called Jámi' and twenty of his horsemen; and gave them money and bade them slay Kanmakan. So when they drew near the Prince, they charged down upon him and he met them in mid-charge and killed them all, to the last man. And behold, King Sasan took horse and riding out to meet his people, found them all slain, whereat he wondered and turned back; when lo! the people of the city laid hands on him and bound him straitly. As for Kanmakan, after that adventure he left the place behind him and rode onward with Sabbah the Badawi. And the while he went, lo! he saw a youth sitting at the door of a house on his road and saluted him. The youth returned his greeting and, going into the house, brought out two platters, one full of soured milk and the other of brewis swimming in clarified butter; and he set the platter before King Kanmakan, saying, "Favour us by eating of our victual." But he refused and quoth the young man to him, "What aileth thee, O man, that thou wilt not eat?" Quoth Kanmakan, "I have a vow upon me." The youth asked, "What is the cause of thy vow?" and Kanmakan answered, "Know that King Sasan seized upon my kingdom like a tyrant and an enemy, although it was my father's and my grandfather's before me; yet he became master of it by force after my father's death and took no count of me, by reason of my tender years. So I have bound myself by a vow to eat no man's victual, till I have eased my heart of my foe." Rejoined the youth, "Rejoice, for Allah hath fulfilled thy vow. Know that he hath been prisoned in a certain place and methinks he will soon die." Asked Kanmakan, "In what house is he confined?" "Under yon high dome," answered the other. The Prince looked and saw the folk entering and buffeting Sasan, who was suffering the agonies of the dying. So he arose and went up to the pavilion and noted what was therein; after which he returned to his place and, sitting down to the proffered victual, ate what sufficed him and put the rest in his wallet. Then he took seat in his own place and ceased not sitting till it was dark night and the youth, whose guest he was slept; when he rose and repaired to the pavilion wherein Sasan was confined. Now about it were dogs guarding it, and one of them sprang at him; so he took out of his budget a bit of meat and threw it to him. He ceased not casting flesh to the dogs till he came to the pavilion and, making his way to where King Sasan was, laid his hand upon his head; whereupon he said in a loud voice, "Who art thou?" He replied, "I am Kanmakan whom thou stravest to kill; but Allah made thee fall into thine evil device. Did it not suffice thee to take my kingdom and the kingdom of my father, but thou must purpose to slay me?"[1] And Sasan swore a false oath that he had not plotted his death and that the bruit was untrue. So Kanmakan forgave him and said to him, "Follow me." Quoth he, "I cannot walk a single step for weakness." Quoth Kanmakan, "If the case be thus we will get us two horses and ride forth, I and thou, and seek the open." So he did as he said, and he took horse with Sasan and rode till day-break, when they prayed the dawn-prayer and fared on, and ceased not riding till they came to a garden, where they sat down and talked. Then Kanmakan rose to Sasan and said, "Is aught left to set thy heart against me?" "No, by Allah!" replied Sasan. So they agreed to return to Baghdad and Sabbah the Badawi said, "I will go before you, to give folk the fair tidings of your coming." Then he rode on in advance, acquainting women and men with the good news; so all the people came out to meet Kanmakan with tabrets and pipes; and Kuzia Fakan also came out, like the full moon shining in all her splendour of light through the thick darkness of the night. There was no talk among the people of the time but of Kanmakan; for the Knights bore witness of him that he was the most valiant of the folk of the age and said, "It is not right that other than Kanmakan should be our Sultan; but the throne of his grandfather shall revert to him as it began." Meanwhile Sasan went in to his wife, Nuzhat al-Zaman, who said to him, "I hear that the folk talk of nothing but Kanmakan and attribute to him such qualities as tongue never can." He replied, "Hearing of a man is not like seeing a man. I have seen him, but have noted in him none of the attributes of perfection. Not all that is heard is said; but folk ape one another in extolling and cherishing him, and Allah maketh his praises to run on the lips of men, so that there incline to him the hearts of the people of Baghdad and of the Wazir Dandan, that perfidious and treacherous man; who hath levied troops from all lands and taketh to himself the right of naming a King of the country; and who choseth that it shall be under the hand of an orphan ruler whose worth is naught." Asked Nuzhat al-Zaman, "What then is it that thou purposest to do?" and the King answered, "I mean to kill him, that the Wazir may be baulked of his intent and return to his allegiance, seeing nothing for it but my service." Quoth she, "In good sooth perfidy with strangers is a foul thing and how much more with kith and kin! The righteous deed to do would be to marry him to thy daughter Kuzia Fakan and give heed to what was said of old time:—

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[1] The "quality of mercy" belongs to the noble Arab, wheras the ignoble and the Badawin are rancorous and revengeful as camels.

An Fate some person 'stablish o'er thy head, * And thou being worthier her choice upbraid,
Yet do him honour due to his estate; * He'll bring thee weal though far or near thou vade:
Nor speak thy thought of him, else shalt thou be * Of those who self degrade from honour's grade;
Many Haríms are lovelier than the Bride; * But Time and Fortune lent the Bride their aid."

When Sasan heard these her words and comprehended what her verse intended, he rose from her in anger and said, "Were it not that thy death would bring on me dishonour and disgrace, I would take off thy head with my blade and make an end of thy breath." Quoth she, "Why art thou wroth with me? I did but jest with thee." Then she rose to him and kissed his head and hands, saying, "Right is thy foresight, and I and thou will cast about for some means to kill him forthright." When he heard this, he was glad and said, "Make haste and contrive some deceit to relieve me of my grieving; for in my sooth the door of device is straitened upon me!" Replied she, "At once I will devise for thee to do away his life." "How so?" asked he; and she answered, "By means of our female slave, the so-called Bákún." Now this Bakun was past mistress in all kinds of knavery and was one of the most pestilent of old women, in whose religion to abstain from wickedness was not lawful; she had brought up Kuzia Fakan and Kanmakan who had in her so great affection that he used to sleep at her feet. So when King Sasan heard his wife name her, he said, "Right is this recking;" and, sending for the old woman, told her what had passed and bade her cast about to kill Kanmakan, promising her all good. Replied she, "Thy bidding shall be obeyed; but I would have thee, O my lord, give me a dagger[1] which hath been tempered in water of death, that I may despatch him the speedilier for thee." Quoth Sasan, "And welcome to thee!" and gave her a hanger that would devance man's destiny. Now this slave woman had heard stories and verses and had learned by rote great store of strange sayings and anecdotes: so she took the dagger and went out of the room, considering how she could compass his doom. Then she repaired to Kanmakan, who was sitting and awaiting news of tryst with the daughter of his uncle, Kuzia Fakan; so that night his thought was taken up with her and love for her raged in his heart. And while he was thus, behold, the slave-woman, Bakun, went in to him and said, "Union time is at hand and the days of disunion are over and gone." Now when he heard this he asked, "How is it with Kuzia Fakan?" and Bakun answered, "Know that her time is wholly taken up with love of thee." At this he rose and doffing his outer clothes put them on her and promised her all good. Then said she, "Know that I mean to pass this night with thee, that I may tell thee what talk I have heard and console thee with stories of many passiondistraughts whom love hath made sick." "Nay," quoth he, "rather tell me a tale that will gladden my heart and make my cares depart." "With joy and good will," answered she. Then she took seat by his side (and that poniard under her dress) and told him merry tales, and he laughed till he fell backward and said to Bakun, "O my nurse, these are indeed rare stories and delectable; I never heard the like of them. Say me! hast more?" "Yes," replied she, and she ceased not to tell him merry adventures and laughable absurdities, till sleep overcame him. Then she sat by his head till the most part of the night was past, when she said to herself, "It is time to profit by the occasion." So she sprang to her feet and unsheathed the hanger and rushing up to Kanmakan, was about to cut his throat when behold, his mother came in upon the twain. As soon as Bakun saw her, she rose in respect and advanced to meet her, and fear gat hold of her and she fell a-trembling, as if she had the ague. When his mother looked at her she marvelled to see her thus and aroused her son, who awoke and found her sitting at his head. Now the cause of her coming was that Kuzia Fakan overheard the conversation and the concert to kill Kanmakan, and she said to his mother, "O wife of my uncle, go to thy son, ere that wicked wretch Bakun murther him;" and she told her what had passed from first to last. So she went forth at once, and she thought of naught and stayed not for aught till she went in to her son at the very moment when Bakun was about to slay him in his sleep. When he awoke, he said to his mother, "O my mother, indeed thou comest at a good time, for nurse Bakun hath been with me this night." Then he turned to Bakun and asked her, "By my life! knowest thou any story better than those thou hast told me?" She answered, "And where is what I have told thee compared with what I will tell thee? but however better it be, it must be told at another time." Then she rose to depart, hardly believing in her escape, albeit he said, "Go in peace!" for she perceived by her cunning that his mother knew what had occurred. So she went her way; whereupon his mother said to him, "O my son, blessed be this night, for that Almighty Allah hath delivered thee from this wicked woman." "And how so?" enquired he, and she told him the story from beginning to end. Quoth he, "O my mother, of a truth the live man findeth no slayer, and though slain he shall not die; but now 'twere wiser that we depart from amongst these enemies and let Allah work what He will." So, when day dawned he left the city and joined the Wazir Dandan, and after his departure, certain things befel between King Sasan and Nuzhat al-Zaman, which compelled her also to quit the city and join herself to them; and presently they were met by all the high officers of King Sasan who inclined to their party. Then they sat in counsel together devising what they should do, and at last all agreed upon a raid into the land of Roum there to take their revenge for the death of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and his son Sharrkan. So they set out with this intent and, after sundry adventures (which it were tedious to tell as will appear from what follows), they fell into the hands of Rúmzán, King of the Greeks. Next morning, King Rumzan caused Kanmakan and the Wazir Dandan and their company to be brought before him and, when they came, he seated them at his side, and bade spread the tables of food. So they ate and drank and took heart of grace, after having made sure of death, when they were summoned to the King's presence; and they had said to one another, "He hath not sent for us but to slay us." And when they were comforted the King said, "In truth I have had a dream, which I related to my ministers, and they said, "None can expound it to thee save the Wazir Dandan." Quoth the Wazir, "Weal was it thou didst see in thy dream, O King of the age?" Quoth the King, "O Wazir, I dreamt that I was in a pit which seemed a black well where multitudes were tormenting me; and I would have risen, but when springing up I fell on my feet and could not get out of that same pit. Then I turned and saw therein a girdle of gold and I stretched out my hand to take it; but when I raised it from the ground, I saw it was two girdles. So I girt my middle with them both and behold, the girdles became one girdle; and this, O Wazir, is my dream and what I saw when my sleep was deepest." Said Dandan, "O our Lord the Sultan! know that this thy dream denoteth thou hast a brother or a brother's son or an uncle's son or other near kinsman of thy flesh and blood whom thou knowest not; withal he is of the noblest of you all." Now when the King heard these words he looked at Kanmakan and Nuzhat al-Zaman and Kuzia Fakan and the Wazir Dandan and the rest of the captives and said to himself, "If I smite these people's necks, their troops will lose heart for the destruction of their chiefs and I shall be able to return speedily to my realm, lest the Kingship pass out of my hands." So having determined upon this he called the Sworder and bade him strike off Kanmakan's head upon the spot and forthright, when lo! up came Rumzan's nurse and said to him, "O auspicious King, what purposest thou?" Quoth he, "I purpose slaughtering these prisoners who are in my power; and after that I will throw their heads among their men: then will I fall upon them, I and all my army in one body, and kill all we can kill and rout the rest: so will this be the decisive action of the war and I shall return speedily to my kingdom ere aught of accident befal among my subjects." When the nurse heard these words, she came up to him and said in the Frankish tongue, "How canst thou prevail upon thyself to slay thine own brother's son and thy sister and thy sister's daughter?" When he heard this language, he was wroth with exceeding wrath and said to her, "O accursed woman, didst thou not tell me that my mother was murthered and that my father died by poison? Didst thou not give me a jewel and say to me:—In very sooth this jewel was thy sire's? Why didst thou not tell me the truth?" Replied she, "All that I told thee is true, but my case and thy case are wondrous and my history and thy history are marvellous. My name is Marjanah and thy mother's name was Abrizah: and she was gifted with such beauty and loveliness and valour that proverbs were made of her, and her prowess was renowned among men of war. And thy father was King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, Lord of Baghdad and Khorasan, without doubt or double dealing or denial. He sent his son Sharrkan on a raid in company with this very Wazir Dandan; and they did all that men can. But Sharrkan, thy brother, who had preceded the force, separated himself from the troops and fell in with thy mother Queen Abrizah in her palace; and we happened to have sought a place apart in order to wrestle, she and I and her other damsels. He came upon us by chance while we were in such case, and wrestled with thy mother, who overcame him by the power of her splendid beauty and by her prowess. Then she entertained him five days in her palace, till the news of this came to her father, by the old woman Shawahi, surnamed Zat al-Dawahi, whereupon she embraced Al-Islam at the hands of Sharrkan, and he took her and carried her by stealth to Baghdad, and with her myself and Rayhánah and twenty other damsels, all of us having, like her, followed the True Faith. When we came into the presence of thy father, the King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, and he saw thy mother, Queen Abrizah, he fell in love with her and married her and she bare a child and thou wast that child. Now thy mother had three jewels which she presented to thy father; and he gave one of them to his daughter Nuzhat al-Zaman, another to thy brother Zau al-Makan and the third to thy brother Sharrkan. This last thy mother took from Sharrkan and kept it for thee. But in time she yearned after her own people and disclosed to me her secret; so I went to a black slave called Al-Ghazban; and, privily telling him our case, bribed him to go with us. Accordingly the negro took us and fled the city with us, thy mother being near her time. But as we approached a desert place on the borders of our own country the slave proved himself a villain and menaced her with death, whereupon she cried out at him with a loud cry, and was sore affrighted at him. At that moment there arose, in the direction of our country, a dust-cloud which towered and flew till it walled the view. Thereupon the slave feared for his life; so he smote Queen Abrizah with his sword and slew her in his fury; then mounting his horse he went his way. Soon after his going, the dust lifted and discovered thy grandfather, King Hardub, Lord of Græcia-land, who, seeing thy mother (and his daughter) lying slain on the plain, was sorely troubled with a distress that redoubled, and questioned me of the manner of her death and the cause of her secretly quitting her father's realm. So I told him all that had passed, first and last; and this is the cause of the feud between the people of the land of the Greeks and the people of the city of Baghdad. Then we bore off thy murthered mother and buried her; and I took thee and reared thee, and hung about thy neck the jewel which was with Queen Abrizah. But, when being grown up thou camest to man's estate, I dared not acquaint thee with the truth of the matter, lest such information stir up a war of blood-revenge between you. Moreover, thy grandfather had enjoined me to secrecy, and I could not gainsay the commandment of thy mother's father, Hardub, King of the Greeks. This, then, is the cause of my concealment and the reason why I forbore to inform thee that thy father was King Omar bin al-Nu'uman; but when thou camest to the throne, I told thee what thou knowest; and I durst not reveal to thee the rest till this moment, O King of the Age! So now I have discovered to thee my secret and my proof, and I have acquainted thee with all I know; and thou reckest best what is in thy mind." Now all the captives had heard the slave-woman Marjanah, nurse to King Rumzan, speaking as she spake; when Nuzhat al-Zaman, without stay or delay, cried out, saying, "This King Rumzan is my brother by my father, King Omar bin al-Nu'uman, and his mother was Queen Abrizah, daughter of King Hardub, Lord of the Greeks; and I know this slave-woman Marjanah right well." With this, trouble and perplexity got hold upon Rumzan and he caused Nuzhat al-Zaman to be brought up to him forthright. When he looked upon her, blood yearned to blood and he questioned her of his history. She told him the tale and her story tallied with that of Marjanah, his nurse; whereupon the King was assured that he was, indeed and without a doubt, of the people of Al-Irak; and that King Omar bin al-Nu'uman was his father. So without losing time he caused his sister to be unpinioned, and Nuzhat al-Zaman came up to him and kissed his hands, whilst her eyes ran over with tears. The King wept also to see her weeping, and brotherly love possessed him and his heart yearned to his brother's son Sultan Kanmakan. So he sprang to his feet and, taking the sword from the Sworder's hands (whereat the captives made sure of death), he caused them to be set close to him and he cut their bonds with the blade and said to his nurse Marjanah, "Explain the matter to this company, even as thou hast explained it to me." Replied she, "O King, know that this Shaykh is the Wazir Dandan and he is the best of witnesses to my story, seeing that he knoweth the facts of the case." Then she turned to the captives and repeated the whole story to them on the spot and forthright, and in presence of the Kings of the Greeks and the Kings of the Franks; whereupon Queen Nuzhat al-Zaman and the Wazir Dandan and all who were prisoners with them confirmed her words. When Marjanah, the bond-woman, had finished, chancing to look at Sultan Kanmakan she saw on his neck the third jewel, fellow to the two which were with Queen Abrizah; and, recognising it, she cried so loud a cry, that the palace re-echoed it and said to the King, "O my son, know that now my certainty is still more assured, for this jewel that is about the neck of yonder captive is the fellow to that I hung to thy neck; and, these being the two, this captive is indeed thy brother's son, Kanmakan." Then the slave-woman Marjanah turned to Kanmakan and said to him, "Let me see that jewel, O King of the Age!" so he took it from his neck and handed it to her. Then she asked Nuzhat al-Zaman of the third jewel and she gave it to her; and when the two were in her hand she delivered them to King Rumzan, and the truth and proof were made manifest to him; and he was assured that he was indeed Sultan Kanmakan's uncle and that his father was King Omar bin al-Nu'uman. So he rose at once and on the spot and, going up to the Wazir Dandan, threw his arms round his neck; then he embraced King Kanmakan and the twain cried a loud cry for excess of joy. The glad news was blazed abroad without delay; and they beat the tabrets and cymbals, whilst the shawms sounded and the people held high festival. The armies of Al-Irak and Syria heard the clamour of rejoicing among the Greeks; so they mounted to the last man, and King Zibl Khan also took horse, saying to himself, "Would I knew what can be the cause of this clamour and rejoicing in the army of the Franks and the Greeks!" Then the army of Al-Irak arrayed itself for fight and advanced into the plain and place of cut and thrust. Presently

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[1] Arab. "Khanjar," the poison was let into the grooves and hollows of the poniard.

King Rumzan turned him round and saw the army deployed and in preparing for battle employed, so he asked the cause thereof and was told the state of the case. Thereupon he bade his niece and brother's daughter, Kuzia Fakan, return at once and forthright to the troops of Syria and Al-Irak and acquaint them with the chance that had betided and how it was come to light that King Rumzan was uncle to Sultan Kanmakan. She set out, putting away from her sorrows and troubles and, coming to King Zibl Khan, saluted him and told him all that had passed of the good accord, and how King Rumzan had proved to be her uncle and uncle of Kanmakan. And when she went in to him she found him tearful-eyed, in fear for the captive Emirs and Princes; but when he heard what had passed, from first to last, the Moslem's sadness was abated and they joyed with the more gladness. Then King Zibl Khan and all his officers and his retinue took horse and followed Princess Kuzia Fakan till they reached the pavilion of King Rumzan; and when entering they found him sitting with his nephew, Sultan Kanmakan. Now he had taken counsel with the Wazir Dandan concerning King Zibl Khan and had agreed to commit to his charge the city of Damascus of Sham and leave him King over it as he before had been while they themselves entered Al-Irak. Accordingly, they confirmed him in the vice-royalty of Damascus of Syria, and bade him set out at once for his government; so he set forth with his troops and they rode with him a part of the way to bid him farewell. Then they returned to their own places, whereupon the two armies foregathered and gave orders for the march upon Al-Irak; but the Kings said one to other, "Our hearts will never be at rest nor our wrath cease to rage till we have taken our wreak of the old woman Shawahi, surnamed Zat al-Dawahi, and wiped away our shame and blot upon our honour." Thereupon King Rumzan and his nephew set out, surrounded by their Nobles and Grandees; and indeed Kanmakan rejoiced in his uncle, King Rumzan, and called down blessings on nurse Marjanah who had made them known to each other. They rode on and ceased not faring till they drew near their home, Baghdad; and when the Chief Chamberlain, Sasan, heard of their approach, he came out to meet them and kissed the hand of King Rumzan who bestowed on him a dress of honour. Then the King of Roum sat down on the throne and seated by his side his nephew Sultan Kanmakan, who said to him, "O my uncle, this kingdom befitteth none but thee." Replied Rumzan, "Allah be my refuge and the Lord forbid that I should supplant thee in thy realm!" Upon this the Wazir Dandan counselled them to share the throne between the two, ruling each one day in turn; and with this they were well satisfied.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the two Kings agreed each to rule one day in turn: then made they feasts and offered sacrifices of clean beasts and held high festival; and they abode thus a while, whilst Sultan Kanmakan spent his days with his cousin Kuzia Fakan. And after that period, as the two Kings sat rejoicing in their condition and in the happy ending of their troubles, behold they saw a cloud of dust arise and tower till it walled the world from their eyes. And out of it came a merchant shrieking and crying aloud for succour and saying, "O Kings of the Age! how cometh it that I tarried safely in the land of the Infidels and I am plundered in your realm though it be the biding-place of justice[1] and peace?" Then King Rumzan went up to him and questioned him of his case and he replied, "I am a merchant and, like other merchants, I have been long absent from my native land, travelling in far countries for some twenty years; and I have a patent of exemption from the city of Damascus which the Viceroy, King Sharrkan (who hath found mercy) wrote me, for the cause that I had made him gift of a slave-girl. Now as I was drawing near my home, having with me an hundred loads of rarities of Hind, when I brought them near Baghdad, which be the seat of your sovereignty and the place of your peace and your justice, out there came upon me wild Arabs and Kurds[2] in band gathered together from every land; and they slew my many and they robbed my money and this is what they have done me." Then the trader wept in presence of King Rumzan, saying that he was an old man and infirm; and he bemoaned himself till the King felt for him and had compassion on him; and likewise did King Kanmakan and they swore that they would sally forth upon the thieves. So they set out amid an hundred horse, each reckoned worth thousands of men, and the merchant went before them to guide them in the right way; and they ceased not riding on all that day and the livelong night till dawnbreak, when they came to a valley abounding in rills and shady with trees. Here they found the robbers dispersed about the valley, having divided that merchant's bales among them; but there was yet some of the goods left. So the hundred horsemen fell upon them and surrounded them on all sides, and King Rumzan shouted his war cry, and thus also did his nephew Kanmakan, and ere long they made prize of them all, to the number of near three hundred horsemen, banded together of the refuse of rascality.[1] They took what they could find of the merchant's goods and, binding them tightly, brought them to Baghdad, where King Rumzan and his nephew, King Kanmakan, sat down together on one throne and, passing the prisoners in review before them, questioned them of their case and their chiefs. They said, "We have no chiefs but these three men and it was they who gathered us together from all corners and countries." The Kings said to them, "Point out to us your head men!" and, when this was done, they bade lay hands on the leaders and set their comrades free after taking from them all the goods in their possession and restoring them to the merchant, who examined his stuffs and monies and found that a fourth of his stock was missing. The Kings engaged to make good the whole of his loss, whereupon the trader pulled out two letters, one in the handwriting of Sharrkan, and the other in that of Nuzhat al-Zaman; for this was the very merchant who had bought Nuzhat al-Zaman of the Badawi, and had forwarded her to her brother Sharrkan; and that happened between them which happened. Hereupon King Kanmakan examined the letters and recognised the handwriting of his uncle Sharrkan, and, having heard the history of his aunt, Nuzhat al-Zaman, he went in to her with the second letter written by her to the merchant who had lost through her his monies; Kanmakan also told her what had befallen the trader from first to last. She knew her own handwriting and, recognising the merchant, despatched to him guest-gifts and commended him to her brother and nephew, who ordered him largesse of money and black slaves and pages to wait on him; besides which Nuzhat al-Zaman sent him an hundred thousand dirhams in cash and fifty loads of merchandise and presented to him other rich presents. Then she sent for him and when he came, she went up to him and saluted him and told him that she was the daughter of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and that her brother was King Rumzan and that King Kanmakan was her nephew. Thereupon the merchant rejoiced with great joy, and congratulated her on her safety and on her re-union with her brother, and kissed her hands thanking her for her bounty; and said to her, "By Allah, a good deed is not lost upon thee!" Then she withdrew to her own apartment and the trader sojourned with them three days, after which he took leave of them and set out on his return march to the land of Syria. Thereupon the two Kings sent for the three robber-chiefs who were of the highwaymen, and questioned them of their case, when one of them came forward and said, "Know ye that I am a Badawi who am wont to lie in wait by the way, to snatch small children and girls and sell them to merchants; and this I did for many a year until these latter days, when Satan incited me to join yon two gallows-birds in gathering together all the riff-raff of the Arabs and other peoples, that we might plunder merchandise and waylay merchants." Said the Kings, "Tell us the rarest of the adventures that have befallen thee in kidnapping children and maidens." Replied he, "O Kings of the Age, the strangest thing that happened to me was that one day, two-and-twenty years ago, I snatched a girl who belonged to the Holy City; she was gifted with beauty and comeliness, despite that she was but a servant and was clad in threadbare clothes, with a piece of camlet-cloth on her head. So I entrapped her by guile as she came out of the caravanserai; and at that very hour mounting her on a camel, made off with her, thinking to carry her to my own people in the desert and there set her to pasture the camels in the valley. But she wept with so sore a weeping that after coming down upon her with blows, I took her and carried her to Damascus city where a merchant saw her with me and, being astounded at her beauty and marvelling at her accomplishments, wished to buy her of me and kept on bidding me more and more for her, till at last I sold her to him for an hundred thousand dirhams. After selling her I heard her display prodigious eloquence; and it reached me that the merchant clothed her in handsome gear and presented her to the Viceroy of Damascus, who gave him three times the price which he had paid to me, and this price, by my life! was but little for such a damsel. This, O King of the Age, is the strangest thing that ever befel me." When the two Kings heard her story they wondered thereat, but when Nuzhat al-Zaman heard what the Badawi related, the light became darkness before her face and she cried out and said to her brother Rumzan,

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[1] This seems to be a punning allusion to Baghdad, which in Persian would mean the Garden (bágh) of Justice (dád). See "Biographical Notices of Persian Poets" by Sir Gore Ouseley, London, Oriental Translation Fund, 1846.

[2] The Kardoukhoi (Carduchi) of Xenophon; also called (Strabo xv.) "Kârdakís, from a Persian word signifying manliness," which would be "Kardak" = a doer (of derring-do). They also named the Montes Gordæi the original Ararat of Xisisthrus-Noah's Ark. The Kurds are of Persian race, speaking an old and barbarous Iranian tongue and often of the Shi'ah sect. They are born bandits, highwaymen, cattle-lifters; yet they have spread extensively over Syria and Egypt and have produced some glorious men, witness Sultan Saláh al-Din (Saladin) the Great. They claim affinity with the English in the East, because both races always inhabit the highest grounds they can find.

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[1] These irregular bands who belong to no tribe are the most dangerous bandits in Arabia, especially upon the northern frontier. Burckhardt, who suffered from them, gives a long account of their treachery and utter absence of that Arab honour which is supposed to characterise Arab thieves.

"Sure and without doubt this is the very Badawi who kidnapped me in the Holy City Jerusalem!" Then she told them all that she had endured from him in her strangerhood of hardship, blows, hunger, humiliation, contempt, adding, "And now it is lawful for me to slay him." So saying she seized a sword and made at him to smite him; and behold, he cried out and said, "O Kings of the Age, suffer her not to kill me, till I shall have told you the rare adventures that have betided me." And her nephew Kanmakan said to her, "O my aunt, let him tell us his tale, and after that do with him as thou wilt." So she held her hand and the Kings said to him, "Now let us hear thy history." Quoth he, "O Kings of the Age, if I tell you a rare tale will ye pardon me?" "Yes," answered they. Then the Badawi robber-chief began

THE TALE OF HAMMAD THE BADAWI;

AND he said:—Know ye that a short while ago, I was sore wakeful one night and deemed that the morn would never dawn; so, as soon as it was break of day I rose, without stay or delay; and, slinging over my shoulder my sword, mounted horse and set my lance in rest. Then I rode out to sport and hunt and, as I went along, a company of men accosted me and asked me whither I was bound. I told them and they said, "We will keep thee company." So we all fared on together, and, whilst we were faring, lo and behold! up started an ostrich and we gave her chase, but she escaped our pursuit and spreading wings ceased not to fly before us (and we following by sight) till she lost us in a desert wherein there was neither grass nor water, nor heard we aught therein save hiss of snake and wail of Jinn and howl of Ghul; and when we reached that place the ostrich disappeared, nor could we tell whether she had flown up into the sky or into the ground had gone down. Then we turned our horses' heads and thought to return; but found that to retrace our steps at that time of burning heat would be toilsome and dangerous; for the sultry air was grievous to us, so that we thirsted with sore thirst and our steeds stood still. We made sure of death; but while we were in this case we suddenly espied from afar a spacious mead where gazelles were frisking. Therein was a tent pitched and by the tent side a horse tethered and a spear was planted with head glittering in the sun.[1] Upon this our hearts revived after we had despaired, and we turned our horses' heads towards that tent making for the meadow and the water which irrigated it; and all my comrades rode for it and I at their head, and we ceased not faring till we reached the mead. Then we alighted at the spring and watered our beasts. But I was seized with a fever of foolish curiosity and went up to the door of that tent, wherein I saw a young man, without hair on his cheeks, who fellowed the new moon; and on his right hand was a slender-waisted maid, as she were a willow-wand. No sooner did I set eyes on her than love took hold upon my heart and I saluted the youth, who returned my greeting. Then said I, "O my brother, tell me who thou art and what to thee is this damsel sitting by thy side?"[1] Thereupon the youth bent his head groundwards awhile, then raised it and replied, "Tell me first who thou art and what are these horsemen with thee?" Answered I, "I am Hammád, son of Al-Fazári, the renowned knight, who is reckoned among the Arabs as five hundred horse. We went forth from our place this morning to sport and chase and were overcome by thirst; so I came to the door of this tent, thinking haply to get of thee a draught of water." When he heard these my words, he turned to the fair maiden and said, "Bring this man water and what food there is ready." So she arose trailing her skirts, whilst the golden bangles tinkled on her ankles and her feet stumbled in her long locks, and she disappeared for a little while. Presently she returned bearing in her right hand a silver vessel full of cold water and in her left hand a bowl brimming with milk and dates, together with some flesh of wild cattle. But I could take of her nor meat nor drink for the excess of my passion, and I applied to her these two couplets, saying:—

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[1] These are the signs of a Shaykh's tent.

It was as though the sable dye[2] upon her palms, * Were raven perching on a swathe of freshest snow;
Thou seest Sun and Moon conjoinèd in her face, * While Sun fear-dimmed and Moon fright-pallid show.

After I had eaten and drunk I said to the youth, "Know thou, O Chief of the Arabs, that I have told thee in all sooth who and what I am, and now I would fain have thee do the like by me and tell me the truth of thy case." Replied the young man, "As for this damsel she is my sister." Quoth I, "It is my desire that thou give me her to wife of thy free will : else will I slay thee and take her by force." Upon this, he bowed his head groundwards awhile, then he raised his eyes to me and answered, "Thou sayest sooth in avouching thyself a renowned knight and famed in fight and verily thou art the lion of the desert; but if all ye attack me treacherously and slay me in your wrath and take my sister by force, it will be a stain upon your honour. An you be, as ye aver, cavaliers who are counted among the Champions and reck not the shock of foray and fray, give me a little time to don my armour and sling on my sword and set lance in rest and mount war-steed. Then will we go forth into the field of fight, I and you ; and, if I conquer you, I will kill you to the last man ; but if you overcome me and slay me, this damsel, my sister, is yours." Hearing such words I replied, "This is only just, and we oppose it not." Then I turned back my horse's head (for my love for the damsel waxed hotter and hotter) and returned to my companions, to whom I set forth her beauty and loveliness as also the comeliness of the young man who was with her, together with his valour and strength of soul and how he had avouched himself a match for a thousand horse. Moreover, I described to my company the tent and all the riches and rarities therein and said to them, "Know ye that this youth would not have cut himself off from society and have taken up his abode alone in this place, were he not a man of great prowess : so I propose that whoso slayeth the youth shall take his sister." And they said, "This contenteth us." Then my company armed themselves and mounting, rode to the tent, where we found that the young man had donned his gear and backed his steed ; but his sister ran up to him (her veil being drenched with tears), and took hold of his stirrup and cried out, saying, "Alas!" and "Woe worth the day!" in her fear for her brother, and recited these couplets :—

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[1] These questions, indiscreet in Europe, are the rule throughout Arabia, as they were in the United States of the last generation before the Great War.

[2] Arab. "Khizáb," a paste of quicklime and lamp-black kneaded with linseed oil which turns the Henna to a dark olive. It is hideously ugly to unaccustomed eyes and held to be remarkably beautiful in Egypt and Syria.

To Allah will I make my moan of travail and of woe ; * Maybe Iláh of Arsh[1] will smite their faces with affright :
Fain would they slay thee, brother mine, with purpose felon-fell * Albe no cause of vengeance was, nor fault forewent the fight.
Yet for a rider art thou known to those who back the steed, * And twixt the East and West of knights thou art the prowest knight :
Thy sister's honour thou shalt guard though little might be hers, * For thou'rt her brother and for thee she sueth Allah's might :
Then let not enemy possess my soul nor 'thrall my frame, * And work on me their will and treat thy sister with despight.
I'll ne'er abide, by Allah's truth, in any land or home * Where thou art not, though dight it be with joyance and delight :

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[1] *i.e.* the God of the Empyrean.

For love and yearning after thee myself I fain will slay, * And in the gloomy darksome tomb spread bed upon the clay.

But when her brother heard her verse he wept with sore weeping and turned his horse's head towards his sister and made this answer to her poetry :—

Stand by and see the derring-do which I to-day will show, * When meet we and I deal them blows that rend and cleve and split ;
E'en though rush out to seek a bout the lion of the war, * The stoutest hearted brave of all and eke the best in wit ;
To him I'll deal without delay a Sa'alabiyan blow,[1] * And dye my cane-spear's joint in blood by wound of foe bespit :
If all I beat not off from thee, O sister, may this frame * Be slain, and cast my corpse to birds, for so it would befit :
Yes, for thy dearest sake I'll strike my blows with might and main, * And when we're gone shall this event in many a book be writ.

And as soon as he had ended his verse, he said, "O my sister, give ear to what I shall enjoin on thee ;" whereto she replied, "Hearkening and obedience." Quoth he, "If I fall, let none wed thee ;" and thereupon she buffeted her face and said, "Allah forbid, O my brother, that I should see thee laid low, and give myself to thy foe !" With this the youth put out his hand to her and withdrew her veil from her face, whereupon it shone forth as the sun shineth out from the white clouds. Then he kissed her between the eyes and bade her farewell ; after which he turned to us and said, "Holla, knights ! Come ye as guests or crave ye cuts and thrusts ? If ye come to us as your hosts, rejoice ye in the guest-rite ; and if ye covet the shining moon, come ye out against me, knight by knight, into this plain and place of fight." Thereupon rushed out to him a doughty rider and the young man said to him, "Tell me thy name and thy father's name, for I am under an oath not to slay any whose name tallies with mine and whose father's name is that of my father ; and if this be the case with thee, I will give thee up the maid." Quoth the horseman, "My name is Bilál ;"[2] and the young man answered him saying :—

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[1] A blow worthy of the Sa'alabah tribe to which he belonged.

[2] *i.e.* "benefits"; also the name of Mohammed's Mu'ezzin, or crier to prayer, who is buried outside the Jábiah gate of Damascus. Hence in the early ages of Al-Islam, Abyssinians were preferred as mosque-criers. Egypt chose blind men because they were abundant and cheap ; moreover they cannot take note of what is doing on the adjoining roof-terraces where women and children love to pass the cool hours that begin and end the day. Stories are told of men who counterfeited blindness for years in order to keep the employment. In Moslem cities the stranger required to be careful how he appeared at a window or on the gallery of a minaret : the people hated to be overlooked and the whizzing of a bullet was the warning to be off. Pilgrimage iii. 185.

Thou liest when speaking of "benefits," while * Thou comest to front with thine evillest will:
An of prowess thou'rt prow, to my words give ear, * I'm he who makes champions in battle-field reel
With keen blade, like the horn of the cuspèd moon, * So 'ware thrust that shall drill through the durest hill!

Then they charged down, each at each, and the youth thrust his adversary in the breast so that the lance-head issued from his back. With this, another came out, and the youth cried:—

Ho! thou hound, who art hateful with foulness in grain,[1] * What high meed is there easy for warrior to gain?
'Tis none save the lion of strain purest pure * Who uncareth for life in the battle-plain!

Nor was it long before the youth left him drowned in his blood and cried out, "Who will come forth to me?" So a third horseman rushed out upon the youth and began saying:—

To thee come I forth with my heart a-flame, * And summon my friends and my comrades by name:
When thou slewest the chief of the Arabs this day, * This day thou remainest the pledge of my claim.

Now when the youth heard this he answered him in these words:—

Thou liest, O foulest of Satans that are, * And with leasings calumnious thou comest to war:
This day thou shalt fall by a death-dealing point * Where the lances lunge and the scymitars jar!

Then he so thrust him in the breast that the spear-point issued from his back; and he cried out, saying, "Ho! will none come out?" Accordingly a fourth rode forwards and the youth asked him his name and he answered, "My name is Hilál, the New Moon." And the youth began repeating:—

Thou hast failed who would sink me in ruin-sea, * Thou who camest in malice with perfidy:
I, whose verses hast heard from the mouth of me, * Will ravish thy soul though unknown to thee.

Then they drave each at other and delivered two cuts, but the youth's stroke devanced that of the rider his adversary and slew him: and thus he went on to kill all who sallied out against him. Now when I saw my comrades slain, I said to myself, "If I go down to fight with him, I shall not be able to prevail against him; and if I flee, I shall become a byword of shame among the Arabs." But the youth gave me no time to think, for he ran at me and dragged me from my saddle and hurled me to the ground. I fainted at the fall and he raised his sword designing to cut off my head; but I clung to his skirts, and he lifted me in his hand as though I were a sparrow. When the maiden saw this, she rejoiced in her brother's prowess and coming up to him, kissed him between the eyes. Then he delivered me to her, saying, "Take him and look to him and entreat him hospitably, for he is come under our rule." So she took hold of the collar of my hauberk[1] and led me away by it as one would lead a dog. Then she did off her brother's coat of mail and clad him in a robe, and set for him a stool of ivory, on which he sat down; and she said to him, "Allah whiten thy honour and prevent from thee the risks of fortune!" And he answered her with these couplets:—

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[1] His instinct probably told him that this opponent was a low fellow; but such insults are common when "renowning it."

My sister said, as saw she how I stood * In fight, when sun-rays lit my knightlihood,
"Allah assain thee for a Brave of braves * To whom in vale bow lions howso wood!"
Quoth I, "Go ask the champions of my case, * When feared the Lords of War my warrior-mood!
My name is famed for fortune and for force, * And soared my spirit to such altitude;"
Ho thou, Hammád, a lion hast upstirred, * Shall show thee speedy death like viper-brood!

Now when I heard his verse, I was perplexed as to my case and, considering my condition and how I was become a captive, I was lowered in my own esteem. Then I looked at the damsel, his sister, and seeing her beauty I said to myself, "'Tis she who caused all this trouble"; and I fell a-marvelling at her loveliness till the tears streamed from my eyes and I recited these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Dara'" or "Dira'," a habergeon, a coat of ring-mail, sometimes worn in pairs. During the wretched "Sudan" campaigns much naïve astonishment was expressed by the English Press to hear of warriors armed cap-à-pie in this armour like medieval knights. They did not know that every great tribe has preserved, possibly from Crusading times, a number of hauberks, even to hundreds. I have heard of only one English traveller who had a mail jacket, made by Wilkinson of Pall Mall, imitating in this point Napoleon III. and (according to the Banker-poet, Rogers) the Duke of Wellington. That of Napoleon is said to have been made of platinum-wire, the work of a Pole who received his money and an order to quit Paris: the late Sir Robert Clifton (they say) tried its value with a Colt after placing it upon one of his mannequins or coat-models. It is easy to make these hauberts arrow-proof or sword-proof, even bullet-proof if Arab gunpowder be used: but against a model rifle-cone they are worse than worthless; as the fragments would be carried into the wound. The British serjeant was right in saying that he would prefer to enter battle in his shirt.

Dear friend ! ah, leave thy loud reproach and blame ; * Such blame but irks me yet may not alarm :
I'm clean distraught for one whom saw I not * Without her winning me by winsome charm :
Yestreen her brother crossed me in my love, * A Brave stout-hearted and right long of arm.

Then the maiden set food before her brother and he bade me eat with him, whereat I rejoiced and felt assured that I should not be slain. And when he had ended eating, she brought him a flagon of pure wine and he applied him to it till the fumes of the drink mounted to his head and his face flushed red. Then he turned to me and said, "Woe to thee, O Hammad! dost thou know me or not?" Replied I, "By thy life, I am rich in naught save ignorance!" Quoth he "O Hammad, I am 'Abbád bin Tamím bin Sa'alabah, and indeed Allah giveth thee thy liberty and leadeth thee to a happy bride and spareth thee confusion." Then he drank to my long life and gave me a cup of wine and I drank it off; and presently he filled me a second and a third and a fourth, and I drained them all; while he made merry with me and swore me never to betray him. Accordingly I sware to him one thousand five hundred oaths that I would never deal perfidiously with him at any time, but that I would be a friend and a helper to him. Thereupon he bade his sister bring me ten suits of silk; so she brought them and laid them on my person, and this dress I have on my body is one of them. Moreover, he made bring one of the best of his she-dromedaries[1] carrying stuffs and provision, he bade her also bring a sorrel horse, and when they were brought he gave the whole of them to me. I abode with them three days, eating and drinking, and what he gave me of gifts is with me to this present. At the end of the three days he said to me, "O Hammad, O my brother, I would sleep awhile and take my rest and verily I trust my life to thee; but, if thou see horsemen making hither, fear not, for know that they are of the Banu Sa'alabah, seeking to wage war on me." Then he laid his sword under his head-pillow and slept; and when he was drowned in slumber Iblis tempted me to slay him; so I arose in haste, and drawing the sword from under his head, dealt him a blow that made his head fall from his body. But his sister knew what I had done, and rushing out from within the tent, threw herself on his corpse, rending her raiment and repeating these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Jamal" (by Badawin pronounced "Gamal" like the Hebrew) is the generic term for "Camel" through the Gr. κάμηλος : "Ibl" is also the camel-species but not so commonly used. "Hajín" is the dromedary (in Egypt, "Dalúl" in Arabia), not the one-humped camel of the zoologist (*C. dromedarius*) as opposed to the two-humped (*C. Bactrianus*), but a running *i.e.* a riding camel. The feminine is Nákah, for, like mules, females are preferred. "Bakr" (masc.) and "Bakrah" (fem.) are camel colts. There are hosts of special names besides those which are general. Mr. Ensor is singular when he states (p. 40) "the male (of the camel) is much the safer animal to choose;" and the custom of the universal East disproves his assertion. Mr. McCoan ("Egypt as it is") tells his readers that the Egyptian camel has two humps; in fact, he describes the camel as it is not.

To kith and kin bear thou sad tidings of our plight; * From doom th' All-wise
decreed shall none of men take flight:
Low art thou laid, O brother! strewn upon the stones, * With face that mirrors
moon when shining brightest bright!
Good sooth, it is a day accurst, thy slaughter-day * Shivering thy spear that won
the day in many a fight!
Now slain be thou no rider shall delight in steed, * Nor man-child shall the
wedded woman bring to light.
This morn Hammád uprose and foully murthered thee, * Falsing his oath and
troth with foulest perjury.

When she had ended her verse she said to me, "O thou of accursed forefathers, wherefore didst thou play my brother false and slay him when he purposed returning thee to thy native land with provisions; and it was his intent also to marry thee to me at the first of the month?" Then she drew a sword she had with her, and planting the hilt in the earth, with the point set to her breast, she bent over it and threw herself thereon till the blade issued from her back and she fell to the ground, dead. I mourned for her and wept and repented when repentance availed me naught. Then I arose in haste and went to the tent and, taking whatever was light of load and weighty of worth, went my way; but in my haste and horror I took no heed of my dead comrades, nor did I bury the maiden and the youth. And this my tale is still more wondrous than the story of the serving-girl I kidnapped from the Holy City, Jerusalem. But when Nuzhat al-Zaman heard these words from the Badawi, the light was changed in her eyes to night——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Nuzhat al-Zaman heard these words from the Badawi, the light was changed in her eyes to night, and she rose and drawing the sword, smote Hammad the Arab between the shoulder-blades so that the point issued from the apple of his throat.[1] And when all present asked her, "Why hast thou made haste to slay him?" she answered, "Praised be Allah who hath granted me in my life-tide to avenge myself with mine own hand!" And she bade the slaves drag the body out by the feet and cast it to the dogs. Thereupon they turned to the two prisoners who remained of the three; and one of them was a black slave, so they said to him, "What is thy name, fellow? Tell us the truth of thy case." He replied, "As for me my name is Al-Ghazbán," and acquainted them what had passed between himself and Queen Abrizah, daughter of King Hardub, Lord of Greece, and how he had slain her and fled. Hardly had the negro made an end of his story, when King Rumzan struck off his head with his scymitar, saying, "Praise to Allah who gave me life! I have avenged my mother with my own hand." Then he repeated to them what his nurse Marjanah had told him of this same slave whose name was Al-Ghazban: after which they turned to the third prisoner. Now this was the very camel-driver[2] whom the people of the Holy City, Jerusalem, hired to carry Zau al-Makan and lodge him in the hospital at Damascus of Syria; but he threw him down on the ash-heap and went his way. And they said to him, "Acquaint us with thy case and tell the truth." So he related to them all that had happened to him with Sultan Zau al-Makan; how he had been carried from the Holy City, at the time when he was sick, till they made Damascus and he had been thrown into the hospital; how also the Jerusalem folk had paid the cameleer money to transport the stranger to Damascus, and he had taken it and fled after casting his charge upon the midden by the side of the ash-heap of the Hammam. But when he ended his words, Sultan Kanmakan took his sword forthright and cut off his head, saying, "Praised be Allah who hath given me life, that I might requite this traitor what he did with my father, for I have heard this very story from King Zau al-Makan himself." Then the Kings said each to other, "It remaineth only for us to wreak our revenge upon the old woman Shawahi, called Zat al-Dawahi, because she is the prime cause of all these calamities and cast us into adversity on this wise. Who will deliver her into our hands that we may avenge ourselves upon her and wipe out our dishonour?" And King Rumzan said,

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[1] So, in the Romance of Dalhamah (Zát al-Himmah, the heroine) the hero Al-Gundubah ("one locust-man") smites off the head of his mother's servile murderer and cries, "I have taken my blood-revenge upon this traitor-slave!" (Lane, M. E. chapt. xxiii.).

[2] This gathering all the persons upon the stage before the curtain drops is highly artistic and improbable.

"Needs must we bring her hither." So without stay or delay he wrote a letter to his grandmother, the aforesaid ancient woman, giving her to know therein that he had subdued the kingdoms of Damascus and Mosul and Al-Irak, and had broken up the host of the Moslems and captured their princes, adding, "I desire thee of all urgency to come to me, bringing with thee Queen Sophia, daughter of King Afridun, and whom thou wilt of the Frankish chiefs, but no armies; for the country is quiet and wholly under our hand." And when she read the letter and recognised the writing of King Rumzan, she rejoiced with great joy and forthwith equipping herself and Queen Sophia, set out with their attendants and journeyed, without stopping, till they drew near Baghdad. Then she foresent a messenger to acquaint the King of her arrival, whereupon quoth Rumzan, "We should do well to don the habit of the Franks and ride forth to meet the old woman, to the intent that we may be assured against her craft and perfidy." Whereto Kanmakan replied, "Hearing is consenting." So they clad themselves in Frankish clothes and, when Kuzia Fakan saw them, she exclaimed, "By the truth of the Lord of Worship, did I not know you, I should take you to be indeed Franks!" Then they sallied forth with a thousand horse, King Rumzan riding on before them, to meet the old woman. As soon as his eyes fell on hers, he dismounted and walked towards her and she, recognising him, dismounted also and embraced him; but he pressed her ribs with his hands, till he well nigh broke them. Quoth she, "What is this, O my son?" But before she had done speaking, up came Kanmakan and Dandan; and the horsemen with them cried out at the women and slaves and took them all prisoners. Then the two Kings returned to Baghdad, with their captives, and Rumzan bade them decorate the city which they did for three days, at the end of which they brought out the old woman Shawahi, named Zat al-Dawahi, with a peaked red turband of palm-leaves on her head, and preceded by a herald proclaiming aloud, "This is the reward of those who presume to lay hands on Kings and the sons of Kings!" Then they crucified her on one of the gates of Baghdad: and, when her companions saw what befel her, all embraced in a body the faith of Al-Islam. As for Kanmakan and his uncle Rumzan and his aunt Nuzhat al-Zaman and the Wazir Dandan, they marvelled at the wonderful events which had betided them and bade the scribes chronicle them in books that those who came after might read. Then they all abode for the remainder of their days in the enjoyment of every solace and comfort of life, till there overtook them the Destroyer of all delights and the Sunderer of all societies. And this is the whole that hath come down to us of the dealings of fortune with King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and his sons Sharrkan and Zau al-Makan and his son's son Kanmakan and his daughter Nuzhat al-Zaman and her daughter Kuzia Fakan. Thereupon quoth Shahryar to Shahrázad, "I desire that thou tell me somewhat about birds;" and hearing this Dunyazad said to her sister, "I have never seen the Sultan light at heart all this while till the present night; and his pleasure maketh me hope that the issue for thee with him may be a happy issue." Then drowsiness overcame the Sultan, so he slept;[1]——And Shahrazad perceived the approach of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-sixth Night,

Shahrazad began to relate, in these words,

THE TALE OF THE BIRDS AND BEASTS AND THE CARPENTER.[2]

Quoth she, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that in times of yore and in ages long gone before, a peacock abode with his wife on the sea-shore. Now the place was infested with lions and all manner wild beasts, withal it abounded in trees and streams. So cock and hen were wont to roost by night upon one of the trees, being in fear of the beasts, and went forth by day questing food. And they ceased not thus to do till their fear increased on them and they searched for some place wherein to dwell other than their old dwelling-place; and in the course of their search behold, they happened on an island abounding in streams and trees. So they alighted there and ate of its fruits and drank of its waters. But whilst they were thus engaged, lo! up came to them a duck in a state of extreme terror, and stayed not waddling forwards till she reached the tree whereon were perched the two peafowl, when she seemed re-assured in mind. The peacock doubted not but that she had some rare story; so he asked her of her case and the cause of her concern, whereto she answered, "I am sick for sorrow, and my horror of the son of Adam:[3] so beware, and again I say beware, of the sons of Adam!" Rejoined the peacock, "Fear not now that thou hast won our protection." Cried the duck, "Alhamdolillah! glory to God, who hath done away my care by means of you being near! For indeed I come to gain friendship with you twain." And when she had ended her speech the peacock's wife came down to her and said, "Well come and welcome and fair cheer! No harm shall hurt thee: how can son of Adam come to us and we in this isle which lieth in the middle of the sea? From the land he cannot reach us neither can he come against us from the water. So be of good cheer and tell us what hath betided thee from the child of Adam." Answered the duck, "Know, then, O thou peahen, that of a truth I have dwelt all my life in this island safely and peacefully, nor have I seen any disquieting thing, till one night, as I was asleep, I saw in my dream the semblance of a son of Adam, who talked with me and I with him. Then I heard a voice say to me:—O thou duck, beware of the son of Adam and be not imposed on by his words nor by what he may suggest to thee; for he aboundeth in wiles and guiles; so beware with all wariness of his perfidy, for again I say, he is crafty and right cunning even as singeth of him the poet:—

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[1] He ought to have said his dawn-prayers.

[2] Here begins what I hold to be the oldest subject-matter in The Nights, the apologues or fables proper. Lane has most objectionably thrown this and sundry of the following stories into a note (vol. ii., pp. 53-69).

[3] In beast stories generally when man appears he shows to disadvantage.

He'll offer sweetmeats with his edgèd tongue, * And fox thee with the foxy guile of fox.

And know thou that the son of Adam circumventeth the fishes and draweth them forth of the seas; and he shooteth the birds with a pellet of clay,[1] and trappeth the elephant with his craft. None is safe from his mischief and neither bird nor beast escapeth him; and thus have I told thee what I have heard concerning the son of Adam. So I awoke, fearful and trembling, and from that hour to this my heart hath not known gladness, for dread of the son of Adam, lest he surprise me unawares by his wile or trap me in his snares. By the time the end of the day overtook me, my strength was grown weak and my courage failed me; so, desiring to eat and drink, I went forth walking, troubled in spirit and with a heart ill at ease. Now when I reached yonder mountain I saw a tawny lion-whelp at the door of a cave; and sighting me he joyed with great joy, for my colour pleased him and my gracious shape; so he cried out to me saying:—Draw nigh unto me. I went up to him and he asked me, What is thy name, and what is thy nature? Answered I, My name is Duck, and I am of the bird-kind; and I added, But thou, why tarriest thou in this place till this time? Answered the whelp, My father the lion hath for many a day warned me against the son of Adam, and it came to pass this night that I saw in my sleep the semblance of a son of Adam. And he went on to tell me the like of that I have told you. When I heard these words, I said to him, O lion, I take asylum with thee, that thou mayest kill the son of Adam and be steadfast in resolve to his slaughter; verily I fear him for myself with extreme fear and to my fright affright is added for that thou also dreadest the son of Adam, albeit thou art Sultan of savage beasts. Then I ceased not, O my sister, to bid the young lion beware of the son of Adam and urge him to slay him, till he rose of a sudden and at once from his lair and went out and he walked on, and I after him and I noted him lashing flanks with tail. We advanced in the same order till we came to a place where the roads forked and saw a cloud of dust arise which, presently clearing away, discovered below it a runaway ass, now galloping and running at speed and now rolling in the dust. When the lion saw the ass, he cried out to him, and he came up to him in all humility. Then said the lion :—Harkye, crack-brain brute! What is thy kind and what be the cause of thy coming hither? He replied, O son of the Sultan! I am by kind an ass, and the cause of my coming to this place is that I am fleeing from the son of Adam. Asked the lion-whelp, Dost thou fear then that he will kill thee? Answered the ass, Not so, O son of the Sultan, but I dread lest he put a cheat on me and mount upon me; for he hath a thing called Pack-saddle, which he setteth on my back; also a thing called Girths which he bindeth about my body; and a thing called Crupper which he putteth under my tail and a thing called Bit which he placeth in my mouth: and he fashioneth me a goad[1] and goadeth me with it and maketh me run more than my strength. If I stumble he curseth me, and if I bray, he revileth me;[2] and at last when I grow old and can no longer run, he putteth on me a pannel[1] of wood and delivereth me to the water-carriers, who load my back with water from the river in skins and other vessels, such as jars, and I cease not to live in misery and abasement and fatigue till I die, when they cast me on the rubbish-heaps to the dogs. So what grief can surpass this grief and what calamities can be greater than these calamities? Now when I heard, O peahen, the ass's words, my skin shuddered, and became as goose-flesh at the son of Adam; and I said to the lion-whelp, O my lord, the ass of a verity hath excuse and his words add terror to my terror. Then quoth the young lion to the ass, Whither goest thou? Quoth he, Before sunrise I espied the son of Adam afar off, and fled from him; and now I am minded to flee forth and run without ceasing for the greatness of my fear of him, so haply I may find me a place of shelter from the perfidious son of Adam. Whilst the ass was thus discoursing with the lion-whelp, seeking the while to take leave of us and go away behold, appeared to us another cloud of dust, whereat the ass brayed and cried out and looked hard behind him. After a while the dust lifted and discovered a black steed finely dight with a blaze on the forehead like a dirham round and bright;[2] handsomely marked about the hoof with white and with firm strong legs pleasing to sight and he neighed with affright. This horse ceased not running till he stood before the whelp, the son of the lion who, when he saw him, marvelled and made much of him and said, What is thy kind, O majestic wild beast and wherefore fleest thou into this desert wide and vast? He replied, O lord of wild beasts, I am a steed of the horse-kind, and the cause of my running is that I am fleeing from the son of Adam. The lion-whelp wondered at the horse's speech and cried to him:—Speak not such words for 'tis shame to thee, seeing that thou art tall and stout. And how cometh it that thou fearest the son of Adam, thou, with thy bulk of body and thy swiftness of running, when I, for all my littleness of stature, am resolved to encounter the son of Adam and, rushing on him, eat his flesh, that I may allay the affright of this poor duck and make her dwell in peace in her own place? But now thou hast come here and thou hast wrung my heart with thy talk and turned me back from what I had resolved to do, seeing that, for all thy bulk, the son of Adam hath mastered thee and hath feared neither thy height nor thy breadth, albeit, wert thou to kick him with one hoof thou wouldst kill him, nor could he prevail against thee, but thou wouldst make him drink the cup of death. The horse laughed when he heard the whelp's words and replied, Far, far is it from my power to overcome him, O Prince. Let not my length and my breadth nor yet my bulk delude thee with respect to the son of Adam; for that he, of the excess of his guile and his wiles, fashioneth me a thing called Hobble and applieth to my four legs a pair of ropes made of palm-fibres bound with felt, and gibbeteth me by the head to a high peg, so that I being tied up remain standing and can neither sit nor lie down. And when he is minded to ride me, he bindeth on his feet a thing of iron called Stirrup[1] and layeth on my back another thing called Saddle which he fasteneth by two Girths passed under my armpits. Then he setteth in my mouth a thing of iron he calleth Bit, to which he tieth a thing of leather called Rein; and, when he sitteth in the saddle on my back, he taketh the rein in his hand and guideth me with it, goading my flanks the while with the shovel-stirrups till he maketh them bleed. So do not ask, O son of our Sultan, the hardships I endure from the son of Adam. And when I grow old and lean and can no longer run swiftly, he selleth me to the miller who maketh me turn in the mill, and I cease not from turning night and day till I grow decrepit. Then he in turn vendeth me to the knacker who cutteth my throat and flayeth off my hide and plucketh out my tail, which he selleth to the sieve-maker; and he melteth down my fat for tallow-candles. When the young lion heard the horse's words, his rage and vexation redoubled and he

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[1] Shakespeare's "stone-bow" not Lane's "cross-bow" (ii. 53).

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[1] The goad still used by the Egyptian donkey-boy is a sharp nail at the end of a stick; and claims the special attention of Societies for the Protection of Animals.

[2] "The most ungrateful of all voices surely is the voice of asses" (Koran xxxi. 18); and hence the "braying of hell" (Koran lxvii. 7). The vulgar still believe that the donkey brays when seeing the Devil. "The last animal which entered the Ark with Noah was the ass to whose tail Iblis was clinging: at the threshold the beast seemed troubled and could enter no further when Noah said to him :—Fie upon thee! come in. But as the ass was still troubled and did not advance Noah cried :—Come in, though the Devil be with thee! so the ass entered and with him Iblis. Thereupon Noah asked :—O enemy of Allah, who brought thee into the Ark? and Iblis answered :—Thou art the man, for thou saidest to the ass, come in though the Devil be with thee! (Kitáb al-Unwán fi Makáid al-Niswán quoted by Lane ii. 54).

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[1] Arab. "Rihl," a wooden saddle stuffed with straw and matting. In Europe the ass might complain that his latter end is the sausage. In England they say no man sees a dead donkey: I have seen dozens and, unfortunately, my own.

[2] This is one of the lucky signs and adds to the value of the beast. There are some fifty of these marks, some of them so ill-omened that the animal can be bought for almost nothing. Of course great attention is paid to colours, the best being the dark rich bay ("red" of Arabs) with black points, or the flea-bitten grey (termed Azrak = blue or Akhzar = green) which whitens with age. The worst are dun, cream-coloured, piebald and black, which last are very rare. Yet according to the Mishkát al-Masábih (Lane ii. 54) Mohammed said, "The best horses are black (? dark-brown) with white blazes (Arab. 'Ghurrah') and upper lips; next, black with blaze and three white legs (bad, because white hoofs are brittle); next, bay with white blaze and white fore and hind legs." He also said, "Prosperity is with sorrel horses;" and praised a sorrel with white forehead and legs; but he dispraised the "Shikál" which has white stockings (Arab. "Muhajjil") on alternate hoofs (*e.g.* right hind and left fore). The curious reader will consult Lady Anne Blunt's "Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates, with some account of the Arabs and their Horses" (1879): but he must remember that it treats of the frontier tribes. The late Major Upton also left a book, "Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia" (1881); but it is a marvellous production deriving *e.g.* Khayl (a horse generically) from Kohl or antimony (p. 275). What the Editor was dreaming of I cannot imagine. I have given some details concerning the Arab horse especially in Al-Yaman, among the Zú Mohammed, the Zú Husayn and the Banu Yam in Pilgrimage iii. 270. As late as Marco Polo's day they supplied the Indian market *via* Aden; but the "Eye of Al-Yaman" has now wholly lost the habit of exporting horses.

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[1] The shovel-iron which is the only form of spur.

said, When didst thou leave the son of Adam? Replied the horse, At mid-day and he is upon my track. Whilst the whelp was thus conversing with the horse, lo! there rose a cloud of dust and, presently opening out, discovered below it a furious camel gurgling and pawing the earth with his feet and never ceasing so to do till he came up with us. Now when the lion-whelp saw how big and buxom he was, he took him to be the son of Adam and was about to spring upon him when I said to him, O Prince, of a truth this is not the son of Adam; this be a camel, and he seemeth to be fleeing from the son of Adam. As I was thus conversing, O my sister, with the lion-whelp, the camel came up and saluted him; whereupon he returned the greeting and said:—What bringeth thee hither? Replied he, I came here fleeing from the son of Adam. Quoth the whelp, And thou, with thy huge frame and length and breadth, how cometh it that thou fearest the son of Adam, seeing that with one kick of thy foot thou wouldst kill him? Quoth the camel, O son of the Sultan, know that the son of Adam hath subtleties and wiles, which none can withstand nor can any prevail against him, save only Death; for he putteth into my nostrils a twine of goat's hair he calleth Nose-ring,[1] and over my head a thing he calleth Halter; then he delivereth me to the least of his little children, and the youngling draweth me along by the nose-ring, my size and strength notwithstanding. Then they load me with the heaviest of burdens and go long journeys with me and put me to hard labour through the hours of the night and the day. When I grow old and stricken in years and disabled from working, my master keepeth me not with him, but selleth me to the knacker who cutteth my throat and vendeth my hide to the tanners and my flesh to the cooks: so do not ask the hardships I suffer from the son of Adam. When didst thou leave the son of Adam? asked the young lion; and he answered, At sundown, and I suppose that coming to my place after my departure and not finding me there, he is now in search of me: wherefore let me go, O son of the Sultan, that I may flee into the wolds and the wilds. Said the whelp, Wait awhile, O camel, till thou see how I will tear him, and give thee to eat of his flesh, whilst I craunch his bones and drink his blood. Replied the camel, O King's son, I fear for thee from the child of Adam, for he is wily and guileful. And he began repeating these verses:—

When the tyrant enters the lieges' land, * Naught remains for the lieges but
quick remove!

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[1] Used for the dromedary: the baggage-camel is haltered.

Now whilst the camel was speaking with the lion-whelp, behold, there rose a cloud of dust which, after a time, opened and showed an old man scanty of stature and lean of limb ; and he bore on his shoulder a basket of carpenter's tools and on his head a branch of a tree and eight planks. He led little children by the hand and came on at a trotting pace,[1] never stopping till he drew near the whelp. When I saw him, O my sister, I fell down for excess of fear ; but the young lion rose and walked forward to meet the carpenter and when he came up to him, the man smiled in his face and said to him, with a glib tongue and in courtly terms :—O King who defendeth from harm and lord of the long arm, Allah prosper thine evening and thine endeavouring and increase thy valiancy and strengthen thee ! Protect me from that which hath distressed me and with its mischief hath oppressed me, for I have found no helper save only thyself. And the carpenter stood in his presence weeping and wailing and complaining. When the whelp heard his sighing and his crying he said, I will succour thee from that thou fearest. Who hath done thee wrong and what art thou, O wild beast, whose like in my life I never saw, nor ever espied one goodlier of form or more eloquent of tongue than thou ? What is thy case ? Replied the man, O lord of wild beasts, as to myself I am a carpenter; but as to who hath wronged me, verily he is a son of Adam, and by break of dawn after this coming night [2] he will be with thee in this place. When the lion-whelp heard these words of the carpenter, the light was changed to night before his sight and he snorted and roared with ire and his eyes cast forth sparks of fire. Then he cried out saying, By Allah, I will assuredly watch through this coming night till dawn, nor will I return to my father till I have won my will. Then he turned to the carpenter and asked, Of a truth I see thou art short of step and I would not hurt thy feelings for that I am generous of heart ; yet do I deem thee unable to keep pace with the wild beasts : tell me then whither thou goest ? Answered the carpenter, Know that I am on my way to thy father's Wazir, the lynx ; for when he heard that the son of Adam had set foot in this country he feared greatly for himself and sent one of the wild beasts on a message for me, to make him a house wherein he should dwell, that it might shelter him and fend off his enemy from him, so not one of the sons of Adam should come at him. Accordingly I took up these planks and set forth to find him. Now when the young lion heard these words he envied the lynx and said to the carpenter, By my life there is no help for it but thou make me a house with these planks ere thou make one for Sir Lynx! When thou hast done my work, go to him and make him whatso he wisheth. The carpenter replied, O lord of wild beasts, I cannot make thee aught till I have made the lynx what he desireth: then will I return to thy service and build thee a house as a fort to ward thee from thy foe. Exclaimed the lion-whelp, By Allah, I will not let thee leave this place till thou build me a house of planks. So saying he made for the carpenter and sprang upon him, thinking to jest with him, and cuffed him with his paw, knocking the basket off his shoulder; and threw him down in a fainting fit, whereupon the young lion laughed at him and said, Woe to thee, O carpenter, of a truth thou art feeble and hast no force; so it is excusable in thee to fear the son of Adam. Now when the carpenter fell on his back, he waxed exceeding wroth; but he dissembled his wrath for fear of the whelp and sat up and smiled in his face, saying, Well, I will make for thee the house. With this he took the planks he had brought and nailed together the house, which he made in the form of a chest after the measure of the young lion. And he left the door open, for he had cut in the box a large aperture, to which he made a stout cover and bored many holes therein. Then he took out some newly wrought nails and a hammer and said to the young lion, Enter the house through this opening, that I may fit it to thy measure. Thereat the whelp rejoiced and went up to the opening, but saw that it was strait; and the carpenter said to him, Enter and crouch down on thy legs and arms! So the whelp did thus and entered the chest, but his tail remained outside. Then he would have drawn back and come out; but the carpenter said to him, Wait patiently a while till I see if there be room for thy tail with thee. The young lion did as he was bid when the carpenter twisted up his tail and, stuffing it into the chest, whipped the lid on to the opening and nailed it down; whereat the whelp cried out and said, O carpenter, what is this narrow house thou hast made me? Let me out, sirrah! But the carpenter answered, Far be it, far be it from thy thought! Repentance for past avails naught, and indeed from this place thou shalt not come out. He then laughed and resumed, Verily thou art fallen into the trap and from thy prison there is no escape, O vilest of wild beasts! Rejoined the whelp, O my brother, what manner of words are these thou addressest to me? The carpenter replied, Know, O dog of the desert! that thou hast fallen into that which thou fearedst: Fate hath upset thee, nor shall caution set thee up. When the whelp heard these words, O my sister, he knew that this was indeed the very son of Adam, against whom he had been warned by his sire in waking state and by the mysterious Voice in sleeping while; and I also was certified that this was indeed he without doubt; wherefore great fear of him for myself seized me and I withdrew a little apart from him and waited to see what he would do with the young lion. Then I saw, O my sister, the son of Adam dig a pit in that place hard by the chest which held the whelp and, throwing the box into the hole, heap dry wood upon it and burn the young lion with fire. At this sight, O sister mine, my fear of the son of Adam redoubled and in my affright I have been these two days fleeing from him." But when the peahen heard from the duck this story,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Harwalah," the *pas gymnastique* affected when circumambulating the Ka'abah (Pilgrimage iii. 208).

[2] "This night" would be our "last night": the Arabs, I repeat, say "night and day," not "day and night."

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the peahen heard from the duck this story, she wondered with exceeding wonder and said to her, "O my sister, here thou art safe from the son of Adam, for we are in one of the islands of the sea whither there is no way for the son of Adam; so do thou take up thine abode with us till Allah make easy thy case and our case." Quoth the duck, "I fear lest some calamity come upon me by night, for no runaway can rid him of Fate by flight." Rejoined the peahen, "Abide with us, and be like unto us;" and ceased not to persuade her, till she yielded, saying, "O my sister, thou knowest how weak is my resistance; but verily had I not seen thee here, I had not remained." Said the peahen, "That which is on our foreheads[1] we must indeed fulfil, and when our doomed day draweth near, who shall deliver us? But not a soul departeth except it have accomplished its predestined livelihood and term." Now the while they talked thus, a cloud of dust appeared and approached them, at sight of which the duck shrieked aloud and ran down into the sea, crying out, "Beware! beware! though flight there is not from Fate and Lot!"[2] After a while, the dust opened out and discovered under it an antelope; whereat the duck and the peahen were reassured and the peacock's wife said to her companion, "O my sister, this thou seest and wouldst have me beware of is an antelope, and here he is, making for us. He will do us no hurt, for the antelope feedeth upon the herbs of the earth and, even as thou art of the bird-kind, so is he of the beast-kind. Be therefore of good cheer and cease care-taking; for care-taking wasteth the body." Hardly had the peahen done speaking, when the antelope came up to them, thinking to shelter him under the shade of the tree; and, sighting the peahen and the duck, saluted them and said, "I came to this island to-day and I have seen none richer in herbage nor pleasanter for habitation." Then he besought them for company and amity and, when they saw his friendly behaviour to them, they welcomed him and gladly accepted his offer. So they struck up a sincere friendship and sware thereto; and they slept in one place and they ate and drank together; nor did they cease dwelling in safety, eating and drinking their fill, till one day there came thither a ship which had strayed from her course in the sea. She cast anchor near them and the crew came forth and dispersed about the island. They soon caught sight of the three friends, antelope, peahen and duck, and made for them; whereupon the peahen flew up into the tree and thence winged her way through air; and the antelope fled into the desert, but the duck abode paralysed by fear. So they chased her till they caught her and she cried out and said, "Caution availed me naught against Fate and Lot!" and they bore her off to the ship. Now when the peahen saw what had betided the duck, she removed from the island, saying, "I see that misfortunes lie in ambush for all. But for yonder ship, parting had not befallen between me and this duck, because she was one of the truest of friends." Then she flew off and rejoined the antelope, who saluted her and gave her joy of her safety and asked for the duck, to which she replied, "The enemy hath taken her, and I loathe the sojourn of this island after her." Then she wept for the loss of the duck and began repeating:—

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[1] The vulgar belief is that man's fate is written upon his skull, the sutures being the writing.
[2] Koran ii. 191.

The day of parting cut my heart in twain: * In twain may Allah cut the parting-day!

And she spake also this couplet:—

I pray some day that we re-union gain, * So may I tell him Parting's ugly way.

The antelope sorrowed with great sorrow, but dissuaded the peahen from her resolve to remove from the island. So they abode there together with him, eating and drinking, in peace and safety, except that they ceased not to mourn for the loss of the duck; and the antelope said to the peahen, "O my sister, thou seest how the folk who came forth of the ship were the cause of our severance from the duck and of her destruction; so do thou beware of them and guard thyself from them and from the wile of the son of Adam and his guile." But the peahen replied, "I am assured that naught caused her death save her neglecting to say Subhán' Allah, glory to God; indeed I often said to her:—Exclaim thou, Praised be Allah, and verily I fear for thee, because thou neglectest to laud the Lord; for all things created by the Almighty glorify Him on this wise, and whoso neglecteth the formula of praise,[1] him destruction waylays." When the antelope heard the peahen's words he exclaimed, "Allah make fair thy face!" and betook himself to repeating the formula of praise, and ceased not therefrom a single hour. And it is said that his form of adoration was as follows:—"Praise be to the Requiter of every good and evil thing, the Lord of Majesty and of Kings the King!" And a tale is also told on this wise of

THE HERMITS.

A CERTAIN hermit worshipped on a certain mountain, whither resorted a pair of pigeons; and the worshipper was wont to make two parts of his daily bread,——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the worshipper was wont to make two parts of his daily bread, eating one half himself and giving the other to the pigeon pair. He also prayed for them both that they might be blest with issue: so they increased and multiplied greatly. Now they resorted only to that mountain where the hermit was, and the reason of their foregathering with the holy man was their assiduity in repeating "Praised be Allah!" for it is recounted that the pigeon[2] sayeth in praise, "Praised be the Creator of all Creatures, the Distributor of daily bread, the Builder of the heavens and Dispreader of the earths!" And that couple ceased not to dwell together in the happiest of life, they and their brood till the holy man died, when the company of the pigeons was broken up and they dispersed among the towns and villages and mountains. Now it is told that on a certain other mountain there dwelt a shepherd, a man of piety and good sense and virtue; and he had flocks of sheep which he tended, and he made his living by their milk and wool. The mountain which gave him a home abounded in trees and pasturage and also in wild beasts, but these had no power over his flocks; so he ceased not to dwell upon that highland in full security, taking no thought to the things of the world, by reason of his beatitude and his assiduity in prayer and devotion, till Allah ordained that he should fall sick with exceeding sickness. Thereupon he betook himself to a cavern in the mountain and his sheep used to go out in the morning to the pasturage and take refuge at night in the cave. But Allah Almighty, being minded to try him and prove his patience and his obedience, sent him one of His angels, who came in to him in the semblance of a fair woman and sat down before him. When the shepherd saw that woman seated before him, he said to her, "O thou woman, what was it invited thee to this my retreat? I have no need of thee, nor is there aught betwixt me and thee which calleth for thy coming to me." Quoth she, "O man, I come to thee willingly and do not withhold myself from thee, and near us there is none whom we need fear; and I wish to abide with thee as long as thou sojournest in this mountain and be thy companion and thy true friend." Quoth the shepherd, "Go out from me, O woman deceitful and perfidious; I want not thy company; he who coveteth the coming life renounceth thee, for thou deceivest mankind, those of past time and those of present time. Allah the Most High lieth in wait for His servants and woe unto him who is cursed with thy company!" Answered she, "O thou that errest from the truth and wanderest from the way of reason, turn thy face to me and accept my friendship, as did the wise who have gone before thee." Rejoined the shepherd, "All thou sayest I deny and abhor, and all thou offerest I reject: for thou art cunning and perfidious and there is no honesty in thee. Avaunt from me, O thou who devotest thyself to deceive others!" Thereupon, he threw his goat's-hair cloak over his head that he might not see her face, and betook himself to calling upon the name of his Lord. And when the angel saw the excellence of his submission to the Divine Will, he went out from him and ascended to heaven. Now hard by the hermit's hill was a village wherein dwelt a pious man, who knew not the other's station, till one night he heard in a dream a Voice saying to him, "In such a place near to thee is a devout man: go thou to him and be at his command!" So when morning dawned he set out to wend thither, and what time the heat was grievous upon him, he came to a tree which grew beside a spring of running water. So he sat down to rest in the shadow of that tree and behold, he saw beasts and birds coming to that fount to drink; but when they caught sight of the devotee sitting there, they took fright and fled from before his face. Then said he, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah! I rest not here save to the hurt of these beasts and fowls." So he arose, blaming himself and saying, "Verily my tarrying here this day hath wronged these animals, and what excuse have I towards my Creator and the Creator of these birds and beasts for that I was the cause of their flight from their drink and their daily food and their place of pasturage? Alas for my shame before my Lord on the day when He shall avenge the hornless sheep on the sheep with horns!"[1] And he wept and began repeating these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Tasbíh" = saying, "Subhán' Allah." It also means a rosary (Egypt. Sebhah for Subhah) a string of 99 beads divided by a longer item into sets of three and much used by the pious. The professional devotee carries a string of wooden balls the size of pigeons' eggs.

[2] The pigeon is usually made to say "Wahhidú Rabba-kumu 'llazi khalaka-kum yaghfiru lakum zamba-kum" = "Unify (Assert the Unity of) your Lord who created you: so shall He forgive your sin!" As might be expected this "language" is differently interpreted. Pigeon-superstitions are found in all religions and I have noted (Pilgrimage iii. 218) how the Hindu deity of Destruction-reproduction, the third Person of their Triad, Shiva and his Spouse (or active Energy), are supposed to have dwelt at Meccah under the titles of Kapoteshwara (Pigeon-god) and Kapoteshí (Pigeon-goddess).

Now an, by Allah, unto man were fully known * Why he is made, in careless
sleep he ne'er could wone:
First Death, then cometh Wake and dreadful Day of Doom; * Reproof with
threats, sore terror, frightful malison.
Bid we or else forbid we, all of us are like * The Cave-companions[2] when at
length their sleep was done.

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[1] After the Day of Doom, when men's actions are registered, that of mutual retaliation will follow and all creatures (brutes included) will take vengeance on one another.

[2] The Comrades of the Cave, famous in the Middle Ages of Christianity (Gibbon, chapt. xxxiii.), is an article of faith with Moslems, being part subject of chapter xviii., the Koranic Surah termed the Cave. These Rip Van Winkle-tales begin with Endymion so famous amongst the Classics and Epimenides of Crete who slept fifty-seven years; and they extend to modern days as La Belle au Bois dormant. The Seven Sleepers are as many youths of Ephesus (six royal councillors and a shepherd, whose names are given on the authority of Ali); and, accompanied by their dog, they fled the persecutions of Dakianús (the Emperor Decius) to a cave near Tarsús in Natolia where they slept for centuries. The Caliph Mu'awiyah when passing the cave sent into it some explorers who were all killed by a burning wind. The number of the sleepers remains uncertain, according to the Koran (ibid. v. 21) three, five or seven; and their sleep lasted either three hundred or three hundred and nine years. The dog (ibid. v. 17) slept at the cave-entrance with paws outstretched and, according to the general, was called "Katmir" or "Kitmir;" but Al-Rakím (v. 8) is also applied to it by some. Others hold this to be the name of the valley or mountain and others of a stone or leaden tablet on which their names were engraved by their countrymen who built a chapel on the spot (v. 20). Others again make the Men of Al-Rakím distinct from the Cave-men, and believe (with Al-Bayzáwi) that they were three youths who were shut up in a grotto by a rock-slip. Each prayed for

Then he again wept for that he had driven the birds and beasts from the spring by sitting down under the tree, and he walked on till he came to the shepherd's dwelling and going in, saluted him. The shepherd returned his salutation and embraced him, weeping and saying, " What hath brought thee to this place where no man hath ever yet come to me." Quoth the other devotee, "I saw in my sleep one who described to me this thy stead and bade me repair to thee and salute thee: so I came, in obedience to the commandment." The shepherd welcomed him, rejoicing in his company and the twain abode upon that mountain, worshipping Allah with the best of worship; and they ceased not serving their Lord in the cavern and living upon the flesh and milk of their sheep, having clean put away from them riches and children and what not, till the Certain, the Inevitable became their lot. And this is the end of their story. Then said King Shahryar, "O Shahrazad, thou wouldst cause me to renounce my kingdom and thou makest me repent of having slain so many women and maidens. Hast thou any bird-stories?" "Yes," replied she, and began to tell the

TALE OF THE WATER-FOWL AND THE TORTOISE.

It is related by truthful men, O King, that a certain bird flew high up to the firmament, and presently lit on a rock in the midst of water which was running. And as he sat there, behold, the current carried to him the carcass of a man, and lodged it against the rock, for being swollen it floated. The bird, which was a water-fowl, drew near and examining it, found that it was the dead body of a son of Adam and saw in it sign of spear and stroke of sword. So he said to himself, "I presume that this man who hath been slain was some evil-doer, and that a company banded themselves together against him and put him to death and were at peace from him and his evil-doing." And as he continued marvelling at this, suddenly the vultures and kites came down

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help through the merits of some good deed: when the first had adjured Allah the mountain cracked till light appeared; at the second petition it split so that they saw one another, and after the third it opened. However that may be, Kitmir is one of the seven favoured animals; the others being the Hudhud (hoopoe) of Solomon (Koran xxii. 20); the she-camel of Sálih (chapt. lxxxvii.); the cow of Moses which named the second Surah; the fish of Jonah; the serpent of Eve, and the peacock of Paradise. For Koranic revelations of the Cave see the late Thomas Chenery (p. 414, The Assemblies of Al-Hariri: Williams and Norgate, 1870) who borrows from the historian Tabari.

upon the carcass from all sides and gat round it; which when the water-fowl saw, he feared with sore affright and said, "I cannot abide here any longer." So he flew away in quest of a place where he might dwell, till that carcass should come to an end and the birds of prey leave it; and he stayed not in his flight till he found a river with a tree in its midst. So he alighted on the tree, troubled and distraught and sore grieved for departing from his birth-place, and said to himself, "Verily sorrows cease not to follow me: I was at ease when I saw that carcass, and rejoiced therein with much joy, saying, "This is a gift of daily bread which Allah hath dealt to me: but my joy became annoy and my gladness turned to sadness, for the ravenous birds, which are like lions, seized upon it and tore it to pieces and came between me and my prize. So how can I hope to be secure from misfortune in this world; or put any trust therein? Indeed, the proverb saith:—The world is the dwelling of him who hath no dwelling: he who hath no wits is cozened by it and entrusteth it with his wealth and his child and his family and his folk; and whoso is cozened ceaseth not to rely upon it, pacing proudly upon earth until he is laid under earth and the dust is cast over his corpse by him who of all men was dearest to him and nearest. But naught is better for generous youth than patience under its cares and miseries. I have left my native place and it is abhorrent to me to quit my brethren and friends and loved ones." Now whilst he was thus musing lo! a male-tortoise descended into the river and, approaching the water-fowl, saluted him, saying, "O my lord, what hath exiled thee and driven thee so far from thy place?" Replied the water-fowl, "The descent of enemies thereon; for the wise brooketh not the neighbourhood of his foe; and how well saith the poet:—

Whenas on any hand the oppressor doth alight, * There's nothing left for those
that dwell therein, but flight."[1]

Quoth the tortoise, "If the matter be as thou sayest and the case as thou describest, I will not leave thee nor cease to stand before thee, that I may do thy need and fulfil thy service; for 'tis said that there is no sorer desolation than that of him who is an exile, cut off from friends and home; and 'tis also said that no calamity equalleth that of severance from the good; but the best solace for men of understanding is to seek companionship in strangerhood and be patient under sorrows and adversity. Wherefore I hope that thou wilt approve of my company, for I will be to thee a servant and a helper." Now when the water-fowl heard the tortoise's words he answered, "Verily, thou art right in what thou sayest for, by my life, I have found grief and pain in separation, what while I have been parted from my place and sundered from my brethren and friends; seeing that in severance is an admonition to him who will be admonished and matter of thought for him who will take thought. If the generous youth find not a companion to console him, weal is for ever cut off from him and ill is eternally established with him; and there is nothing for the sage but to solace himself in every event with brethren and be constant in patience and endurance; indeed these two are praiseworthy qualities, and both uphold one under calamities and vicissitudes of the world and ward off startling sorrows and harrowing cares, come what will." Rejoined the tortoise, "Beware of sorrow, for it will spoil thy life and waste thy manliness." And the two gave not over conversing till the bird said, "Never shall I cease fearing the shifts of time and vicissitudes of events." When the tortoise heard this, he came up to him and, kissing him between the eyes, said to him, "Never may the company of the birds cease to be blest in thee and through thee, and find wisdom in thy good counsel! How shalt thou be burdened with care and harm?" And he went on to comfort the water-fowl and soothe his terrors till he became reassured. Then he flew to the place where the carcass was and found on arriving there the birds of prey gone, and they had left nothing of the body but bones; whereupon he returned to the tortoise and acquainted him with the fact that the foe had disappeared from his his place, saying, "Know that of a truth I long for return homewards to enjoy the society of my friends; for the sage cannot endure separation from his native place." So they both went thither and found naught to affright them; whereupon the water-fowl began repeating:—

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[1] These lines have occurred in Night cxlvi.: I quote Mr. Payne by way of variety.

And haply whenas strait descends on lot of generous youth * Right sore, with Allah only lies his issue from annoy:
He's straitened, but full oft when rings and meshes straitest clip * He 'scapes his strait and joyance finds, albe I see no joy.

So the twain abode in that island; and while the water-fowl was enjoying a life of peace and gladness, suddenly Fate led thither a hungry falcon, which drove its talons into the bird's body and killed him, nor did caution avail him when his term of life was ended. Now the cause of his death was that he neglected to use the formula of praise, and it is said that his form of adoration was as follows, "Praised be our Lord in that He ordereth and ordaineth; and praised be our Lord in that He enricheth and impoverisheth!" Such was the water-fowl's end and the tale of the ravenous birds. And when it was finished quoth the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, verily thou overwhelmest me with admonitions and salutary instances. Hast thou any stories of beasts?" "Yes," answered she; and began to tell

THE TALE OF THE WOLF AND THE FOX.[1]

KNOW, O King, that a fox and a wolf once cohabited in the same den, harbouring together therein by day and resorting thither by night; but the wolf was cruel and oppressive to the fox. They abode thus a while, till it so befel that the fox exhorted the wolf to use gentle dealing and leave off his ill deeds, saying, "If thou persist in thine arrogance, belike Allah will give the son of Adam power over thee, for he is past master in guile and wile; and by his artifice he bringeth down the birds from the firmament and he haleth the mighty fish out of the flood-waters: and he cutteth the mountain and transporteth it from place to place. All this is of his craft and wiliness: wherefore do thou betake thyself to equity and fair dealing and leave frowardness and tyranny; and thou shalt fare all the better therefor." But the wolf would not accept his counsel and answered him roughly, saying, "What right hast thou to speak of matters of weight and importance?" And he dealt the fox a cuff that laid him senseless; but, when he revived, he smiled in the wolf's face and, excusing himself for his unseemly speech, repeated these two couplets:—

If any sin I sinned, or did I aught * In love of you, which hateful mischief wrought;
My sin I sore repent and pardon sue; * So give the sinner gift of pardon sought.

The wolf accepted his excuse and held his hand from further ill-treatment, saying, "Speak not of whatso concerneth thee not, lest thou hear what shall please thee not." Answered the fox, "To hear is to obey!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The wolf (truly enough to nature) is the wicked man without redeeming traits; the fox of Arab folk-lore is the cunning man who can do good on occasion. Here the latter is called "Sa'alab," which may, I have noted, mean the jackal; but further on "Father of a Fortlet" refers especially to the fox. Herodotus refers to the gregarious Canis Aureus when he describes Egyptian wolves as being "not much bigger than foxes" (ii. 67); and Canon Rawlinson does not perceive that the Halicarnassian means the jackal and blunders about the hyena.

Now when it was the Hundred and Forty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that quoth the wolf to the fox, "Speak not of whatso concerneth thee not, lest thou hear what shall please thee not!" Answered the fox, "To hear is to obey! I will abstain henceforth from what pleaseth thee not; for the sage saith :—Have a care that thou speak not of that whereof thou art not asked; leave that which concerneth thee not for that which concerneth thee, and by no means lavish good counsel on the wrong doers, for they will repay it to thee with wrong." And reflecting on the words of the wolf he smiled in his face, but in his heart he meditated treachery against him and privily said, "There is no help but that I compass the destruction of this wolf." So he bore with his injurious usage, saying to himself, "Verily insolence and evil-speaking are causes of perdition and cast into confusion, and it is said :—Vain is the insolent, and the ignorant doth repent; and whoso feareth, to him safety is sent: moderation marketh the noble and gentle manners are of gains the grandest. It behoveth me to dissemble with this tyrant and needs must he be cast down." Then quoth he to the wolf, "Verily, the Lord pardoneth his erring servant and relenteth towards him, if he confess his offences; and I am a weak slave and have offended in presuming to counsel thee. If thou knewest the pain that befel me by thy buffet, thou wouldst know that even the elephant could not stand against it nor endure it; but I complain not of this blow's hurt, because of the joy and gladness that hath betided me through it; for albeit 'twas to me exceeding sore yet was its issue of the happiest. And with sooth saith the sage :—The blow of the teacher is at first right hurtful, but the end of it is sweeter than strained honey." Quoth the wolf, "I pardon thine offence and I cancel thy fault; but beware of my force and avow thyself my thrall; for thou hast learned my severity unto him who showeth his hostility!" Thereupon the fox prostrated himself before the wolf, saying, "Allah lengthen thy life and mayst thou never cease to overthrow thy foes!" And he continued to fear the wolf and to wheedle him and dissemble with him. Now it came to pass that one day, the fox went to a vineyard and saw a breach in its walls; but he mistrusted it and said to himself, "Verily, for this breach there must be some cause and the old saw saith :—Whoso seeth a cleft in the earth and shunneth it not and is not wary in approaching it, the same is self-deluded and exposeth himself to danger and destruction. Indeed, it is well known that some folk make the figure of a fox in their vineyards; nay, they even set before the semblance grapes in plates, that foxes may see it and come to it and fall into perdition. In very sooth I regard this breach as a snare, and the proverb saith:—Caution is one half of cleverness. Now prudence requireth that I examine this breach and see if there be aught therein which may lead to perdition; and coveting shall not make me cast myself into destruction." So he went up to the hole and walked round it right warily, and lo! it was a deep pit which the owner of the vineyard had dug to trap therein the wild beasts which laid waste his vines. Then he said to himself, "Thou hast gained, for that thou hast refrained!" and he looked and saw that the hole was lightly covered with dust and matting. So he drew back from it saying, "Praised be Allah that I was wary of it! I hope that my enemy, the wolf, who maketh my life miserable, will fall into it; so will the vineyard be left to me and I shall enjoy it alone and dwell therein at peace." Saying thus, he shook his head and laughed a loud laugh and began versifying:—

Would Heaven I saw at this hour * The wolf fallen down in this well,
He who anguisht my heart for so long, * And garred me drain eisel and fell!
Heaven grant after this I may live * Free of wolf for long fortunate spell,
When I've rid grapes and vineyard of him, * And in bunch-spoiling happily dwell.

His verse being finished he returned in haste to the wolf and said to him, "Allah hath made plain for thee the way into the vineyard without toil and moil. This is of thine auspicious fortune; so good luck to thee and mayest thou enjoy the plentiful plunder and the profuse provender which Allah hath opened up to thee without trouble!" Asked the wolf, "What proof hast thou of what thou assertest?" and the fox answered, "I went up to the vineyard and found that the owner was dead, having been torn to pieces by wolves: so I entered the orchard and saw the fruit shining upon the trees." The wolf doubted not the fox's report and his gluttony got hold of him; so he arose and repaired to the cleft, for that greed blinded him; whilst the fox falling behind him lay as one dead, quoting to the case the following couplet:—

For Laylà's[1] favour dost thou greed? But, bear in mind * Greed is a yoke of harmful weight on neck of man.

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[1] The older "Leila" or "Leyla": it is a common name and is here applied to woman in general. The root is evidently "layl" = nox, with, probably, the idea, "She walks in beauty like the night."

And when the wolf had reached the breach the fox said, "Enter the vineyard: thou art spared the trouble of climbing a ladder, for the garden-wall is broken down, and with Allah it resteth to fulfil the benefit." So the wolf went on walking and thought to enter the vineyard; but when he came to the middle of the pit-covering he fell through; whereupon the fox shook for joy and gladness; his care and concern left him and he sang out for delight and improvised these couplets:—

Fortune had mercy on the soul of me, * And for my torments now shows clemency,
Granting whatever gift my heart desired, * And far removing what I feared to see:
I will, good sooth, excuse her all her sins * She sinned in days gone by and much sinned she:
Yea, her injustice she hath shown in this, * She whitened locks that were so black of blee:
But now for this same wolf escape there's none, * Of death and doom he hath full certainty.
Then all the vineyard comes beneath my rule, * I'll brook no partner who's so fond a fool.

Then the fox looked into the cleft and, seeing the wolf weeping in repentance and sorrow for himself, wept with him; whereupon the wolf raised his head to him and asked, "Is it of pity for me thou weepest, O Father of the Fortlet?"[1] Answered the fox, "No, by Him who cast thee into this pit! I weep for the length of thy past life and for regret that thou didst not fall into the pit before this day; for hadst thou done so before I foregathered with thee, I had rested and enjoyed repose; but thou wast spared till the fulfilment of thine allotted term and thy destined time." Then the wolf said to him as one jesting, "O evil-doer, go to my mother and tell her what hath befallen me; haply she may devise some device for my release." Replied the fox, "Of a truth thou hast been brought to destruction by the excess of thy greed and thine exceeding gluttony, since thou art fallen into a pit whence thou wilt never escape. Knowest thou not the common proverb, O thou witless wolf:—Whoso taketh no thought as to how things end, him shall Fate never befriend nor shall he safe from perils wend." "O Reynard," quoth the wolf, "thou wast wont to show me fondness and covet my friendliness and fear the greatness of my strength. Hate me not rancorously because of that I did with thee; for he who hath power and forgiveth, his reward Allah giveth: even as saith the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Abu 'l-Hosayn"; his earth being his fort (Unexplored Syria, ii. 18).

Sow kindness-seed in the unfittest stead ; * 'Twill not be wasted whereso thou
shalt sow :
For kindness albe buried long, yet none * Shall reap the crop save sower who
garred it grow."

Rejoined the fox, "O most witless of beasts of prey and stupidest of the wild brutes which the wolds overstray ! Hast thou forgotten thine arrogance and insolence and tyranny, and thy disregarding the due of goodfellowship and thy refusing to be advised by what the poet saith :—

Wrong not thy neighbour e'en if thou have power ; * The wronger alway
vengeance-harvest reaps :
Thine eyes shall sleep, while bides the wronged on wake * A-cursing thee ; and
Allah's eye ne'er sleeps."

"O Abu al-Hosayn," replied the wolf, "twit me not with my past sins ; for forgiveness is expected of the generous and doing kind deeds is the truest of treasures. How well saith the poet :—

Haste to do kindness while thou hast much power, * For at all seasons thou
hast not such power."

And he ceased not to humble himself before the fox and say, "Haply thou canst do somewhat to deliver me from destruction." Replied the fox, "O thou wolf, thou witless, deluded, deceitful trickster ! hope not for deliverance, for this is but the just reward of thy foul dealing and its due retaliation." Then he laughed with chops wide open and repeated these two couplets :—

No longer beguile me, * Thou'lt fail of thy will !
What can't be thou seekest ; * Thou hast sown so reap Ill !

Quoth the wolf, "O gentlest of ravenous beasts, I think thee too faithful to leave me in this pit." Then he wept and complained and, with tears streaming from his eyes, recited these two couplets :—

O thou whose favours have been out of compt, * Whose gifts are more than may
be numberèd !
Never mischance befel me yet from time * But that I found thy hand right
fain to aid.

"O thou ninny foe," quoth the fox, "how art thou reduced to humiliation and prostration and abjection and submission, after insolence and pride and tyranny and arrogance ! Verily, I kept company with thee only for fear of thy fury and I cajoled thee without one hope of fair treatment from thee : but now trembling is come upon thee and vengeance hath overtaken thee. And he repeated these two couplets :—

O thou who seekest innocence to 'guile, ∗ Thou'rt caught in trap of thine intentions vile :
Now drain the draught of shamefullest mischance, ∗ And be with other wolves cut off, thou scroyle ! "

Replied the wolf, "O thou clement one, speak not with the tongue of enemies nor look with their eyes ; but fulfil the covenant of fellowship with me, ere the time of applying remedy cease to be. Rise and make ready to get me a rope and tie one end of it to a tree ; then let the other down to me, that I may lay hold of it, so haply I shall from this my strait win free, and I will give thee all my hand possesseth of wealth and fee." Quoth the fox, "Thou persistest in conversation concerning what will not procure thy liberation. Hope not for this, for thou shalt never, never get of me wherewithal to set thee at liberty ; but call to mind thy past misdeeds and the craft and perfidy thou didst imagine against me and bethink thee how near thou art to being stoned to death. For know that thy soul is about the world to quit and cease in it and depart from it ; so shalt thou to destruction hie and ill is the abiding-place thou shalt aby !"[1] Rejoined the wolf, "O Father of the Fortlet, hasten to return to amity and persist not in this rancorous enmity. Know that whoso from ruin saveth a soul, is as if he had quickened it and made it whole ; and whoso saveth a soul alive, is as if he had saved all mankind.[2] Follow not frowardness, for the wise forbid it : and it were most manifest frowardness to leave me in this pit draining the agony of death and bound to look upon mine own doom, when it lieth in thy power to deliver me from my mischance. So do thy best to release me and deal with me benevolently." Answered the fox, "O thou base and barbarous wretch, I compare thee, because of the fairness of thy professions and expressions, and the foulness of thy intentions and thy inventions, to the Falcon and the Partridge." Asked the wolf, "How so?" and the fox began to tell the

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[1] A Koranic phrase often occurring.
[2] Koran v. 35.

TALE OF THE FALCON[1] *AND THE PARTRIDGE.*[2]

Once upon a time I entered a vineyard to eat of its grapes; and, whilst so doing behold, I saw a falcon stoop upon a partridge and seize him; but the partridge escaped from the seizer and, entering his nest, hid himself there. The falcon followed apace and called out to him, saying, "O imbecile, I saw thee an-hungered in the wold and took pity on thee; so I picked up for thee some grain and took hold of thee that thou mightest eat; but thou fleddest from me; and I wot not the cause of thy flight, except it were to put upon me a slight. Come out, then, and take the grain I have brought thee to eat and much good may it do thee, and with thy health agree." When the partridge heard these words, he believed and came out to him, whereupon the falcon struck his talons into him and seized him. Cried the partridge, "Is this that which thou toldest me thou hadst brought me from the wold, and whereof thou badest me eat, saying:—Much good may it do thee, and with thy health agree? Thou hast lied to me, and may Allah cause what thou eatest of my flesh to be a killing poison in thy maw!" So when the falcon had eaten the partridge, his feathers fell off and his strength failed and he died on the spot. Know, then, O wolf! (pursued the fox), "that he who diggeth for his brother a pit himself soon falleth into it, and thou first deceivedst me in mode unfit." Quoth the wolf, "Spare me this discourse nor saws and tales enforce, and remind me not of my former ill course, for sufficeth me the sorry plight I endure perforce, seeing that I am fallen into a place in which even my foe would pity me, much more a true friend. Rather find some trick to deliver me and be thou thereby my saviour. If this cause thee trouble, remember that a true friend will undertake the sorest travail for his true friend's sake and will risk his life to deliver him from evil; and indeed it hath been said :— A leal friend is better than a real brother. So if thou stir thyself to save me and I be saved, I will for sure gather thee such store as shall be a provision for thee against want however sore; and truly I will teach thee rare tricks whereby to open whatever bounteous vineyards thou please and strip the fruit-laden trees." Rejoined the fox laughing, "How excellent is what the learned say of him who aboundeth in ignorance like unto thee!" Asked the wolf, "What do the wise men say?" And the fox answered, "They have observed that the gross of body are gross of mind, far from intelligence and nigh unto ignorance. As for thy saying, O thou stupid, cunning idiot! that a true friend should undertake sore travail for his true friend's sake, it is sooth as thou sayest, but tell me, of thine ignorance and poverty of intelligence, how can I be a true friend to thee, considering thy treachery? Dost thou count me thy true friend? Nay, I am thy foe who joyeth in thy woe; and couldst thou know it, this word were sorer to thee than slaughter by shot of shaft. As for thy promise to provide me a store against want however sore and teach me tricks, to plunder whatever bounteous vineyards I please, and spoil fruit-laden trees, how cometh it, O guileful traitor, that thou knowest not a wile to save thyself from destruction? How far art thou from profiting thyself and how far am I from accepting thy counsel! If thou have any tricks, make shift for thyself to save thee from the risk, wherefrom I pray Allah to make thine escape far distant! So look, O fool, if there be any trick with thee; and therewith save thyself from death ere thou lavish instruction upon thy neighbours. But thou art like a certain man attacked by a disease, who went to another diseased with the same disease, and said to him :— Shall I heal thee of thy disease? Replied the sick man, Why dost thou not begin by healing thyself? So he left him and went his way. And thou, O ignorant wolf, art like this; so stay where thou art and under what hath befallen thee be of good heart!" When the wolf heard what the fox said, he knew that from him he had no hope of favour; so he wept for himself, saying, "Verily, I have been heedless of my weal; but if Allah deliver me from this ill I will assuredly repent of my arrogance towards those who are weaker than I, and will wear woollens[1] and go upon the mountains, celebrating the praises of Almighty Allah and fearing His punishment. And I will withdraw from the company of other wild beasts and assuredly will I feed the poor fighters for the Faith." Then he wept and wailed, till the heart of the fox softened when he heard his humble words and his professions of penitence for his past insolence and arrogance. So he took pity upon him and sprang up joyfully and, going to the brink of the breach, squatted down on his hind quarters and let his tail hang in the hole; whereupon the wolf arose and putting out his paw, pulled the fox's tail, so that he fell down in the pit with him. Then said the wolf, "O fox of little mercy, why didst thou exult in my misery, thou that wast my companion and under my dominion? Now thou art fallen into the pit with me and retribution hath soon overtaken thee. Verily well quoth the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Bází," Pers. "Báz" (here Richardson is wrong, *s.v.*); a term to a certain extent generic, but specially used for the noble Peregrine (*F. Peregrinator*) whose tiercel is the Sháhín (or "Royal Bird"). It is sometimes applied to the goshawk (*Astur palumbarius*) whose proper title, however, is Shah-báz (King-kawk). The Peregrine extends from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and the best come from the colder parts: In Iceland I found that the splendid white bird was sometimes trapped for sending to India. In Egypt "Bazi" is applied to the kite or buzzard and "Hidyah" (a kite) to the falcon (Burckhardt's Prov. 159, 581 and 602). Burckhardt translates "Hidáyah," the Egyptian corruption, by "an ash-grey falcon of the smaller species common throughout Egypt and Syria."

[2] Arab. "Hijl," the bird is not much prized in India because it feeds on the roads. For the Shinnár (caccabis) or magnificent partridge of Midian as large as a pheasant, see "Midian Revisited," ii. 18.

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[1] Arab. "Súf;" hence "Súfi," = (etymologically) one who wears woollen garments, a devotee, a Santon; from σοφὸς = wise; from σαφής = pure, or from Safá = he was pure. This is not the place to enter upon such a subject as "Tasawwuf," or sufyism; that singular reaction from arid Moslem realism and materialism, that immense development of gnostic and Neo-platonic transcendentalism. The poetry of Omar-i-Khayyám, now familiar to English

When Fortune weighs heavy on some of us, * And turns her wheel by some other one,
Say to those who rejoice in our ills:—Awake, * The rejoicer shall suffer as we have done!

And death in company is the best of things[1] wherefore I will certainly and assuredly hasten to slay thee ere thou see me slain." Said the fox to himself, "Ah! Ah! I am fallen into the snare with this tyrant, and my case calleth for the use of craft and cunning; for indeed it is said that a woman fashioneth her jewellery for the day of display, and quoth the proverb:—I have not kept thee, O my tear, save for the time when distress draweth near. And unless I make haste to circumvent this potent beast I am lost without recourse; and how well saith the poet:—

Make thy game by guile, for thou'rt born in a Time * Whose sons are lions in forest lain;
And turn on the leat[2] of thy knavery * That the mill of subsistence may grind thy grain;
And pluck the fruits or, if out of reach, * Why, cram thy maw with the grass on plain."

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readers, is a fair specimen; and the student will consult the last chapter of the Dabistan "On the religion of the Sufiahs." The first Moslem Sufi was Abu Háshim of Kufah, ob. A.H. 150 = 767, and the first Convent of Sufis called "Takiyah" (Pilgrimage i. 124) was founded in Egypt by Saladin the Great.

[1] The Persian proverb is "Marg-i-amboh jashni dárad" = death in a crowd is as good as a feast.

[2] Arab. "Kanát," the subterranean water-course called in Persia "Kyáriz." Lane (ii. 66) translates it "brandish around the spear (Kanát is also a cane-lance) of artifice," thus making rank nonsense of the line. Al-Hariri uses the term in the Ass. of the Banu Haram where "Kanát" may be a pipe or bamboo laid underground.

Then said the fox to the wolf, "Hasten not to slay me, for that is not the way to pay me and thou wouldst repent it, O thou valiant wild beast, lord of force and exceeding prowess! An thou accord delay and consider what I shall say, thou wilt ken what purpose I proposed; but if thou hasten to kill me it will profit thee naught and we shall both die in this very place." Answered the wolf, "O thou wily trickster, what maketh thee hope to work my deliverance and thine own, that thou prayest me to grant thee delay? Speak and propound to me thy purpose." Replied the fox, "As for the purpose I proposed, it was one which deserveth that thou guerdon me handsomely for it; for when I heard thy promises and thy confessions of thy past misdeeds and regrets for not having earlier repented and done good; and when I heard thee vowing, shouldst thou escape from this strait, to leave harming thy fellows and others; forswear the eating of grapes and of all manner fruits; devote thyself to humility; cut thy claws and break thy dog-teeth; don woollens and offer thyself as an offering to Almighty Allah; then indeed I had pity upon thee, for true words are the best words. And although before I had been anxious for thy destruction, whenas I heard thy repenting and thy vows of amending should Allah vouchsafe to save thee, I felt bound to free thee from this thy present plight. So I let down my tail, that thou mightest grasp it and be saved. Yet wouldest thou not quit thy wonted violence and habit of brutality; nor soughtest thou to save thyself by fair means, but thou gavest me a tug which I thought would sever body from soul, so that thou and I are fallen into the same place of distress and death. And now there is but one thing can save us and, if thou accept it of me, we shall both escape; and after it behoveth thee to fulfil the vows thou hast made and I will be thy veritable friend." Asked the wolf, "What is it thou proposest for mine acceptance?" Answered the fox, "It is that thou stand up at full height till I come nigh on a level with the surface of the earth. Then will I give a spring and reach the ground; and, when out of the pit, I will bring thee what thou mayst lay hold of, and thus shalt thou make thine escape." Rejoined the wolf, "I have no faith in thy word, for sages have said:— Whoso practiseth trust in the place of hate, erreth; and:— Whoso trusteth in the untrustworthy is a dupe; he who re-trieth him who hath been tried shall reap repentance and his days shall go waste; and he who cannot distinguish between case and case, giving each its due, and assigneth all the weight to one side, his luck shall be little and his miseries shall be many. How well saith the poet:—

Let thy thought be ill and none else but ill; * For suspicion is best of the worldling's skill:
Naught casteth a man into parlous place * But good opinion and (worse) good-will!

And the saying of another:—

Be sure all are villains and so bide safe; * Who lives wide awake on few Ills shall light:
Meet thy foe with smiles and a smooth fair brow, * And in heart raise a host for the battle dight!

And that of yet another:[1]—

He thou trusted most is thy worst unfriend; * 'Ware all and take heed with whom thou wend:
Fair opinion of Fortune is feeble sign; * So believe her ill and her Ills perpend!"

Quoth the fox, "Verily mistrust and ill opinion of others are not to be commended in every case; nay, trust and confidence are the characteristics of a noble nature and the issue thereof is freedom from stress of fear. Now it behoveth thee, O thou wolf, to devise some device for thy deliverance from this thou art in, and our escape will be better to us both than our death: so quit thy distrust and rancour; for if thou trust in me one of two things will happen; either I shall bring thee something whereof to lay hold and escape from this case, or I shall abandon thee to thy doom. But this thing may not be, for I am not safe from falling into some such strait as this thou art in, which, indeed, would be fitting punishment of perfidy. Of a truth the adage saith:—Faith is fair and faithlessness is foul.[2] So it behoveth thee to trust in me, for I am not ignorant of the haps and mishaps of the world; and delay not to contrive some device for our deliverance, as the case is too close to allow further talk." Replied the wolf, "For all my want of confidence in thy fidelity, verily I knew what was in thy mind and that thou wast moved to deliver me when thou heardest my repentance, and I said to myself:—If what he asserteth be true, he will have repaired the ill he did; and if false, it resteth with the Lord to requite him. So, look'ee, I have accepted thy proposal and, if thou betray me, may thy traitorous deed be the cause of thy destruction!" Then the wolf stood bolt upright in the pit and, taking the fox upon his shoulders, raised him to the level of the ground, whereupon Reynard gave a spring from his back and lighted on the surface of the earth. When he found himself safely out of the cleft he fell down senseless and the wolf said to him, "O my friend! neglect not my case and delay not to deliver me." The fox laughed with a loud haw-haw and replied, "O dupe, naught threw me into thy hands save my laughing at thee and making mock of thee; for in good sooth when I heard thee profess repentance, mirth and gladness seized me and I frisked about and made merry and danced, so that my tail hung low into the pit and thou caughtest hold of it and draggedst me down with thee. And the end was that Allah Almighty delivered me from thy power. Then why should I be other than a helper in thy destruction, seeing that thou art of Satan's host? I dreamt yesterday that I danced at thy wedding and I told my dream to an interpreter who said to me:—Verily thou shalt fall into imminent deadly danger and thou shalt escape therefrom. So now I know that my falling into thy hand and my escape are the fulfilment of my dream, and thou, O imbecile, knowest me for thy foe; so how couldest thou, of thine ignorance and unintelligence, nurse desire of deliverance at my hands, after all thou hast heard of harsh words from me; and wherefore should I attempt thy salvation when the sages have said:—In the death of the wicked is rest for mankind and a purge for the earth? But, were it not that I fear to bear more affliction by keeping faith with thee than the sufferings which follow perfidy, I had done mine endeavour to save thee." When the wolf heard this, he bit his forehand for repentance.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] From Al-Tughrái, the author of the Lámiyat al-Ajam, the "Lay of the Outlander;" a Kasidah (Ode) rhyming in Lám (the letter "l" being the ráwi or binder). The student will find a new translation of it by Mr. J. W. Redhouse and Dr. Carlyle's old version (No. liii.) in Mr. Clouston's "Arabian Poetry." Muyid al-Din al-Hasan Abu Ismail (nat. Ispahan, ob. Baghdad A.H. 182) derived his surname from the Tughrá, cypher or flourish (over the "Bismillah" in royal and official papers) containing the name of the prince. There is an older "Lamiyat al-Arab" a pre-Islamitic L-poem by the "brigand-poet" Shanfara, of whom Mr. W. G. Palgrave has given a most appreciative account in his "Essays on Eastern Questions," noting the indomitable self-reliance and the absolute individualism of a mind defying its age and all around it. Al-Hariri quotes from both.

[2] The words of the unfortunate Azizah, Night cxx.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fiftieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the wolf heard the fox's words he bit his forehand for repentance. Then he gave the fox fair words, but this availed naught and he was at his wits' end for what to do; so he said to him in soft, low accents, "Verily, you tribe of foxes are the most pleasant people in point of tongue and the subtlest in jest, and this is but a joke of thine; but all times are not good for funning and frolicking." The fox replied, "O ignoramus, in good sooth jesting hath a limit which the jester must not overpass; and deem not that Allah will again give thee possession of me after having once delivered me from thy hand." Quoth the wolf, "It behoveth thee to compass my release, by reason of our brotherhood and good fellowship; and, if thou release me, I will assuredly make fair thy recompense." Quoth the fox, "Wise men say:—Take not to brother the wicked fool, for he will disgrace thee in lieu of gracing thee; nor take to brother the liar for, if thou do good, he will conceal it; and if thou do ill he will reveal it. And again, the sages have said:—There is help for everything but death: all may be warded off except Fate. As for the reward thou declarest to be my due from thee, I compare thee herein with the serpent which fled from the charmer.[1] A man saw her affrighted and said to her:—What aileth thee, O thou serpent? Replied she, I am fleeing from the snake-charmer, for he seeketh to trap me and, if thou wilt save me and hide me with thee, I will make fair thy reward and do thee all manner of kindness. So he took her, incited thereto by hope for the recompense and eager to find favour with Heaven, and set her in his breast pocket. Now when the charmer had passed and had wended his way and the serpent had no longer any cause to fear, he said to her:—Where is the reward thou didst promise me? Behold I have saved thee from that thou fearedst and soughtest to fly. Replied she:—Tell me in what limb or in what place shall I strike thee with my fangs, for thou knowest we exceed not that recompense. So saying, she gave him a bite whereof he died. And I liken thee, O dullard, to the serpent in her dealings with that man. Hast thou not heard what the poet saith?—

Trust not to man when thou hast raised his spleen * And wrath, nor that 'twill cool do thou misween:
Smooth feels the viper to the touch and glides * With grace, yet hides she deadliest venene."

Quoth the wolf, "O thou glib of gab and fair of face, ignore not my case and men's fear of me; and well thou knowest how I assault the strongly walled place and uproot the vines from base. Wherefore do as I bid thee, and stand before me even as the thrall standeth before his lord." Quoth the fox, "O stupid dullard who seekest a vain thing, I marvel at thy folly and thy front of brass in that thou biddest me serve thee and stand up before thee as I were a slave bought with thy silver; but soon shalt thou see what is in store for thee, in the way of cracking thy sconce with stones and knocking out thy traitorous dog-teeth." So saying the fox climbed a hill overlooking the vineyard and standing there, shouted out to the vintagers; nor did he give over shouting till he woke them and they, seeing him, all came up to him in haste. He stood his ground till they drew near him and close to the pit wherein was the wolf; and then he turned and fled. So the folk looked into the cleft and, spying the wolf, set to pelting him with heavy stones, and they stopped not smiting him with stones and sticks, and stabbing him with spears, till they killed him and went away. Thereupon the fox returned to that cleft and, standing over the spot where his foe had been slain, saw the wolf dead: so he wagged his head for very joyance and began to recite these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Háwí" = a juggler who plays tricks with snakes: he is mostly a Gypsy. The "recompense" the man expects is the golden treasure which the ensorcelled snake is supposed to guard, an idea as old as the dragon in the Garden of the Hesperides.

Fate the Wolf's soul snatched up from wordly stead; * Far be from bliss his soul that perishèd!
Abú Sirhán![1] how sore thou sought'st my death; * Thou, burnt this day in fire of sorrow dread:
Thou'rt fallen into pit, where all who fall * Are blown by Death-blast down among the dead.

Thenceforward the aforesaid fox abode alone in the vineyard unto the hour of his death secure and fearing no hurt. And such are the adventures of the wolf and the fox. But men also tell a

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[1] The "Father of going out (to prey) by morning"; for dawn is called Zanab Sirhán, the Persian Dum-i-gurg = wolf's tail, *i.e.* the first brush of light; the Zodiacal Light shown in morning. Sirhán is a nickname of the wolf—Gaunt Grim or Gaffer Grim, the German Isengrin or Eisengrinus (icy grim or iron grim) whose wife is Hersent, as Richent or Hermeline is Mrs. Fox. In French we have lopez, luppe, leu, *e.g.*

Venant à la queue, leu, leu,

i.e. going in Indian file. Hence the names D'Urfé and Saint-Loup. In Scandinavian, the elder sister of German, Ulf and in German (where the Jews were forced to adopt the name) Wolff whence "Guelph." He is also known to the Arabs as the "sire of a she-lamb," the figure metonymy called "Kunyat bi al-Zidd" (lucus a non lucendo), a patronymic or by-name given for opposition and another specimen of "inverted speech."

TALE OF THE MOUSE AND THE ICHNEUMON.[1]

A MOUSE and an ichneumon once dwelt in the house of a peasant who was very poor; and when one of his friends sickened, the doctor prescribed him husked sesame. Accordingly the hind sought of one of his comrades sesame to be husked by way of healing the sick man; and, when a measure thereof was given to him, he carried it home to his wife and bade her dress it. So she steeped it and husked it and spread it out to dry. Now when the ichneumon saw the grain, she went up to it and fell to carrying it away to her hole, and she toiled all day, till she had borne off the most of it. Presently, in came the peasant's wife and, seeing much of the grain gone, stood awhile wondering; after which she sat down to watch and find out who might be the intruder and make him account for her loss. After a while, out crept the ichneumon to carry off the grain as was her wont, but spying the woman seated there, knew that she was on the watch for her and said in her mind, "Verily, this affair is like to end blameably; and sore I fear me this woman is on the look-out for me, and Fortune is no friend to who attend not to issue and end: so there is no help for it but that I do a fair deed, whereby I may manifest my innocence and wash out all the ill-doings I have done." So saying, she began to take the sesame out of her hole and carry it forth and lay it back upon the rest. The woman stood by and, seeing the ichneumon do thus, said to herself, "Verily this is not the cause of our loss, for she bringeth it back from the hole of him who stole it and returneth it to its place; and of a truth she hath done us a kindness in restoring us the sesame, and the reward of those who do us good is that we do them a like good. It is clear that it is not she who stole the grain; but I will not cease my watching till he fall into my hands and I find out who is the thief." The ichneumon guessed what was in her mind, so she went to the mouse and said to her, "O my sister, there is no good in one who observeth not the claims of neighbourship and who showeth no constancy in friendship." The mouse replied, "Even so, O my friend, and I delight in thee and in thy neighbourhood; but what be the motive of this speech?" Quoth the ichneumon, "The house-master hath brought home sesame and hath eaten his fill of it, he and his family, and hath left much; every living being hath eaten of it and, if thou take of it in thy turn, thou art worthier thereof than any other." This pleased the mouse and she squeaked for joy and danced and frisked her ears and tail, and greed for the grain deluded her; so she rose at once and issuing forth of her home, saw the sesame husked and dry, shining with whiteness, and the woman sitting at watch and ward. The mouse, taking no thought to the issue of the affair (for the woman had armed herself with a cudgel), and unable to contain herself, ran up to the sesame and began turning it over and eating of it; whereupon the woman smote her with that club and cleft her head: so the causes of her destruction were her greed and heedlessness of consequences. Then said the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, by Allah! this be a goodly parable! Say me, hast thou any story bearing upon the beauty of true friendship and the observance of its duty in time of distress and rescuing from destruction?" Answered she:—Yes, it hath reached me that they tell a tale of

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[1] Arab. Bint 'Arús = daughter of the bridegroom, the Hindustani Mungus (vulg. Mongoose); a well-known weasel-like rodent often kept tame in the house to clear it of vermin. It is supposed to know an antidote against snake-poison, as the weasel eats rue before battle (Pliny x. 84; xx. 13). In Modern Egypt this viverra is called "Kitt (or Katt) Far'aun" = Pharaoh's cat: so the Percnopter becomes Pharaoh's hen and the unfortunate King has named a host of things, alive and dead. It was worshipped and mummified in parts of Ancient Egypt *e.g.* Heracleopolis, on account of its antipathy to serpents and because it was supposed to destroy the crocodile, a feat which Ælian and others have overloaded with fable. It has also a distinct antipathy to cats. The ichneumon as a pet becomes too tame and will not leave its master: when enraged it has an unpleasant smell. I brought home for the Zoological Gardens a Central African specimen prettily barred. Burckhardt (Prov. 455) quotes a line:—

Rakas' Ibn Irsin wa zamzama 'l-Nimsu,
(Danceth Ibn Irs whileas Nims doth hum)

and explains Nims by ichneumon and Ibn Irs as a "species of small weasel, or ferret, very common in Egypt: it comes into the houses, feeds upon meat, is of gentle disposition although not domesticated and full of gambols and frolic."

THE CAT[1] AND THE CROW.

Once upon a time, a crow and a cat lived in brotherhood; and one day as they were together under a tree, behold, they spied a leopard making towards them, and they were not aware of his approach till he was close upon them. The crow at once flew up to the tree-top;

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[1] Arab. "Sinnaur" (also meaning a prince). The common name is Kitt which is pronounced Katt or Gatt; and which Ibn Dorayd pronounces a foreign word (Kyriac?). Hence, despite Freitag, Catus (which Isidore derives from catare, to look for), Κάττα or Γάτα, gatto, chat, cat, an animal unknown to the Classics of Europe who used the *mustela* or *putorius vulgaris* and different species of viverræ. The Egyptians, who kept the cat to destroy vermin, especially snakes, called it Mau, Mai, Miao (onomatopoetic): this descendant of the *Felis maniculata* originated in Nubia; and we know from the mummy pits and Herodotus that it

but the cat abode confounded and said to the crow, "O my friend, hast thou no device to save me, even as all my hope is in thee?" Replied the crow, "Of very truth it behoveth brethren in case of need, to cast about for a device when peril overtaketh them, and how well said the poet:—

A friend in need is he who, ever true, * For thy well-doing would himself undo:
One who, when Fortune gars us parting rue, * Victimeth self reunion to renew."

Now hard by that tree were shepherds with their dogs; so the crow flew towards them and smote the face of the earth with his wings, cawing and crying out. Furthermore he went up to one of the dogs and flapped his wings in his face and flew up a little way, whilst the dog ran after him thinking to catch him. Presently, one of the shepherds raised his head and saw the bird flying near the ground and lighting alternately; so he followed him, and the crow ceased not flying just high enough to save himself and to throw out the dogs; and yet tempting them to follow for the purpose of tearing him to pieces. But as soon as they came near him, he would fly up a little; and so at last he brought them to the tree, under which was the leopard. And when the dogs saw him they rushed upon him and he turned and fled. Now the leopard thought to eat the cat who was saved by the craft of his friend the crow. This story, O King, showeth that the friendship of the Brothers of Purity[1] delivereth and saveth from difficulties and from falling into mortal dangers. And they also tell a tale of

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was the same in species as ours. The first portraits of the cat are on the monuments of "Beni Hasan," B.C. 2,500. I have ventured to derive the familiar "Puss" from the Arab. "Biss" (fem. "Bissah"), which is a congener of Pasht (Diana), the cat-faced goddess of Bubastis (Pi-Pasht), now Zagázig. Lastly "tabby (brindled)-cat" is derived from the Attábi (Prince Attab's) quarter at Baghdad where watered silks were made. It is usually attributed to the Tibbie, Tibalt, Tybalt, Thibet or Tybert (who is also executioner), various forms of Theobald in the old Beast Epic; as opposed to Gilbert the tom-cat.

[1] Arab. "Ikhwán al-Safá," a popular term for virtuous friends: it has also a mystic meaning. Some translate it "Brethren of Sincerity," and hold this brotherhood to be Moslem Freemasons, a mere fancy (see the Mesnevi of Mr. Redhouse, Trübner, 1881). There is a well-known Hindustani book of this name printed by Prof. Forbes in Persian character and translated by Platts and Eastwick.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A fox once dwelt in a cave of a certain mountain and, as often as a cub was born to him and grew stout, he would eat the young one, for he had died of hunger, had he instead of so doing left the cub alive and bred it by his side and preserved and cherished his issue. Yet was this very grievous to him. Now on the crest of the same mountain a crow had made his nest, and the fox said to himself, "I have a mind to set up a friendship with this crow and make a comrade of him, that he may help me to my daily bread; for he can do in such matters what I cannot." So he drew near the crow's home and, when he came within sound of speech, he saluted him and said, "O my neighbour, verily a true-believer hath two claims upon his true-believing neighbour, the right of neighbourliness and the right of Al-Islam, our common faith; and know, O my friend, that thou art my neighbour and thou hast a claim upon me which it behoveth me to observe, the more that I have long been thy neighbour. Also, there be implanted in my breast a store of love to thee, which biddeth me speak thee fair and obligeth me to solicit thy brothership. What sayest thou in reply?" Answered the crow, "Verily, the truest speech is the best speech; and haply thou speakest with thy tongue that which is not in thy heart; so I fear lest thy brotherhood be only of the tongue, outward, and thy enmity be in the heart, inward; for that thou art the Eater and I the Eaten, and faring apart were apter to us than friendship and fellowship. What, then, maketh thee seek that which thou mayst not gain and desire what may not be done, seeing that I be of the bird-kind and thou be of the beast-kind? Verily, this thy proffered brotherhood[1] may not be made, neither were it seemly to make it." Rejoined the fox, "Of a truth whoso knoweth the abiding-place of excellent things, maketh better choice in what he chooseth therefrom, so perchance he may advantage his brethren; and indeed I should love to dwell near thee and I have sued for thy intimacy, to the end that we may help each other to our several objects; and

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[1] Among Eastern men there are especial forms for "making brotherhood." The "Munh-bolá-bhái" (mouth-named brother) of India is well-known. The intense "associativeness" of these races renders isolation terrible to them, and being defenceless in a wild state of society has special horrors. Hence the origin of Caste for which see Pilgrimage (i. 52). Moslems, however, cannot practise the African rite of drinking a few drops of each other's blood. This, by the by, was also affected in Europe, as we see in the Gesta Romanorum, Tale lxvii., of the wise and foolish knights who "drew blood (to drink) from the right arm."

success shall surely wait upon our amity. I have a many tales of the goodliness of true friendship, which I will relate to thee if thou wish the relating." Answered the crow, "Thou hast my leave to let me hear thy communication; so tell thy tale, and relate it to me that I may hearken to it and weigh it and judge of thine intent thereby." Rejoined the fox, "Hear then, O my friend, that which is told of a flea and a mouse and which beareth out what I have said to thee." Asked the crow, "How so?" and the fox answered:—
They tell this tale of

THE FLEA AND THE MOUSE.

Once upon a time a mouse dwelt in the house of a merchant who owned much merchandise and great store of monies. One night, a flea took shelter in the merchant's carpet-bed and, finding his body soft and being thirsty, drank of his blood. The merchant was awakened by the smart of the bite and sitting up called to his slave-girls and serving men. So they hastened to him and, tucking up their sleeves, fell to searching for the flea; but as soon as the bloodsucker was aware of the search, he turned to flee and coming on the mouse's home, entered it. When the mouse saw him, she said to him, "What bringeth thee in to me, thou who art not of my nature nor of my kind, and who canst not be assured of safety from violence or of not being expelled with roughness and ill usage?" Answered the flea, "Of a truth, I took refuge in thy dwelling to save me from slaughter; and I have come to thee seeking thy protection and on nowise coveting thy house; nor shall any mischief betide thee from me to make thee leave thy home. Nay, I hope right soon to repay thy favours to me with all good and then shalt thou see and praise the issue of my words." And when the mouse heard the speech of the flea,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the mouse heard the words of the flea, she said, "If the case be as thou dost relate and describe, then be at thine ease here; for naught shall befal thee save the reign of peace and safety; nor shall aught betide thee but what shall joy thee and shall not annoy thee, nor shall it annoy me. I will lavish on thee my affections without stint; and do not thou regret having lost the merchant's blood nor lament for thy subsistence from him, but be content with what sustenance thou canst obtain; for indeed that is the safer for thee. And I have heard, O flea, that one of the gnomic poets saith as follows in these couplets:—

I have fared content in my solitude * With whate'er befel, and led life of ease,
On a water-draught and a bite of bread, * Coarse salt and a gown of tattered frieze:
Allah might, an He pleased, give me easiest life, * But with whatso pleaseth Him self I please."

Now when the flea heard these words of the mouse, he rejoined, "I hearken to thy charge and I submit myself to obey thee, nor have I power to gainsay thee, till life be fulfilled in this righteous intent." Replied the mouse, "Pure intention sufficeth to sincere affection." So the tie of love arose and was knitted between them twain and, after this, the flea used to visit the merchant's bed by night and not exceed in his diet, and house him by day in the hole of the mouse. Now it came to pass one night, the merchant brought home great store of gold pieces and began to turn them over. When the mouse heard the chink of the coin, she put her head out of her hole and fell to gazing at it, till the merchant laid it under his pillow and went to sleep, when she said to the flea, "Seest thou not the proffered occasion and the great good fortune? Hast thou any device to bring us to our desire of yonder dinars?" Quoth the flea, "Verily, it is not good that one strive for aught, unless he be able to win his will; because, if he lack ability thereto, he falleth into that which he should avoid and he attaineth not his wish by reason of his weakness, albeit he use all power of cunning, like the sparrow which picketh up grain and falleth into the net and is caught by the fowler. Thou hast no strength to take the dinars and to transport them out of this house, nor have I force sufficient to do this; on the contrary, I could not carry a single ducat of them; so what hast thou to do with them?" Quoth the mouse, "I have made me for my house these seventy openings, whence I may go out at my desire, and I have set apart a place strong and safe, for things of price; and, if thou can contrive to get the merchant out of the house, I doubt not of success, and so be that Fate aid me." Answered the flea, "I will engage to get him out of the house for thee;" and, going to the merchant's bed, bit him a fearful bite, such as he had never before felt, then fled to a place of safety, where he had no fear of the man. The merchant awoke and sought for the flea, but finding him not, lay down again on his other side; then the flea bit him a second time more painfully than before. So he lost patience and, leaving his bed, went out and lay down on the bench before his door and slept there and awoke not till the morning. Meanwhile the mouse came out and fell to carrying the dinars into her hole, till she left not a single one; and when day dawned the merchant began to suspect the folk and fancy all manner of fancies. And (continued the fox) know thou, O wise and experienced crow with the clear-seeing eyes, that I tell thee this only to the intent that thou mayst reap the recompense of thy kindness to me, even as the mouse reaped the reward of her kindness to the flea; for see how he repaid her and requited her with the goodliest of requitals. Said the crow, "It lieth with the benefactor to show benevolence or not to show it; nor is it incumbent on us to entreat kindly one who seeketh a connection that entaileth separation from kith and kin. If I show thee favour who art my foe by kind, I am the cause of cutting myself off from the world; and thou, O fox, art full of wiles and guiles. Now those whose characteristics are craft and cunning, must not be trusted upon oath; and whoso is not to be trusted upon oath, in him there is no good faith. The tidings lately reached me of thy treacherous dealing with one of thy comrades, which was a wolf; and how thou didst deceive him until thou leddest him into destruction by thy perfidy and stratagems; and this thou diddest after he was of thine own kind and thou hadst long consorted with him: yet didst thou not spare him; and if thou couldst deal thus with thy fellow which was of thine own kind, how can I have trust in thy truth and what would be thy dealing with thy foe of other kind than thy kind? Nor can I compare thee and me but with the saker and the birds." "How so?" asked the fox. Answered the crow:—They relate this tale of

THE SAKER[1] AND THE BIRDS.

THERE was once a saker who was a cruel tyrant——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The F. Sacer in India is called "Laghar" and her tiercel "Jaghar." Mr. T. E. Jordan (catalogue of Indian Birds, 1839) says it is rare; but I found it the contrary. According to Mr. R. Thompson it is flown at kites and antelope; in Sind it is used upon night-heron (*nyctardea nycticorax*), floriken or Hobara (*Otis aurita*), quail, partridge, curlew and sometimes hare: it gives excellent sport with crows but requires to be defended. Indian sportsmen, like ourselves,

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the crow pursued, "They relate that there was once a saker who was a cruel tyrant in the days of his youth, so that the raveners of the air and the scavengers of the earth feared him, none being safe from his mischief; and many were the haps and mishaps of his tyranny and his violence, for this saker was ever in the habit of oppressing and injuring all the other birds. As the years passed over him, he grew feeble and his force failed him, so that he was often famished; but his cunning waxed stronger with the waning of his strength and he redoubled in his endeavour and determined to be present at the general assembly of the birds, that he might eat of their scraps and leavings; so in this manner he fed by fraud instead of feeding by fierceness and force. And thou, O fox, art like this: if thy might fail thee, thy sleight faileth thee not; and I doubt not that thy seeking my society is a fraud to get thy food; but I am none of those who fall to thee and put fist into thy fist;[1] for that Allah hath vouchsafed force to my wings and caution to my mind and sharp sight to my eyes; and I know that whoso apeth a stronger than he, wearieth himself and haply cometh to ruin. Wherefore I fear for thee lest, if thou ape a stronger than thyself, there befal thee what befel the sparrow." Asked the fox, "What befel the sparrow? Allah upon thee, tell me his tale." And the crow began to relate the story of

THE SPARROW AND THE EAGLE.

I HAVE heard that a sparrow was once flitting over a sheep-fold, when he looked at it carefully and behold, he saw a great eagle swoop down upon a newly yeaned lamb and carry it off in his claws and fly away. Thereupon the sparrow clapped his wings and said, "I will do even as this one did;" and he waxed proud in his own conceit and mimicked a greater than he. So he flew down forthright and landed on the back of a fat ram with a thick fleece that was become matted. As soon as the sparrow pounced upon the

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divide hawks into two orders: the "Siyáh-chasm," or black-eyed birds, long-winged and noble; the "Gulábi-chasm" or yellow-eyed (like the goshawk) round-winged and ignoble.

[1] *i.e.* put themselves at thy mercy.

sheep's back he flapped his wings to fly away, but his feet became tangled in the wool and, however hard he tried, he could not set himself free. While all this was doing the shepherd was looking on, having seen what happened first with the eagle and afterwards with the sparrow ; so he came up to the wee birdie in a rage and seized him. Then he plucked out his wing-feathers and, tying his feet with a twine, carried him to his children and threw him to them. "What is this?" asked one of them ; and he answered, "This is he that aped a greater than himself and came to grief." Now thou, O fox, art like this and I would have thee beware of aping a greater than thou, lest thou perish. This is all I have to say to thee ; so fare from me in peace ! When the fox despaired of the crow's friendship, he turned away, groaning for sorrow and gnashing teeth upon teeth in his disappointment ; and the crow, hearing the sound of weeping and seeing his grief and profound melancholy, said to him, "O fox, what dole and dolour make thee gnash thy canines ?" Answered the fox, "I gnash my canines because I find thee a greater rascal than myself ;" and so saying he made off to his house and ceased not to fare till he reached his home. Quoth the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, how excellent are these thy stories, and how delightsome ! Hast thou more of such edifying tales ?" Answered she :—They tell this legend concerning

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE WOOD-PIGEONS.

A HEDGEHOG once took up his abode by the side of a date-palm, whereon roosted a wood-pigeon and his wife that had built their nest there and lived a life of ease and enjoyment. So he said to himself, "This pigeon-pair eateth of the fruit of the date-tree and I have no means of getting at it ; but needs must I find some fashion of tricking them." Upon this he dug a hole at the foot of the palm-tree and took up his lodging there, he and his wife ; moreover, he built an oratory beside the hole and went into retreat there and made a show of devotion and edification and renunciation of the world. The male pigeon saw him praying and worshipping, and his heart was softened towards him for his excess of devoutness ; so he said to him, "How many years hast thou been thus ?" Replied the hedgehog, "During the last thirty years." "What is thy food ?" "That which falleth from the palm-tree." "And what is thy clothing ?" "Prickles ! and I profit by their roughness." "And why hast thou chosen this for place rather than another ?" "I chose it and preferred it to all others that I might guide the erring into the right way and teach the ignorant!" "I had fancied thy case," quoth the wood-pigeon, "other than this, but now I yearn for that which is with thee." Quoth the hedgehog, "I fear lest thy deed contradict thy word and thou be even as the husbandman who, when the seed-season came, neglected to sow, saying, Verily I dread lest the days bring me not to my desire, and by making haste to sow I shall only waste my substance! When harvest-time came and he saw the folk cutting their crops, he repented him of what he had lost by his tardiness and he died of chagrin and vexation." Asked the wood-pigeon, "What then shall I do that I may be freed from the bonds of the world and cut myself loose from all things save the service of my Lord?" Answered the hedgehog, "Betake thee to preparing for the next world and content thyself with a pittance of provision." Quoth the pigeon, "How can I do this, I that am a bird and unable to go beyond the date-tree whereon is my daily bread? And even could I do so, I know of no other place wherein I may dwell." Quoth the hedgehog, "Thou canst shake down of the fruit of the date-tree what shall suffice thee and thy wife for a year's provaunt; then do ye take up your abode in a nest under the trunk, that ye may prayerfully seek to be guided in the right way, and then turn thou to what thou hast shaken down and transport it all to thy home and store it up against what time the dates fail; and when the fruits are spent and the delay is longsome upon you, address thyself to total abstinence." Exclaimed the pigeon, "Allah requite thee with good for the righteous intention wherewith thou hast reminded me of the world to come and hast directed me into the right way!" Then he and his wife worked hard at knocking down the dates, till nothing was left on the palm-tree, whilst the hedgehog, finding whereof to eat, rejoiced and filled his den with the fruit, storing it up for his subsistence and saying in his mind, "When the pigeon and his wife have need of their provision, they will seek it of me and covet what I have, relying upon my devoutness and abstinence; and, from what they have heard of my counsels and admonitions, they will draw near unto me. Then will I make them my prey and eat them, after which I shall have the place and all that drops from the date-tree to suffice me." Presently, having shaken down the fruits, the pigeon and his wife descended from the tree-top and finding that the hedgehog had removed all the dates to his own place, said to him, "O hedgehog! thou pious preacher and of good counsel, we can find no sign of the dates and know not on what else we shall feed." Replied the hedgehog, "Belike the winds have carried them away; but the turning from the provisions to the Provider is of the essence of salvation, and He who the mouth-corners cleft, the mouth without victual hath never left." And he gave not over improving the occasion to them on this wise, and making a show of piety and cozening them with fine words and false till they put faith in him and accepted him and entered his den and had no suspicion of his deceit. Thereupon he sprang to the door and gnashed his teeth, and the wood-pigeon, seeing his perfidy manifested, said to him, "What hath to-night to do with yester-night? Knowest thou not that there is a Helper for the oppressed? Beware of craft and treachery, lest that mishap befal thee which befel the sharpers who plotted against the merchant." "What was that?" asked the hedgehog. Answered the pigeon:—I have heard tell this tale of

THE MERCHANT AND THE TWO SHARPERS.

In a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads and equipped himself with goods and set out with his outfit for such a city, purposing to sell it there. Now he was followed by two sharpers, who had made up into bales what merchandise they could get; and, giving out to the merchant that they also were merchants, wended with him by the way. So halting at the first halting-place they agreed to play him false and take all he had; but at the same time, each inwardly plotted foul play to the other, saying in his mind, "If I can cheat my comrade, times will go well with me and I shall have all these goods to myself." So after planning this perfidy, one of them took food and putting therein poison, brought it to his fellow; the other did the same and they both ate of the poisoned mess and they both died. Now they had been sitting with the merchant; so when they left him and were long absent from him, he sought for tidings of them and found the twain lying dead; whereby he knew that they were sharpers who had plotted to play him foul, but their foul play had recoiled upon themselves. Thus the merchant was preserved and took what they had. Then quoth the Sultan, "O Shahrazad, verily thou hast aroused me to all whereof I was negligent! So continue to edify me with these fables." Quoth she:—It hath reached me, O King, that men tell this tale of

THE THIEF AND HIS MONKEY.[1]

A CERTAIN man had a monkey and that man was a thief, who never entered any of the street-markets of the city wherein he dwelt, but he made off with great profit. Now it came to pass one day that he saw a man offering for sale worn clothes, and he went calling them in the market, but none bid for them and all to whom he showed them refused to buy of him. Presently the thief who had the monkey saw the man with the ragged clothes set them in a wrapper and sit down to rest for weariness; so he made the ape sport before him to catch his eye and, whilst he was busy gazing at it, stole the parcel from him. Then he took the ape and made off to a lonely place, where he opened the wrapper and taking out the old clothes, folded them in a piece of costly stuff. This he carried to another bazar and exposed for sale together with what was therein, making it a condition that it should not be opened, and tempting the folk with the lowness of the price he set on it. A certain man saw the wrapper and its beauty pleased him; so he bought the parcel on these terms and carried it home, doubting not that he had done well. When his wife saw it she asked, "What is this?" and he answered, "It is costly stuff, which I have bought at lowest price, meaning to sell it again and take the profit." Rejoined she, "O dupe, would this stuff be sold under its value, unless it had been stolen? Dost thou not know that whoso buyeth aught without examining it, falleth into error, and becometh like unto the weaver?" Quoth he, "And what is the story of the weaver?" and quoth she:—I have heard this tale of

THE FOOLISH WEAVER.

THERE was once in a certain village a weaver who worked hard but could not earn his living save by overwork. Now it chanced that one of the rich men of the neighbourhood made a marriage feast and invited the folk thereto: the weaver also was present and found the guests, who wore rich gear, served with delicate viands and made much of by the house-master for what he saw of their fine clothes.

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[1] I have remarked (Pilgrimage iii. 307) that all the popular ape-names in Arabic and Persian, Sa'adán, Maymún, Shádi, etc., express propitiousness—probably euphemistically applied to our "poor relation."

So he said in his mind, "If I change this my craft for another craft easier to compass and better considered and more highly paid, I shall amass great store of money and I shall buy splendid attire, so I may rise in rank and be exalted in men's eyes and become even with these." Presently, he beheld one of the mountebanks, who was present at the feast, climbing up to the top of a high and towering wall and throwing himself down to the ground and alighting on his feet. Whereupon the weaver said to himself, "Needs must I do as this one hath done, for surely I shall not fail of it." So he arose and swarmed up the wall and casting himself down, broke his neck against the ground and died forthright. Now I tell thee this that thou mayst get thy living by what way thou knowest and thoroughly understandest, lest peradventure greed enter into thee and thou hunger after what is not of thy condition. Quoth the woman's husband, "Not every wise man is saved by his wisdom, nor is every fool lost by his folly. I have seen it happen to a skilful charmer, well versed in the ways of serpents, to be struck by the fangs of a snake[1] and killed, and others prevail over serpents who had no skill in them and no knowledge of their ways." And he went contrary to his wife and persisted in buying stolen goods below their value till he fell under suspicion and perished therefor: even as perished the sparrow in the tale of

THE SPARROW AND THE PEACOCK.

THERE was once upon a time a sparrow, that used every day to visit a certain king of the birds and ceased not to wait upon him in the mornings and not to leave him till the evenings, being the first to go in and the last to go out. One day, a company of birds chanced to assemble on a high mountain and one of them said to another, "Verily, we are waxed many, and manifold are the differences between us, and there is no help for it but we have a King to look into our affairs; so shall we be at one and our differences will disappear." Thereupon up came that sparrow and counselled them to choose for King the peacock (that is, the prince he used to visit). So they chose the peacock to their King and he become their sovereign, bestowed largesse on them and made the sparrow his secretary and Prime Minister. Now the sparrow was wont by-times to quit his assiduous service in the presence and look into matters in general. So one day he absented himself at the usual time, whereat the peacock was sore troubled; and, while things stood thus, he returned and the peacock said to him, "What hath delayed thee, and thou the nearest to me of all my servants and the dearest of all my dependents?" Replied the sparrow, "I have seen a thing which is doubtful to me and whereat I am affrighted." Asked the peacock, "What was it thou sawest?" and the sparrow answered, "I saw a man set up a net, hard by my nest, peg down its pegs, strew grain in its midst and withdraw afar off. And I sat watching what he would do when behold, Fate and Fortune drave thither a crane and his wife, which fell into the midst of the net and began to cry out; whereupon the fowler rose up and took them. This troubled me, and such is the reason of my absence from thee, O King of the Age, but never again will I abide in that nest for fear of the net." Rejoined the peacock, "Depart not thy dwelling, for against Fate and Lot forethought will avail thee naught." And the sparrow obeyed his bidding and said, "I will forthwith arm myself with patience and forbear to depart in obedience to the King." So he ceased not taking care of himself, and carrying food to his sovereign, who would eat what sufficed him and after feeding drink his water and dismiss the sparrow. Now one day as he was looking into matters, lo and behold! he saw two sparrows fighting on the ground and said in his mind, "How can I, who am the King's Wazir, look on and see sparrows fighting in my neighbourhood? By Allah, I must make peace between them!" So he flew down to reconcile them; but the fowler cast the net over the whole number and the sparrow happened to be in their very midst. Then the fowler arose and took him and gave him to his comrade, saying, "Take care of him, I never saw fatter or finer." But the sparrow said to himself, "I have fallen into that which I feared and none but the peacock inspired me with false confidence. It availeth me naught to beware of the stroke of Fate and Fortune, since even he who taketh precaution may never flee from Destiny. And how well said the poet in this poetry:—

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[1] The serpent does not "sting" nor does it "bite;" it strikes with the poison-teeth like a downward stab with a dagger. These fangs are always drawn by the jugglers but they grow again and thus many lives are lost. The popular way of extracting the crochets is to grasp the snake firmly behind the neck with one hand and with the other to tantalise it by offering and withdrawing a red rag. At last the animal is allowed to strike it and a sharp jerk tears out both eye-teeth as rustics used to do by slamming a door. The head is then held downwards and the venom drains from its bag in the shape of a few drops of slightly yellowish fluid which, as conjurers know, may be drunk without danger. The patient looks faint and dazed, but recovers after a few hours and feeds as if nothing had happened. In India I took lessons from a snake-charmer but soon gave up the practice as too dangerous.

Whatso is not to be shall ne'er become; * No wise! and that to be must come to pass;

Yea, it shall come to pass at time ordained, * And th' Ignoramus[1] aye shall cry
'Alas !'"

Whereupon quoth the King, "O Shahrazad, recount me other of these tales !" and quoth she, "I will do so during the coming night, if life be granted to me by the King, whom Allah bring to honour !" ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-third Night,

She said:—I will relate the

TALE OF ALI BIN BAKKAR AND OF SHAMS AL-NAHAR.

It hath reached me, O august King, that in days of yore and in times and ages long gone before, during the Caliphate of Harun al-Rashid, there was a merchant who named his son Abú al-Hasan[2] Ali bin Táhir; and the same was great of goods and grace, while his son was fair of form and face and held in favour by all folk. He used to enter the royal palace without asking leave, for all the Caliph's slave-girls loved him, and he was wont to be companion with Al-Rashid in his cups and recite verses to him and tell him curious tales and witty. Withal he sold and bought in the merchants' bazar, and there used to sit in his shop a youth named Ali bin Bakkár, of the sons of the Persian Kings[3] who was fair of form and symmetrical of shape and perfect of figure, with cheeks red as roses and joined eyebrows; sweet of speech, laughing-lipped and delighting in mirth and gaiety. Now it chanced one day, as the two sat talking and laughing behold, there came up ten damsels like moons, every one of them complete in beauty and loveliness, and elegance and grace; and amongst them was a young lady riding on a she-mule with a saddle of brocade and stirrups of gold. She wore an outer veil of fine stuff, and her waist was girt with a girdle of gold-embroidered silk; and she was even as saith the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Akh al-Jahálah" = brother of ignorance, an Ignorantin; one "really and truly" ignorant; which is the value of "Akh" in such phrases as a "brother of poverty," or "of purity."

[2] Lane (ii. 1) writes "Abu-l-Hasan;" Payne (iii. 49) "Aboulhusn" which would mean "Father of Beauty (Husn)" and is not a Moslem name. Hasan (beautiful) and its dimin. Husayn, names now so common, were (it is said), unknown to the Arabs, although Hassán was that of a Tobba King, before the days of Mohammed who so called his two only grandsons. In Anglo-India they have become "Hobson and Jobson." The Bresl. Edit. (ii. 305) entitles this story "Tale of Abu 'l Hasan the Attár (druggist and perfumer) with Ali ibn Bakkár and what befel them with the handmaid (= járiyah) Shams al-Nahár."

[3] *i.e.* a descendant, not a prince.

Silky her skin and silk that zonèd waist; * Sweet voice; words not o'er many nor too few:
Two eyes quoth Allah "Be," and they became; * And work like wine on hearts they make to rue:
O love I feel grow greater every night! * O solace! Doom-day bring our interview.

And when the cortège reached Abu al-Hasan's shop, she alighted from her mule, and sitting down on the front board,[1] saluted him, and he returned her salam. When Ali bin Bakkar saw her, she ravished his understanding and he rose to go away; but she said to him, "Sit in thy place. We came to thee and thou goest away: this is not fair!" Replied he, "O my lady, by Allah, I flee from what I see; for the tongue of the case saith:—

She is a sun which towereth high a-sky; * So ease thy heart with cure by Patience lent:
Thou to her skyey height shalt fail to fly; * Nor she from skyey height can make descent."

When she heard this, she smiled and asked Abu al-Hasan, "What is the name of this young man?" who answered, "He is a stranger;" and she enquired, "What countryman is he?" whereto the merchant replied, "He is a descendant of the Persian Kings; his name is Ali son of Bakkar and the stranger deserveth honour." Rejoined she, "When my damsel comes to thee, come thou at once to us and bring him with thee, that we may entertain him in our abode, lest he blame us and say:—There is no hospitality in the people of Baghdad; for niggardliness is the worst fault a man can have. Thou hearest what I say to thee and, if thou disobey me, thou wilt incur my displeasure and I will never again visit thee or salute thee." Quoth Abu al-Hasan, "On my head and my eyes: Allah preserve me from thy displeasure, fair lady!" Then she rose and went her way. Such was her case; but as regards Ali bin Bakkar he remained in a state of bewilderment. Now after an hour the damsel came to Abu al-Hasan and said to him, "Of a truth my lady Shams al-Nahár, the favourite of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, biddeth thee to her, thee and thy friend, my lord Ali bin Bakkar." So he rose and, taking Ali with him, followed the girl to the Caliph's palace, where she carried them into a chamber and made them sit down. They talked together awhile, when behold, trays of food were set before them, and they ate and washed their hands. Then she brought them wine, and they drank deep and made merry; after which she bade them rise and carried them into another chamber, vaulted upon four columns, furnished after the goodliest fashion with various kinds of furniture, and adorned with decorations as it were one of the pavilions of Paradise. They were amazed at the rarities they saw; and, as they were enjoying a review of these marvels, suddenly up came ten slave-girls, like moons, swaying and swimming in beauty's pride, dazzling the sight and confounding the sprite; and they ranged themselves in two ranks as if they were of the black-eyed Brides of Paradise. And after a while in came other ten damsels, bearing in their hands lutes and divers instruments of mirth and music; and these, having saluted the two guests, sat down and fell to tuning their lute-strings. Then they rose and standing before them, played and sang and recited verses: and indeed each one of them was a lure to the servants of the Lord. Whilst they were thus busied there entered other ten damsels like unto them, and of an equal age, with black eyes and cheeks like the rose, and joined eyebrows; a very fascination to every faithful wight, and to all who looked upon them a delight; clad in various kinds of coloured silks, with ornaments that amazed man's intelligence. They took up their station at the door, and there succeeded them yet other ten damsels even fairer than they, clad in gorgeous array, such as no tongue can say; and they also stationed themselves by the doorway. Then in came a band of twenty damsels and amongst them the lady called Shams al-Nahar, as she were the moon among the stars swaying from side to side, with graceful gait and in beauty's pride. She was veiled to the waist with the luxuriance of her locks, and clad in a robe of azure blue and a mantilla of silk embroidered with gold and gems of price; and her waist was girt with a zone set with sundry kinds of precious stones. She ceased not to advance with her graceful and coquettish swaying, till she came to the couch that stood at the upper end of the chamber and seated herself thereon. But when Ali bin Bakkar saw her, he versified with these verses:—

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[1] The Arab shop is a kind of hole in the wall and buyers sit upon its outer edge (Pilgrimage i, 99).

Source of mine evils, truly, she alone 's, * Of long love-longing and my groans and moans;
Near her I find my soul in melting mood * For love of her and wasting of my bones.

And finishing his poetry he said to Abu al-Hasan, "Hadst thou dealt more kindly with me thou haddest forewarned me of these things ere I came hither, that I might have made up my mind and taken patience to support what hath befallen me." And he wept and groaned and complained. Replied Abu al-Hasan, "O my brother, I meant thee naught but good; but I feared to tell thee this, lest such transport should betide thee as might hinder thee from friendship with her, and be a stumbling-block between thee and her. But be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear;[1] for she to thee inclineth and to favour thee designeth." Asked Ali bin Bakkar, "What is this young lady's name?" Answered Abu al-Hasan, "She is named Shams al-Nahar, one of the favourites of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, and this is the palace of the Caliphate." Then Shams al-Nahar sat gazing upon the charms of Ali bin Bakkar and he upon hers, till both were engrossed with love each for other. Presently she commanded the damsels, one and all, to be seated, each in her rank and place, and all sat on a couch before one of the windows, and she bade them sing; whereupon one of them took up the lute and began carolling:—

Give thou my message twice * Bring clear reply in trice!
To thee, O Prince of Beau- * ty[2] with complaint I rise:
My lord, as heart-blood dear * And life's most precious prize!
Give me one kiss in gift * Or loan, if thou devise:
Thou donn'st me sickness-dress * Thee with health's weed I bless.

Her singing charmed Ali bin Bakkar, and he said to her, "Sing me more of the like of these verses." So she struck the strings and began to chant these lines:—

By stress of parting, O beloved one, * Thou mad'st these eyelids torrent-race to run:
Oh gladness of my sight and dear desire, * Goal of my wishes, my religion!
Pity the youth whose eyne are drowned in tears * Of lover gone distraught and clean undone.

When she had finished her verses, Shams al-Nahar said to another damsel, "Let us hear something from thee!" So she played a lively measure and began these couplets:—

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[1] By a similar image the chamæleon is called Abú Kurrat = Father of coolness; because it is said to have the "coldest" eye of all animals and insensible to heat and light, since it always looks at the sun.

[2] This dividing the hemistich words is characteristic of certain tales; so I have retained it although inevitably suggesting:—

I left Matilda at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.

His[1] looks have made me drunken, not his wine; * His grace of gait disgraced sleep to these eyne:
Dazed me no cup, but crop with curly cop; * His gifts overcame me not the gifts of vine:
His winding locks my patience-clue unwound: * His robèd beauties robbed all wits of mine.

When Shams al-Nahar heard this recital from the damsel, she sighed heavily and the song pleased her. Then she bade another damsel sing; so she took the lute and began chanting:—

Face that with Sol in Heaven lamping vies; * Youth-tide's fair fountain which begins to rise;
Whose curly side-beard writeth writ of love, * And in each curl concealeth mysteries:
Cried Beauty, "When I met this youth I knew * 'Tis Allah's loom so gorgeous robe supplies."

When she had finished her song, Ali bin Bakkar said to the slave-maiden nearest him, "Sing us somewhat, thou O damsel." So she took the lute and began singing:—

"Our trysting-time is all too short * For this long coyish coquetry:
How long this 'Nay, nay!' and 'Wait, wait?' * This is not old nobility!
And now that Time deigns lend delight * Profit of th' opportunity."

When she ended, Ali bin Bakkar followed up her song with flowing tears: and, as Shams al-Nahar saw him weeping and groaning and complaining, she turned to Ali bin Bakkar and said to him, "O my lord, passion hath not reached this extreme pass with thee without my feeling the like; but we have nothing to do save to bear patiently what calamity hath befallen us." Replied he, "By Allah, O my lady, union with thee may not content me nor gazing upon thee assuage the fire thou hast lighted; nor shall leave me the love of thee, which hath mastered my heart, save with the leaving of my life." So saying, he wept and the tears ran down upon his cheeks like strung pearls; and when Shams al-Nahar saw him weep, she wept for his weeping. But Abu al-Hasan exclaimed, "By Allah, I wonder at your case and am confounded at your condition; of a truth, your affair is amazing and your chance dazing. What! this weeping while ye are yet together: then how will it be what time ye are parted and far separated?" And he continued, "Indeed, this is no tide for weeping and wailing, but a season for meeting and merry-making; rejoice, therefore, and shed no more tears!" Then Shams al-Nahar signed to a slave-girl, who arose and presently returned with handmaids bearing a table, whose dishes of silver were full of various rich viands. They set the table before the pair and Shams al-Nahar began to eat[1] and to place tid-bits in the mouth of Ali bin Bakkar; and they ceased not so doing till they were satisfied, when the table was removed and they washed their hands. Then the waiting-women fetched censers with all manner of incense, aloe-wood and ambergris and mixed scents; and sprinkling-flasks full of rose-water were also brought and they were fumigated and perfumed. After this the slaves set on vessels of graven gold, containing all kinds of sherbets, besides fruits fresh and dried, that heart can desire and eye delight in; and lastly one brought a flagon of carnelian full of old wine. Then Shams al-Nahar chose out ten handmaids to attend on them and ten singing women; and, dismissing the rest to their apartments, bade some of those who remained strike the lute. They did as she bade them and one of them began to sing:—

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[1] Masculine again for feminine: the lines are as full of word-plays, vulgarly called puns, as Sanskrit verses.

My soul to him who smiled back my salute, * In breast reviving hopes that were
    no mo'e:
The hand o' Love my secret brought to light, * And censor's tongues what lies my
    ribs below:[2]
My tear-drops ever press 'twixt me and him, * As though my tear-drops showing
    love would flow.

When she had finished her singing Shams al-Nahar rose and, filling a goblet, drank it off, then crowned it again and handed it to Ali bin Bakkar;——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shams al-Nahar filled a goblet and handed it to Ali bin Bakkar; after which she bade another damsel sing; and she began singing these couplets:—

My tears thus flowing rival with my wine, * Pouring the like of what fills cup
    to brink:[3]
By Allah, wot I not an run these eyne * Wi' wine, or else it is of tears I
    drink.

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[1] The Eastern heroine always has a good appetite and eats well.
[2] *i.e.* her rivals have discovered the secret of her heart.
[3] *i.e.* blood as red as wine.

And when she ended her recitation, Ali bin Bakkar drained his cup and returned it to Shams al-Nahar. She filled it again and gave it to Abu al-Hasan who tossed it off. Then she took the lute, saying, "None shall sing over my cup save myself;" so she screwed up the strings and intoned these verses:—

The tears run down his cheeks in double row, * And in his breast high flameth lover-lowe:
He weeps when near, a-fearing to be far; * And, whether far or near, his tear-drops flow.

And the words of another:—

Our life to thee, O cup-boy beauty-dight! * From parted hair to chin; from black to white:
Sol beameth from thy hands, and from thy lips * Pleiads, and full Moon through thy collar's night,[1]
Good sooth the cups, which made our heads fly round, * Are those thine eyes pass round to daze the sight:
No wonder lovers hail thee as full moon * Waning to them, for self e'er waxing bright:
Art thou a deity to kill and quicken, * Bidding this fere, forbidding other wight
Allah from model of thy form made Beau * -ty and the Zephyr scented with thy sprite.
Thou art not of this order of human * -ity but angel lent by Heaven to man.

When Ali bin Bakkar and Abu al-Hasan and those present heard Shams al-Nahar's song, they were like to fly for joy, and sported and laughed; but while they were thus enjoying themselves lo! up came a damsel, trembling for fear and said, "O my lady, the Commander of the Faithful's eunuchs are at the door, Afíf and Masrúr and Marján[2] and others whom wot I not." When they heard this they were like to die with fright, but Shams al-Nahar laughed and said, "Have no fear!" Then quoth she to the damsel, "Keep answering them whilst we remove hence." And she caused the doors of the alcove to be closed upon Ali and Abu al-Hasan and let down the curtains over the entrance (they being still within); after which she shut the door of the saloon and went out by the privy wicket into the flower-garden, where she seated herself on a couch she had there and made one of the damsels knead her feet.[1] Then she dismissed the rest of her women to their rooms and bade the portress admit those who were at the door; whereupon Masrur entered, he and his company of twenty with drawn swords. And when they saluted her, she asked, "Wherefore come ye?" whereto they answered, "The Commander of the Faithful saluteth thee. Indeed he is desolated for want of thy sight; he letteth thee know that this be to him a day of joy and great gladness and he wisheth to seal his day and complete his pleasure with thy company at this very hour. So say, wilt go to him or shall he come to thee?" Upon this she rose and, kissing the earth, replied, "I hear and I obey the commandment of the Prince of True Believers!" Then she summoned the women guards of her household and other slave-damsels, who lost no time in attending upon her and made a show of obeying the Caliph's orders. And albeit everything about the place was in readiness, she said to the eunuchs, "Go to the Commander of the Faithful and tell him that I await him after a little space, that I may make ready for him a place with carpets and other matters." So they returned in haste to the Caliph, whilst Shams al-Nahar repaired to her lover, Ali bin Bakkar, and bade him farewell, whereat he wept sore and said, "O my lady, this leave-taking will cause the ruin of my very self and the loss of my very soul; but I pray Allah grant me patience to support the passion wherewith he hath afflicted me!" Replied she, "By Allah, none shall suffer perdition save I; for thou wilt go forth to the bazar and consort with those that shall divert thee, and thy life will be sound and thy love hidden for sure; but I shall fall into trouble and sadness nor find any to console me, more by token that I have given the Caliph a tryst, wherein haply great peril shall betide me by reason of my love for thee and my longing for thee and my grief at being parted from thee. For with what tongue shall I sing and with what heart shall I present myself before the Caliph? and with what speech shall I company the Commander of the Faithful in his cups? and with what eyes shall I look upon a place where thou art absent? and with what taste shall I drink wine of which thou drinkest not?" Quoth Abu al-Hasan, "Be not troubled but take patience and be not remiss in entertaining the Commander of the Faithful this night, neither show him any neglect, but be of good heart." Now at this juncture, behold, up came a damsel, who said to Shams al-Nahar, "O my lady, the Caliph's pages are come." So she hastily rose to her feet and said to the maid, "Take Abu al-Hasan and his friend and carry them to the upper balcony [1] giving upon the garden and there leave them till darkness came on; when do thou contrive to carry them forth." Accordingly the girl led them up to the balcony and, locking the door upon them both, went her way. As they sat looking on the garden, lo! the Caliph appeared escorted by near an hundred eunuchs, with drawn swords in hand and girt about with a score of damsels, as they were moons, all clad in the richest of raiment and on each one's head was a crown set with jewels and rubies; while each carried a lighted flambeau. The Caliph walked in their midst, they encompassing him about on all sides, and Masrur and Afíf and Wasíf [2] went before him and he bore himself with a graceful gait. So Shams al-Nahar and her maidens rose to receive him and, meeting him at the garden-door, kissed ground between his hands; nor did they cease to go before him till they brought him to the couch whereon he sat down, whilst all the waiting-women who were in the garden and the eunuchs stood before him and there came fair handmaids holding in hand lighted candles and perfumes and incense and instruments of mirth and music. Then the Sovereign bade the singers sit down, each in her place, and Shams al-Nahar came up and, seating herself on a stool by the side of the Caliph's couch, began to converse with him; all this happening whilst Abu al-Hasan and Ali bin Bakkar looked on and listened, unseen of the King. Presently the Caliph bade them throw open the garden pavilion. So they opened the doors and windows and lighted the tapers till the place shone in the season of darkness even as the day. Then the eunuchs removed thither the wine-service and (quoth Abu al-Hasan), "I saw drinking-vessels and rarities whose like mine eyes never beheld, vases of gold and silver and all manner of noble metals and precious stones, such as no power of description can describe, till indeed it seemed to me I was dreaming, for excess of amazement at what I saw!" But as for Ali bin Bakkar, from the moment Shams al-Nahar left him, he lay strown on the ground for stress of love and longing; and, when he revived, he fell to gazing upon these things that had not their like and saying to Abu al-Hasan, "O my brother, I fear lest the Caliph see us or come to know of our case; but the most of my fear is for thee. For myself, of a truth I know that I am about to be lost past recourse, and the cause of my destruction is naught but love and longing and excess of doting and distraction, and disunion from my beloved; but I beseech Allah to deliver us from this perilous predicament." And they ceased not to look out of the balcony on the Caliph who was taking his pleasure, till the banquet was spread before him, when he turned to one of the damsels and said to her, "O Gharám,[1] let us hear some of thine enchanting songs." So she took the lute and, tuning it, began singing:—

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[1] The wine-cup (sun-like) shines in thy hand; thy teeth are bright as the Pleiads and thy face rises like a moon from the darkness of thy dress-collar.

[2] The masculine of Marjánah (Morgiana) "the she coral-branch;" and like this a name generally given to negroes. We have seen white applied to a blackamoor by way of metonomy and red is also connected with black skins by way of fun. A Persian verse says:

"If a black wear red, e'en an ass would grin."

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[1] Suggesting that she had been sleeping.

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[1] Arab. "Raushan," a window projecting and latticed: the word is orig. Persian: so Raushaná (splendour) = Roxana. It appears to me that this beautiful name gains beauty by being understood.

[2] The word means any servant, but here becomes a proper name.

The longing of a Bedouin maid, whose folks are far away, * Who yearns after the willow of the Hijaz and the bay,[2]—
Whose tears, when she on travellers lights, might for their waters serve * And eke her passion, with its heat, their bivouac-fire purvey,—
Is not more fierce nor ardent than my longing for my love, * Who deems that I commit a crime in loving him alway.[3]

Now when Shams al-Nahar heard these verses she slipped off the stool whereon she sat and fell to the earth fainting and became insensible to the world around her; upon which the damsels came and lifted her up. And when Ali bin Bakkar saw this from the balcony he also slipped down senseless, and Abu al-Hasan said, "Verily Fate hath divided love equally upon you twain!"[4] As he spoke lo! in came the damsel who had led them up to the balcony and said to him, "O Abu al-Hasan, arise thou and thy friend and come down, for of a truth the world hath waxed strait upon us and I fear lest our case be discovered or the Caliph become aware of you; unless you descend at once we are dead ones. Quoth he, "And how shall this youth descend with me seeing that he hath no strength to rise?" Thereupon the damsel began sprinkling rose-water on Ali bin Bakkar till he came to his senses, when Abu al-Hasan lifted him up and the damsel made him lean upon her. So they went down from the balcony and walked on awhile till the damsel opened a little iron door, and made the two friends pass through it, and they came upon a bench by the Tigris' bank. Thereupon the slave-girl clapped her hands[5] and there came up a man with a little boat to whom said she, "Take up these two young men and land them on the opposite side." Thereat both entered the boat and, as the man rowed off with them and they left the garden behind them, Ali bin Bakkar looked back towards the Caliph's palace and the pavilion and the grounds; and bade them farewell with these two couplets:—

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[1] *i.e.* eagerness, love-longing.

[2] Arab. "Rind," which may mean willow (oriental), bay or aloes-wood: Al-Asma'í denies that it ever signifies myrtle.

[3] These lines occur in Night cxiv.: by way of variety I give (with permission) Mr. Payne's version (iii. 59).

[4] Referring to the proverb "Al-Khauf maksúm" = fear (cowardice) is equally apportioned; *i.e.* if I fear you, you fear me.

[5] The fingers of the right hand are struck upon the palm of the left.

I offered *this* weak hand as last farewell, * While to heart-burning fire *that* hand is guided:
O let not this end union! Let not this * Be last provision for long road provided!

Thereupon the damsel said to the boatman, "Make haste with them both." So he plied his oars deftly (the slave-girl being still with them).——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawning day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the boatman rowed them towards the other bank till they reached it and landed, whereupon she took leave of them, saying, "It were my wish not to abandon you, but I can go no farther than this." Then she turned back, whilst Ali bin Bakkar lay prostrate on the ground before Abu al-Hasan and by no manner of means could he rise, till his friend said to him, "Indeed this place is not sure and I fear lest we lose our lives in this very spot, by reason of the low fellows who infest it and highwaymen and men of lawlessness." Upon this Ali bin Bakkar arose and walked a little, but could not continue walking. Now Abu al-Hasan had friends in that quarter: so he made search for one of them, in whom he trusted, and who was of his intimates, and knocked at the door. The man came out quickly and seeing them, bade them welcome and brought them into his house, where he seated them and talked with them and asked them whence they came. Quoth Abu al-Hasan, "We came out but now, being obliged thereto by a person with whom I had dealings and who hath in his hands dirhams of mine. And it reached me that he designed to flee into foreign parts with my monies; so I went forth to-night in quest of him, taking with me for company this youth, Ali bin Bakkar; but, when we came hoping to see the debtor, he hid from us and we could get no sight of him. Accordingly we turned back, empty-handed without a doit, but it was irksome to us to return home at this hour of the night: so knowing not whither to go, we came to thee, well knowing thy kindness and wonted courtesy." "Ye are welcome and well come!" answered the host, and studied to do them honour; so the twain abode with him the rest of the night and as soon as the daylight dawned, they left him and made their way back without aught of delay to the city. When they came to the house of Abu al-Hasan, he conjured his comrade to enter; so they went in and lying down on the bed, slept awhile. As soon as they awoke, Abu al-Hasan bade his servants spread the house with rich carpets, saying in his mind, "Needs must I divert this youth and distract him from thinking of his affliction, for I know his case better than another." Then he called for water for Ali bin Bakkar who, when it was brought, rose up from his bed and making his ablutions, prayed the obligatory prayers which he had omitted for the past day and night;[1] after which he sat down and began to solace himself by talking with his friend. When Abu al-Hasan saw this, he turned to him and said, "O my lord, it were fitter for thy case that thou abide with me this night, so thy breast may be broadened and the distress of love-longing that is upon thee be dispelled and thou make merry with us, so haply the fire of thy heart may thus be quenched." Ali replied, "O my brother, do what seemeth good to thee; for I may not on any wise escape from what calamity hath befallen me; so act as thou wilt." Accordingly, Abu al-Hasan arose and bade his servants summon some of the choicest of his friends and sent for singers and musicians who came; and meanwhile he made ready meat and drink for them; so they sat eating and drinking and making merry through the rest of the day till nightfall. Then they lit the candles, and the cups of friendship and good fellowship went round amongst them and the time passed pleasantly with them. Presently a singing-woman took the lute and began singing:—

I've been shot by Fortune, and shaft of eye * Down struck me and parted from fondest friend:
Time has proved him foe and my patience failed, * Yet I ever expected it thus would end.

When Ali bin Bakkar heard her words, he fell to the earth in a swoon and ceased not lying in his fainting fit till day-break; and Abu al-Hasan despaired of him. But, with the dawning, he came to himself and sought to go home; nor could his friend hinder him for fear of the issue of his affair. So he made his servants bring a she-mule and, mounting Ali thereon, carried him to his lodgings, he and one of his men. When he was safe at home, Abu al-Hasan thanked Allah for his deliverance from that sore peril and sat awhile with him, comforting him; but Ali could not contain himself, for the violence of his love and longing. So Abu al-Hasan rose to take leave of him and return to his own place.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] There are intricate rules for "joining" the prayers; but this is hardly the place for a subject discussed in all religious treatises. (Pilgrimage iii. 239).

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Abu al-Hasan rose to take leave of him, Ali son of Bakkar exclaimed, "O my brother, leave me not without news." "I hear and obey," replied the other; and forthwith went away, and, repairing to his shop, opened it and sat there all day, expecting news of Shams al-Nahar. But none came. He passed the night in his own house and, when dawned the day, he walked to Ali bin Bakkar's lodging and went in and found him thrown on his bed, with his friends about him and physicians around him prescribing something or other, and the doctors feeling his pulse. When he saw Abu al-Hasan enter he smiled, and the visitor, after saluting him, enquired how he did and sat with him till the folk withdrew, when he said to him, "What plight is this?" Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, "It was bruited abroad that I was ill and my comrades heard the report; and I have no strength to rise and walk so as to give him the lie who noised abroad my sickness, but continue lying strewn here as thou seest. So my friends came to visit me; say, however, O my brother, hast thou seen the slave-girl or heard any news of her?" He replied, "I have not seen her since the day we parted from her on Tigris' bank;" and he presently added, "O my brother, beware thou of scandal and leave this weeping." Rejoined Ali, "O my brother, indeed, I have no control over myself;" and he sighed and began reciting —

She gives her woman's hand a force that fails the hand of me, * And with red dye on wrist she gars my patience fail and flee:
And for her hand she fears so sore what shafts her eyes discharge, * She's fain to clothe and guard her hand with mail-ring panoply;[1]
The leach in ign'rance felt my pulse the while to him I cried, * "Sick is my heart, so quit my hand which hath no malady:"
Quoth she to that fair nightly vision favoured me and fled, * "By Allah picture him nor add nor 'bate in least degree!"
Replied the Dream, "I leave him though he die of thirst," I cry * "Stand off from water-pit and say, Why this persistency"

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[1] The hands being stained with henna and perhaps indigo in stripes are like the ring-rows of chain armour. See Lane's illustration (Mod. Egypt, chapt. i.).

Rained tear-pearls her Narcissus-eyes, and rose on cheek belit * She made my
sherbet, and the lote with bits of hail she bit.[1]

And when his recital was ended he said, "O Abu al-Hasan, I am smitten with an affliction from which I deemed myself in perfect surety, and there is no greater ease for me than death." Replied he, "Be patient, haply Allah will heal thee!" Then he went out from him and repairing to his shop opened it, nor had he sat long, when suddenly up came the handmaid who saluted him. He returned her salam and looking at her, saw that her heart was palpitating and that she was in sore trouble and showed signs of great affliction: so he said to her, "Thou art welcome and well come! How is it with Shams al-Nahar?" She answered, "I will presently tell thee, but first let me know how doth Ali bin Bakkar." So he told all that had passed and how his case stood, whereat she grieved and sighed and lamented and marvelled at his condition. Then said she, "My lady's case is still stranger than this; for when you went away and fared homewards, I turned back, my heart beating hard on your account and hardly crediting your escape. On entering I found her lying prostrate in the pavilion, speaking not nor answering any, whilst the Commander of the Faithful sat by her head not knowing what ailed her and finding none who could make known to him aught of her ailment. She ceased not from her swoon till midnight, when she recovered and the Prince of the Faithful said to her, What harm hath happened to thee, O Shams al-Nahar, and what hath befallen thee this night? Now when she heard the Caliph's words she kissed his feet and said, Allah make me thy ransom, O Prince of True Believers! Verily some sickness lighted a fire in my body, so that I lost my senses for excess of pain, and I know no more of my condition. Asked the Caliph, What hast thou eaten to-day? and she answered, I broke my fast on something I had never tasted before. Then she feigned to be recovered and calling for a something of wine, drank it, and begged the Sovereign to resume his diversion, so he sat down again on his couch in the pavilion and the sitting was resumed; but when she saw me, she asked me how you fared. I told her what I had done with you both and repeated to her the verses which Ali bin Bakkar had composed at parting-tide, whereat she wept secretly, but presently held her peace. After awhile, the Commander of the Faithful ordered a damsel to sing, and she began reciting:—

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[1] She made rose-water of her cheeks for my drink and she bit with teeth like grains of hail those lips like the lotus-fruit, or jujube: Arab. "Unnab" or "Nabk," the plum of the Sidr or Zizyphus lotus.

Life has no sweet for me since forth ye fared; * Would Heaven I wot how
fare ye who forsake:
'Twere only fit my tears were tears of blood, * Since you are weeping for
mine absence sake.

But when my lady heard this verse she fell back on the sofa in a swoon,"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl continued to Abu al-Hasan, "But when my lady heard this verse, she fell back on the sofa in a swoon, and I seized her hand and sprinkled rose-water on her face, till she revived, when I said to her:—O my lady, expose not thyself and all thy palace containeth. By the life of thy beloved, be thou patient! She replied:—Can aught befal me worse than death which indeed I seek, for by Allah, my ease is therein? Whilst we were thus talking, another damsel sang these words of the poet:—

Quoth they, "Maybe that Patience lend thee ease!" * Quoth I, "Since fared
he where is Patience' place?"
Covenant he made 'twixt me and him, to cut * The cords of Patience at our
last embrace![1]

And as soon as she had finished her verse Shams al-Nahar swooned away once more, which when the Caliph saw, he came to her in haste and commanded the wine to be removed and each damsel to return to her chamber. He abode with her the rest of the night, and when dawned the day, he sent for chirurgeons and leaches and bade them medicine her, knowing not that her sickness arose from love and longing. I tarried with her till I deemed her in a way of recovery, and this is what kept me from thee. I have now left her with a number of her body-women, who were greatly concerned for her, when she bade me go to you two and bring her news of Ali bin Bakkar and return to her with the tidings." When Abu al-Hasan heard her story, he marvelled, and said, "By Allah, I have acquainted thee with his whole case; so now return to thy mistress; and salute her for me and diligently exhort her to have patience and say to her:—Keep thy secret! and tell her that I know all her case which is indeed hard and one which calleth for nice conduct." She thanked him and taking leave of him, returned to her mistress. So far concerning her; but as regards Abu al-Hasan, he ceased not to abide in his shop till the end of the day, when he arose and shut it and locked it and betaking himself to Ali bin Bakkar's house knocked at the door. One of the servants came out and admitted him; and when Ali saw him, he smiled and congratulated himself on his coming, saying, "O Abu al-Hasan, thou hast desolated me by thine absence this day; for indeed my soul is pledged to thee during the rest of my time." Answered the other, "Leave this talk! Were thy healing at the price of my hand, I would cut it off ere thou couldst ask me; and, could I ransom thee with my life, I had already laid it down for thee. Now this very day, Shams al-Nahar's handmaid hath been with me and told me that what hindered her coming ere this was the Caliph's sojourn with her mistress; and she acquainted me with everything which had betided her." And he went on to repeat to him all that the girl had told him of Shams al-Nahar; at which Ali bin Bakkar lamented sore and wept and said to him, "Allah upon thee, O my brother, help me in this affliction and teach me what course I shall take. Moreover, I beg thee of thy grace to abide with me this night, that I may have the solace of thy society." Abu al-Hasan agreed to this request, replying that he would readily night there; so they talked together till even-tide darkened, when Ali bin Bakkar groaned aloud and lamented and wept copious tears, reciting these couplets:—

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[1] Meaning to let Patience run away like an untethered camel.

Thine image in these eyne, a-lip thy name, * My heart thy home; how couldst thou disappear?
How sore I grieve for life which comes to end, * Nor see I boon of union far or near.

And these the words of another:—

She split my casque of courage with eye-swords that sorely smite; * She pierced my patience' ring-mail with her shape like cane-spear light:
Patched by the musky mole on cheek was to our sight displayed * Camphor set round with ambergris, light dawning through the night.[1]
Her soul was sorrowed and she bit carnelian stone with pearls[2] * Whose unions in a sugar'd tank ever to lurk unite:

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[1] *i.e.* her fair face shining through the black hair. "Camphor" is a favourite with Arab poets: the Persians hate it because connected in their minds with death; being used for purifying the corpse. We read in Burckhardt (Prov. 464) "Singing without siller is like a corpse without Hanút"—this being a mixture of camphor and rose-water sprinkled over the face of the dead before shrouded. Similarly Persians avoid speaking of coffee, because they drink it at funerals and use tea at other times.

[2] *i.e.* she is angry and bites her carnelian lips with pearly teeth.

Restless she sighed and smote with palm the snow that clothes her breast, * And
left a mark whereon I looked and ne'er beheld such sight.
Pens, fashioned of her coral nails with ambergris for ink, * Five lines on crystal
page of breast did cruelly indite :
O swordsmen armed with trusty steel ; I bid you all beware * When she on you
bends deadly glance which fascinates the sprite :
And guard thyself, O thou of spear ! whenas she draweth near * To tilt with
slender quivering shape, likest the nut-brown spear.

And when Ali bin Bakkar ended his verse, he cried out with a great cry and fell down in a fit. Abu al-Hasan thought that his soul had fled his body and he ceased not from his swoon till daybreak, when he came to himself and talked with his friend, who continued to sit with him till the forenoon. Then he left him and repaired to his shop ; and hardly had he opened it, when lo ! the damsel came and stood by his side. As soon as he saw her, she made him a sign of salutation which he returned ; and she delivered to him the greeting message of her mistress and asked, "How doth Ali bin Bakkar ?" Answered he, "O handmaid of good, ask me not of his case nor what he suffereth for excess of love-longing ; he sleepeth not by night neither resteth he by day ; wakefulness wasteth him and care hath conquered him and his condition is a consternation to his friend." Quoth she, "My lady saluteth thee and him, and she hath written him a letter, for indeed she is in worse case than he ; and she entrusted the same to me, saying :—Do not return save with the answer ; and do thou obey my bidding. Here now is the letter, so say, wilt thou wend with me to him that we may get his reply ?" "I hear and obey," answered Abu al-Hasan, and locking his shop and taking with him the girl he went, by a way different from that whereby he came, to Ali bin Bakkar's house, where he left her at the door and walked in——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Abu al-Hasan went with the girl to the house of Ali son of Bakkar, where he left her standing at the door and walked in to his great joy. And Abu al-Hasan said to him, "The reason of my coming is that such an one hath sent his handmaid to thee with a letter, containing his greeting to thee and mentioning therein that the cause of his not coming to thee was a matter that hath betided him. The girl standeth even now at the door : shall she have leave to enter ?" and he signed to him that it was Shams al-Nahar's slave girl.

Ali understood his signal and answered, "Bring her in," and when he saw her, he shook for joy and signed to her, "How doth thy lord? Allah grant him health and healing!" "He is well," answered she and pulling out the letter gave it to him. He took it and kissing it, opened and read it; after which he handed it to Abu al-Hasan, who found these verses written therein:—

This messenger shall give my news to thee; * Patience what while my sight thou canst not see:
A lover leav'st in love's insanity, * Whose eyne abide on wake incessantly:
I suffer patience-pangs in woes that none * Of men can medicine;—such my destiny!
Keep cool thine eyes; ne'er shall my heart forget, * Nor without dream of thee one day shall be.
Look what befel thy wasted frame, and thence * Argue what I am doomed for love to dree!

"And afterwards[1]: Without fingers[2] I have written to thee, and without tongue I have spoken to thee * to resume my case, I have an eye wherefrom sleeplessness departeth not * and a heart whence sorrowful thought stirreth not * It is with me as though health I had never known * nor in sadness ever ceased to wone * nor spent an hour in pleasant place * but it is as if I were made up of pine and of the pain of passion and chagrin * Sickness unceasingly troubleth * and my yearning ever redoubleth * desire still groweth * and longing in my heart still gloweth * I pray Allah to hasten our union * and dispel of my mind the confusion * And I would fain thou favour me * with some words of thine * that I may cheer my heart in pain and repine * Moreover, I would have thee put on a patience lief, until Allah vouchsafe relief * And His peace be with thee."[3] When Ali bin Bakkar had read this letter he said in weak accents and feeble voice, "With what hand shall I write and with what tongue shall I make moan and lament? Indeed she addeth sickness to my sickness and draweth death upon my death!" Then he sat up and taking in hand ink-case and paper, wrote the following reply:—"In the name of Allah, the Compassionating, the Compassionate![4] Thy letter hath reached me, O my lady, and hath given ease to a sprite worn out with passion and love-longing, and hath brought healing to a wounded heart cankered with languishment and sickness; for indeed I am become even as saith the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Wa ba'ad"; the formula which follows "Bismillah"—In the name of Allah. The French translate it *or sus*, etc. I have noticed the legend about its having been first used by the eloquent Koss, Bishop of Najrán.

[2] *i.e.* her mind is so troubled she cannot answer for what she writes.

[3] The Bul. Edit. (i. 329) and the Mac. Edit. (i. 780) give to Shams al-Nahar the greater part of Ali's answer, as is shown by the Calc. Edit. (230 *et seq.*) and the Bresl. Edit. (ii. 366 *et seq.*). Lane mentions this (ii. 74) but in his usual perfunctory way gives no paginal references to the Calc. or Bresl.; so that those who would verify the text may have the displeasure of hunting for it.

[4] Arab. "Bi'smi 'lláhi' r-Rahmáni'r-Rahím." This auspicatory formula was borrowed by Al-Islam not from the Jews but from the Guebre "Banám-i-Yezdan

Straitenèd bosom; reveries dispread; * Slumberless eyelids; body wearièd;
Patience cut short; disunion longsomest; * Reason deranged and heart whose life is fled!

And know that complaining is unavailing; but it easeth him whom love-longing disordereth and separation destroyeth and, with repeating 'Union,' I keep myself comforted, and how fine is the saying of the poet who said:—

Did not in love-plight joys and sorrows meet, * How would the message or the writ be sweet?"

When he had made an end of this letter, he handed it to Abu al-Hasan, saying, "Read it and give it to the damsel." So he took it and read it and its words stirred his soul and its meaning wounded his heart. Then he committed it to the girl, and when she took it Ali bin Bakkar said to her, "Salute thy lady for me and acquaint her with my love and longing: and say to her that in very deed I need a friend who shall snatch me from the sea of destruction and save me from this dilemma; for of a truth Fortune oppresseth me with her vicissitudes; and is there any helper to free me from her turpitudes?" And he wept and the damsel wept for his weeping. Then she took leave of him and went forth and Abu al-Hasan went out with her and farewelled her. So she went her way and he returned to his shop, which he opened and sat down there, as was his wont; ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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bakhsháishgar-i-dádár!" (in the name of Yezdan—God—All-generous, All-just!) The Jews have, "In the name of the Great God." The so-called Sir John Mandeville begins his book, In the name of God, Glorious and Almighty. The sentence forms the first of the Koran and heads every chapter except only the ninth, an exception for which recondite reasons are adduced. Hence even in the present day it begins all books, letters and writings in general; and it would be a sign of Infidelity (*i.e.* non-Islamism) to omit it. The difference between "Rahmán" and "Rahím" is that the former represents an accidental (compassionating), the latter a constant quality (compassionate). Sale therefore renders it very imperfectly by "In the name of the most merciful God;" the Latinists better, "In nomine Dei misericordis, clementissimi" (Gottwaldt in Hamza Ispahanensis); Mr. Badger much better, "In the name of God, the Pitiful, the Compassionate"—whose only fault is not preserving the assonance; and Maracci best, "In nomine Dei miseratoris, misericordis."

Now when it was the Hundred and Fifty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Abu al-Hasan said farewell to the slave-girl and returned to his shop which he opened and sat down there according to his custom; but as he tarried, he found his heart oppressed and his breast straitened, and he was perplexed about his case. So he ceased not from melancholy the rest of that day and night, and on the morrow he betook himself to Ali bin Bakkar, with whom he sat till the folk withdrew, when he asked him how he did. Ali began to complain of distress and to descant upon the longing and distraction which possessed him, and repeated these words of the poet:—

Men have 'plained of pining before my time, * Live and dead by parting been terrified:
But such feelings as those which my ribs immure * I have never heard of, nor ever espied.

And these of another poet:—

I have borne for thy love what never bore * For his fair, Kays the "Daft one"[1] hight of old:
Yet I chase not the wildlings of wold and wild * Like Kays, for madness is manifold.

Thereupon quoth Abu al-Hasan, "Never did I see or hear of one like unto thee in thy love! When thou sufferest all this transport and sickness and trouble being enamoured of one who returneth thy passion, how would it be with thee if she whom thou lovest were contrary and contumelious, and thy case were discovered through her perfidy?" And Ali the son of Bakkar (says Abu al-Hasan) was pleased with my words and he relied upon them and he thanked me for what I had said and done. I had a friend (continued Abu al-Hasan), to whom I discovered my affair and that of Ali and who knew that we were intimates; but none other than he was acquainted with what was betwixt us. He was wont to come to me and enquire how Ali did, and after a little he began to ask me about the damsel; but I fenced him off, saying, "She invited him to her and there was some speech between him and her, and this is the end of their affair: but I have devised me a plan and an idea which I would submit to thee." Asked his friend, "And what is that?" Answered Abu al-Hasan, "I am a person well known to have much dealing among men and women, and I fear, O my brother, lest the affair of these twain come to light and this lead to my death and the seizure of my goods and the rending of my repute and that of my family. Wherefore I have resolved to get together my monies and make ready forthright and repair to the city of Bassorah and there abide, till I see what cometh of their case, that none may know of me; for love hath lorded over both and correspondence passeth between them. At this present their confidante is a slave-girl who hath till now kept their counsel, but I fear lest haply anxiety get the better of her and she discover their secret to someone and the matter, being bruited abroad, might bring me to great grief and prove the cause of my ruin; for I have no excuse to offer my accusers." Rejoined his friend, "Thou hast acquainted me with a parlous affair, from the like of which the wise and understanding will shrink with fear. Allah avert from thee the evil thou dreadest with such dread and save thee from the consequences thou apprehendest! Assuredly thy action is aright." So Abu al-Hasan returned to his place and began ordering his affairs and preparing for his travel; nor had three days passed ere he made an end of his business and journeyed forth to Bassorah. His friend came to visit him three days after but finding him not, asked of him from the neighbours who answered, "He set out for Bassorah three days ago, for he had dealings with its merchants and he is gone thither to collect monies from his debtors; but he will soon return." The young man was confounded at the news and knew not whither to wend; and he said in his mind, "Would I had not parted from Abu al-Hasan!" Then he bethought him of some plan whereby he should gain access to Ali bin Bakkar; so he went to his lodging, and said to one of his servants, "Ask leave for me of thy lord that I may go in and salute him." The servant entered and told his master and presently returning, invited the man to walk in. So he entered and found Ali bin Bakkar thrown back on the pillow and saluted him. Ali returned his greeting and bade him welcome;

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[1] Arab. Majnún (*i.e.* one possessed by a Jinni) the well-known model lover of Layla, a fictitious personage, for whom see D'Herbelot (*s. v.* Megnoun). She was celebrated by Abu Mohammed Nizam al-Din of Ganjah (ob. A.H. 597 = 1200) pop. known as Nizámi, the caustic and austere poet who wrote:—

The weals of this world are the ass's meed!
Would Nizámi were of the ass's breed.

The series in the East begins chronologically with Yúsuf and Zulaykhá (Potiphar's wife) sung by Jámi (nat. A.H. 817 = 1414); the next in date is Khusraw and Shirin (also by Nizami); Farhad and Shirin; and Layla and Majnun (the Night-black maid and the Maniac-man) are the last. We are obliged to compare the lovers with "Romeo and Juliet," having no corresponding instances in modern days: the classics of Europe supply a host, as Hero and Leander, Theagenes and Charicleia, etc., etc.

whereupon the young man began to excuse himself for having held aloof from him all that while and added, "O my lord, between Abu al-Hasan and myself there was close friendship, so that I used to trust him with my secrets and could not sever myself from him an hour. Now it so chanced that I was absent three days' space on certain business with a company of my friends; and, when I came back and went to him, I found his shop locked up; so I asked the neighbours about him and they replied:—He is gone to Bassorah. Now I know he had no surer friend than thou; so by Allah, tell me what thou knowest of him." When Ali bin Bakkar heard this, his colour changed and he was troubled and answered, "I never heard till this day of his departure and, if the case be as thou sayest, weariness is come upon me." And he began repeating:—

For joys that are no more aye was I wont to weep, * While friends and lovers stood by me unscattered;
This day when disunited me and scattered them * Fortune, I weep lost loves and friendship shattered.

Then he bowed his head groundwards in thought awhile and presently raising it and looking to one of his servants, said, "Go to Abu al-Hasan's house and enquire concerning him whether he be at home or journeying abroad. If they say:—He is abroad; ask whither he be gone." The servant went out and returning after a while said to his master, "When I asked for Abu al-Hasan, his people told me that he was gone on a journey to Bassorah; but I saw a damsel standing at the door who, knowing me by sight, though I knew her not, said to me:—Art thou not servant to Ali bin Bakkar? Even so, answered I; and she rejoined:—I bear a message for him from one who is the dearest of all folk to him. So she came with me and she is now standing at the door." Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, "Bring her in." The servant went out to her and brought her in, and the man who was with Ali looked at her and found her pretty. Then she advanced to the son of Bakkar and saluted him——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the slave-girl came in to Ali bin Bakkar, she advanced to him and saluted him and spake with him secretly; and from time to time during the dialogue he exclaimed with an oath and swore that he had not talked and tattled of it. Then she took leave of him and went away. Now Abu al-Hasan's friend was a jeweller,[1] and when she was gone, he found a place for speech and said to Ali bin Bakkar, "Doubtless and assuredly the Caliph's household have some demand upon thee or thou hast dealings therewith?" "Who told thee of this?" asked Ali; and the jeweller answered, "I know it by yonder damsel who is Shams al-Nahar's slave-girl; for she came to me a while since with a note wherein was written that she wanted a necklace of jewels; and I sent her a costly collar." But when Ali bin Bakkar heard this, he was greatly troubled, so that the jeweller feared to see him give up the ghost, yet after a while he recovered himself and said, "O my brother, I conjure thee by Allah to tell me truly how thou knowest her." Replied he, "Do not press this question upon me;" and Ali rejoined, "Indeed, I will not turn from thee till thou tell me the whole truth." Quoth the jeweller, "I will tell thee all, on condition that thou distrust me not, and that my words cause thee no restraint; nor will I conceal aught from thee by way of secret but will discover to thee the truth of the affair, provided that thou acquaint me with the true state of thy case and the cause of thy sickness." Then he told him all that had passed from first to last between Abu al-Hasan and himself, adding, "I acted thus only out of friendship for thee and of my desire to serve thee;" and assured him that he would keep his secret and venture life and good in his service. So Ali in turn told him his story and added, "By Allah, O my brother, naught moved me to keep my case secret from thee and from others but my fear lest folk should lift the veils of protection from certain persons." Rejoined the jeweller, "And I desired not to foregather with thee but of the great affection I bear thee and my zeal for thee in every case, and my compassion for the anguish thy heart endureth from severance. Haply I may be a comforter to thee in the room of my friend, Abu al-Hasan, during the length of his absence: so be thou of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear." Thereupon Ali thanked him and repeated these couplets:—

"An say I:—Patient I can bear his faring, * My tears and sighings give my say the lie;
How can I hide these tears that course adown * This plain, my cheek, for friend too fain to fly?"

Then he was silent awhile, and presently said to the jeweller "Knowest thou what secret the girl whispered to me?" Answered he, "Not I, by Allah, O my lord!" Quoth Ali, "She fancied that I directed Abu al-Hasan to go to Bassorah and that I had devised this device to put a stop to our correspondence and consorting. I swore to her that this was on nowise thus; but she would not credit me and went away to her mistress, persisting in her injurious suspicions; for she inclined to Abu al-Hasan and gave ear to his word." Answered the young jeweller, "O my brother, I understood as much from the girl's manner; but I will win for thee thy wish, Inshallah!" Rejoined Ali bin Bakkar, "Who can be with me in this and how wilt thou do with her, when she shies and flies like a wild beast of the wold?" Cried the jeweller, "By Allah, needs must I do my utmost to help thee and contrive to scrape acquaintance with her without exposure or mischief!" Then he asked leave to depart and Ali bin Bakkar said, "O my brother, mind thou keep my counsel;" and he looked at him and wept. The jeweller bade him good-day and fared forth——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The jeweller of Eastern tales from Marocco to Calcutta, is almost invariably a rascal: here we have an exception.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller bade him good-bye and fared forth not knowing what he should do to win for him his wishes; and he ceased not walking, while over-musing the matter, till he spied a letter lying in the road. He took it up and looked at its direction and superscription, then read it and behold, it ran:—"From the least worthy of lovers to the most worthy of beloveds." So he opened it and found these words written therein:—

"A messenger from thee came bringing union-hope, * But that he erred somehow with me the thought prevailed;
So I rejoiced not; rather grew my grief still more; * Weeting my messenger of wits and wit had failed.

But afterwards: Know, O my lord! that I ken not the reason why our correspondence between thee and me hath been broken off; but, if the cruelty arise from thy part, I will requite it with fidelity, and if thy love have departed, I will remain constant to my love of the parted, for I am with thee even as saith the poet:—

Be proud; I'll crouch! Bully; I'll bear! Despise; I'll pray! * Go; I will come! Speak; I will hear! Bid; I'll obey!"

As he was reading, lo! up came the slave-girl, looking right and left, and seeing the paper in the jeweller's hand, said to him, "O my master, this letter is one I let fall." He made her no answer, but walked on, and she walked behind him, till he came to his house, when he entered and she after him, saying, "O my master, give me back this letter, for it fell from me." Thereupon he turned to her and said, "O handmaid of good, fear not neither grieve, for verily Allah the Protector loveth those who protect; but tell me in truthful way thy case, as I am one who keepeth counsel. I conjure thee by an oath not to hide from me aught of thy lady's affairs: for haply Allah shall help me to further her wishes and make easy by my hand that which is hard." When the slave-girl heard these words she said, "O my lord, indeed a secret is not lost whereof thou art the keeper: nor shall any affair come to naught for which thou strivest. Know that my heart inclineth to thee and would interest thee with my tidings, but do thou give me the letter." Then she told him the whole story, adding, "Allah is witness to what I say." Quoth he, "Thou hast spoken truly, for I am acquainted with the root of the matter." Then he told her his tale of Ali bin Bakkar and how he had learned his state of mind; and related to her all that had passed from first to last, whereat she rejoiced; and they two agreed that she should take the letter and carry it to Ali and return and acquaint the jeweller with all that happened. So he gave her the letter and she took it and sealed it up as it was before, saying, "My mistress Shams al-Nahar gave it to me sealed; and when he hath read it and given me its reply, I will bring it to thee." She took leave and repaired to Ali bin Bakkar, whom she found waiting, and gave him the letter. He read it and writing a paper by way of answer, gave it to her; and she carried it to the jeweller, who tore asunder the seal[1] and read it and found written therein these two couplets:—

"The messenger, who kept our secret hid, * Hath failed, and showeth
wrath without disguise;[2]

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[1] This must not be understood of sealing-wax, which, however, is of ancient date. The Egyptians (Herod. ii. 38) used "sealing earth" (γῆ σημαντρίς) probably clay, impressed with a signet (δακτύλιον); the Greeks mud-clay (πηλός); and the Romans first cretula and then wax (Beckmann). Mediæval Europe had bees-wax tempered with Venice turpentine and coloured with cinnabar or similar material. The modern sealing-wax, whose distinctive is shell-lac, was brought by the Dutch from India to Europe; and the earliest seals date from about A.D. 1560. They called it Ziegel-lak, whence the German Siegel-lack, the French preferring *cire-à-cacheter*, as distinguished from *cire-à-sceller*, the softer material. The use of sealing-wax in India dates from old times and the material, though coarse and unsightly, is still preferred by Anglo-Indians because it resists heat whereas the best English softens like pitch.

[2] Evidently referring to the runaway Abu al-Hasan, not to the she-confidante.

Choose one more leal from your many friends * Who, truth approving, disapproveth lies.

To proceed : Verily, I have not entered upon perfidy * nor have I abandoned fidelity * I have not used cruelty * neither have I put off lealty * no covenant hath been broken by me * nor hath love-tie been severed by me * I have not parted from penitence * nor have I found aught but misery and ruin after severance * I know nothing of that thou avouchest * nor do I love aught but that which thou lovest * By Him who knoweth the secret of hidden things none discover * I have no desire save union with my lover * and my one business is my passion to conceal * albeit with sore sickness I ail * This is the exposition of my case and now all hail ! " When the jeweller read this letter and learnt its contents he wept with sore weeping, and the slave-girl said to him, "Leave not this place till I return to thee; for he suspecteth me of such and such things, in which he is excusable; so it is my desire to bring about a meeting between thee and my mistress, Shams al-Nahar, howsoever I may trick you to it. For the present I left her prostrate, awaiting my return with the reply." Then she went away and the jeweller passed the night with a troubled mind. And when day dawned he prayed his dawn-prayer and sat expecting the girl's coming; and behold, she came in to him rejoicing with much joy and he asked her, "What news, O damsel?" She answered, "After leaving thee I went to my mistress and gave her the letter written by Ali bin Bakkar; and, when she read it and understood it, she was troubled and confounded; but I said to her :—O my lady, have no fear of your affair being frustrated by Abu al-Hasan's disappearance, for I have found one to take his place, better than he and more of worth and a good man to keep secrets. Then I told her what was between thyself and Abu al-Hasan and how thou camest by his confidence and that of Ali bin Bakkar and how that note was dropped and thou camest by it; and I also showed her how we arranged matters betwixt me and thee." The jeweller marvelled with much wonder, when she resumed, "And now my mistress would hear what thou sayest, that she may be assured by thy speech of the covenants between thee and him; so get thee ready to go with me to her forthwith." When the jeweller heard the slave-girl's words, he saw that the proposed affair was grave and a great peril to brave, not lightly to be undertaken or suddenly entered upon, and he said to her, "O my sister, verily I am of the ordinary and not like unto Abu al-Hasan; for he being of high rank and of well-known repute, was wont to frequent the Caliph's household, because of their need of his merchandise. As for me, he used to talk with me and I trembled before him the while. So, if thy mistress would speak with me, our meeting must be in some place other than the Caliph's palace and far from the abode of the Commander of the Faithful; for my common sense will not let me consent to what thou proposest." On this wise he refused to go with her and she went on to say that she would be surety for his safety, adding, "Take heart and fear no harm!" and pressed him to courage till he consented to accompany her; withal, his legs bent and shivered and his hands quivered and he exclaimed, "Allah forbid that I should go with thee! Indeed, I have not strength to do this thing!" Replied she, "Hearten thy heart, if it be hard for thee to go to the Caliph's palace and thou canst not muster up courage to accompany me, I will make her come to thee; so budge not from thy place till I return to thee with her." Then the slave-girl went away and was absent for a while, but a short while after which she returned to the jeweller and said to him, "Take thou care that there be with thee none save thyself, neither man-slave nor girl-slave." Quoth he, "I have but a negress, who is in years and who waiteth on me." So she arose and locked the door between his negress and the jeweller and sent his man-servants out of the place; after which she fared forth and presently returned, followed by a lady who, entering the house, filled it with the sweet scent of her perfumes. When the jeweller saw her, he sprang up and set her a couch and a cushion; and she sat down while he seated himself before her. She abode awhile without speaking till she had rested herself, when she unveiled her face and it seemed to the jeweller's fancy as if the sun had risen in his home. Then she asked her slave-girl, "Is this the man of whom thou spakest to me?" "Yes," answered she; whereupon the lady turned to the jeweller and said to him, "How is it with thee?" Replied he, "Right well! I pray Allah for thy preservation and that of the Commander of the Faithful." Quoth she, "Thou hast moved us to come to thee and possess thee with what we hold secret." Then she questioned him of his household and family; and he disclosed to her all his circumstance and his condition and said to her, "I have a house other than this; and I have set it apart for gathering together my friends and brethren; and there is none there save the old negress, of whom I spoke to thy handmaid." She asked him on what wise he came first to know how the affair began and the matter of Abu al-Hasan and the cause of his wayfaring: accordingly he told her all he knew and how he had advised the journey. Thereupon she bewailed the loss of Abu al-Hasan and said to the jeweller, "Know, O Such-an-one,[1] that men's souls are active in their works and that men are still men; and that deeds are not done without words nor is end ever reached without endeavour. Rest is won only by toil"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shams al-Nahar thus addressed the jeweller, "Rest is gained only by toil and success is gained only by help of the generous. Now I have acquainted thee with our affair and 'tis in thy hand to expose us or to shield us; I say no more, because thy generosity requireth naught. Thou knowest that this my handmaiden keepeth my counsel and therefore occupieth high place in my favour; and I have selected her to transact my affairs of importance. So let none be worthier in thy sight than she and acquaint her with thine affair; and be of good cheer, for on her account thou art safe from all fear, and there is no place shut upon thee but she shall open it to thee. She shall bring thee my messages to Ali bin Bakkar and thou shalt be our intermediary." So saying, she rose, scarcely able to rise, and fared forth, the jeweller faring before her to the door of her house, after which he returned and sat down again in his place, having seen of her beauty and heard of her speech what dazzled him and dazed his wit, and having witnessed of her grace and courtesy what bewitched his spirit. He sat musing on her perfections till his mind waxed tranquil, when he called for food and ate enough to keep soul and body together. Then he changed his clothes and went out; and, repairing to the house of the youth Ali bin Bakkar, knocked at the door. The servants hastened to admit him and walked before him till they had brought him to their master, whom he found strown upon his bed. Now when he saw the jeweller, he said to him, "Thou hast tarried long from me, and that hath heaped care upon my care." Then he dismissed his servants and bade the doors be shut; after which he said to the jeweller, "By Allah, O my brother, I have not closed my eyes since the day I saw thee last; for the slave-girl came to me yesterday with a sealed letter from her mistress Shams al-Nahar;" and went on to tell him all that had passed with her, adding, "By the Lord, I am indeed perplexed concerning mine affair and my patience faileth me : for Abu al-Hasan was a comforter who cheered me because he knew the slave-girl." When the jeweller heard his words, he laughed ; and Ali said, "Why dost thou laugh at my words, thou on whose coming I congratulated myself and to whom I looked for provision against the shifts of fortune?" Then he sighed and wept and repeated these couplets :—

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[1] Arab. "Yá fulán" = O certain person (fulano in Span. and Port.) a somewhat contemptuous address.

Full many laugh at tears they see me shed * Who had shed tears an bore they what I bore ;
None feeleth pity for th' afflicted's woe, * Save one as anxious and in woe galore :
My passion, yearning, sighing, thought, repine * Are for me cornered in my heart's deep core :
He made a home there which he never quits, * Yet rare our meetings, not as heretofore :
No friend to stablish in his place I see ; * No intimate but only he and —— he.

Now when the jeweller heard these lines and understood their significance, he wept also and told him all that had passed betwixt himself and the slave-girl and her mistress since he left him. And Ali bin Bakkar gave ear to his speech, and at every word he heard his colour shifted from white to red and his body grew now stronger and then weaker till the tale came to an end, when he wept and said, "O my brother, I am a lost man in any case : would mine end were nigh, that I might be at rest from all this ! But I beg thee, of thy favour, to be my helper and comforter in all my affairs until Allah fulfil whatso be His will ; and I will not gainsay thee with a single word." Quoth the jeweller, "Nothing will quench thy sorrow save meeting with her whom thou lovest ; and the meeting must be in other than this perilous place. Better 'twere in a house of mine where the girl and her mistress met me ; which place she chose for herself, to the intent that ye twain may there meet and complain each to other of what you have suffered from the pangs of love." Quoth Ali bin Bakkar, "O good Sir, do as thou wilt and with Allah be thy reward ! and what thou deemest is right do it forthright : but be not long in doing it, lest I perish of this anguish." So I abode with him (said the jeweller) that night conversing with him till the morning morrowed, ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller continued :—So I abode with him that night conversing with him till the morning broke, when I prayed the dawn-prayers and, going out from him, returned to my house. Hardly had I settled down when the damsel came up and saluted me; and I returned her salutation and told her what had passed between myself and Ali bin Bakkar, and she said, "Know that the Caliph hath left us and there is no one in our place and 'tis safer for us and better." Replied I, "Sooth thou sayest; yet is it not like my other house which is both fitter and surer for us;" and the slave-girl rejoined, "Be it as thou seest fit. I am now going to my lady and will tell her what thou sayest and acquaint her with all thou hast mentioned." So she went away and sought her mistress and laid the project before her, and presently returned and said to me, "It is to be as thou sayest; so make us ready the place and expect us." Then she took out of her breast-pocket a purse of dinars and gave this message, "My lady saluteth thee and saith to thee :—Take this and provide therewith what the case requireth." But I swore that I would accept naught of it; so she took the purse and returning to her mistress, told her, "He would not receive the money, but gave it back to me." "No matter," answered Shams al-Nahar. As soon as the slave-girl was gone (continued the jeweller), I arose and betook myself to my other house and transported thither all that was needful, by way of vessels and furniture and rich carpets; and I did not forget china vases and cups of glass and gold and silver; and I made ready meat and drink required for the occasion. When the damsel came and saw what I had done, it pleased her and she bade me fetch Ali bin Bakkar; but I said, "None shall bring him save thou." Accordingly she went to him and brought him back perfectly dressed and looking his best. I met him and greeted him and then seated him upon a divan befitting his condition, and set before him sweet-scented flowers in vases of china and vari-coloured glass.[1] Then I set on a tray of many-tinted meats such as broaden the breast with their sight, and sat talking with him and diverting him, whilst the slave-girl went away and was absent till after sundown-prayers, when she returned with Shams al-Nahar, attended by two maids and none else. Now as soon as she saw Ali bin Bakkar and he saw her, he rose and embraced her, and she on her side embraced him and both fell in a swoon to the ground. They lay for a whole hour insensible; then, coming to themselves, they began mutually to complain of the pains of separation. Thereupon they drew near to each other and sat talking charmingly, softly, tenderly; after which they somewhat perfumed themselves and fell to thanking me for what I had done for them. Quoth I, "Have ye a mind for food?" "Yes," quoth they. So I set before them a small matter of food and they ate till they were satisfied and then washed their hands; after which I led them to another sitting-room and brought them wine. So they drank, and presently Shams al-Nahar said to me, "O my master, complete thy kindness by bringing us a lute or other instrument of mirth and music that the measure of our joy may be fully filled." I replied, "On my head and eyes!" and rising brought her a lute, which she took and tuned; then laying it in her lap she touched it with a masterly touch, at once exciting to sadness and changing sorrow to gladness; after which she sang these two couplets:—

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[1] Arab. and Pers. "Bulúr" (vulg. billaur) retaining the venerable tradition of the Belus-river. In Al-Hariri (Ass. of Halwán) it means crystal and there is no need of proposing to translate by onyx or to identify it with the Greek βήρυλλος, the beryl.

My sleeplessness would show I love to bide on wake; * And would my leanness
  prove that sickness is my make:
And tear-floods course adown the cheeks they only scald; * Would I knew
  Union shall Disunion overtake!

Then she went on to sing the choicest and most affecting poesy to many and various modes, till our senses were bewitched and the very room danced with excess of delight and surprise at her sweet singing; and neither thought nor reason was left in us. When we had sat awhile and the cup had gone round amongst us, the damsel took the lute and sang to a lively measure these couplets:—

My love a meeting promised me and kept it faithfully, * One day as many I
  shall count in number and degree:
O Day of joyance Fate vouchsafed to faithful lovers twain, * Uncaring for the
  railer loon and all his company!

Whilst we were thus drowned in the sea of gladness (continued the jeweller) behold, there came in to us a little maid trembling and said, "O my lady, look how you may go away, for the folk have found you out and have surrounded the house; and we know not the cause of this!" When I heard her words, I arose startled and lo! in rushed a slave-girl who cried, "Calamity hath come upon you." At the same moment the door was burst open and there rushed in upon us ten men masked in kerchiefs with hangers in their hands and swords by their sides, and as many more behind them. When I saw this, the world was straitened on me for all its wideness, and I looked to the door and saw no issue: so I sprang from the terrace into the house of one of my neighbours and there hid myself. Thence I found that folk had entered my lodgings and were making a mighty hubbub; and I concluded that the Caliph had got wind of us and had sent his Chief of the Watch to seize us and bring us before him. So I abode confounded and ceased not remaining in my place, without any possibility of quitting it till midnight. And presently the house-master arose, for he had heard me moving, and he feared with exceeding great fear of me; so he came forth from his room with drawn brand in hand and made at me, saying, "Who is this in my house?" Quoth I, "I am thy neighbour the jeweller;" and he knew me and retired. Then he fetched a light and coming up to me, said, "O my brother, indeed that which hath befallen thee this night is no light matter to me." I replied, "O my brother, tell me who was in my house and entered it breaking in my door; for I fled to thee not knowing what was to do." He answered, "Of a truth the robbers who attacked our neighbours yesterday and slew such an one and took his good, saw thee on the same day bringing furniture into this house; so they broke in upon thee and stole thy goods and slew thy guests." Then we arose (pursued the jeweller), I and he, and repaired to my house, which we found empty without a stick remaining in it; so I was confounded at the case and said to myself, "As for the gear I care naught about its loss, albeit I borrowed part of the stuff from my friends and it hath come to grief; yet there is no harm in that, for they know my excuse in the plunder of my property and the pillage of my place. But as for Ali bin Bakkar and the Caliph's favourite slave-girl, I fear lest their case get bruited abroad and this cause the loss of my life." So I turned to my neighbour and said to him, "Thou art my brother and my neighbour, what then dost thou advise me to do?" The man answered, "What I counsel thee to do is to keep quiet and wait; for they who entered thy house and took thy goods have murdered the best men of a party from the the palace of the Caliphate and have killed not a few of the watchmen: the government officers and guards are now in quest of them on every road and haply they will hit upon them, whereby thy wish will come about without effort of thine." The jeweller hearing these words returned to his other house, that wherein he dwelt,—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the jeweller heard these words he returned to his other house wherein he dwelt and said to himself, "Indeed this that hath befallen me is what Abu al-Hasan feared and from which he fled to Bassorah. And now I have fallen into it." Presently the pillage of his pleasure house was noised abroad among the folk, and they came to him from all sides and places, some exulting in his misfortune and others excusing him and condoling with his sorrow; whilst he bewailed himself to them and for grief neither ate meat nor drank drink. And as he sat, repenting him of what he had done, behold one of his servants came in to him and said, "There is a person at the door who asketh for thee; and I know him not." The jeweller went forth to him and saluted him who was a stranger; and the man whispered to him, "I have somewhat to say between our two selves." Thereupon he brought him in and asked him, "What hast thou to tell me?" Quoth the man, "Come with me to thine other house;" and the jeweller enquired, "Dost thou then know my other house?" Replied the other, "I know all about thee and I know that also whereby Allah will dispel thy dolours." So I said to myself (continued the jeweller) "I will go with him whither he willeth;" and went out and walked on till we came to my second house; and when the man saw it he said to me, "It is without door or doorkeeper, and we cannot possibly sit in it; so come thou with me to another place." Then the man continued passing from stead to stead (and I with him) till night overtook us; yet I put no question to him of the matter in hand and we ceased not to walk on, till we reached the open country. He kept saying, "Follow me," and quickened his pace to a trot, whilst I trotted after him heartening my heart to go on, until we reached the river, where he took boat with me, and the boatman rowed us over to the other bank. Then he landed from the boat and I landed after him; and he took my hand and led me to a street which I had never entered in all my days, nor do I know in what quarter it was. Presently the man stopped at the door of a house, and opening it entered and made me enter with him; after which he locked the door with an iron padlock,[1] and led me along the vestibule, till he brought me into the presence of ten men who were as though they were one and the same man; they being brothers. We saluted them (continued the jeweller) and they returned our greeting and bade us be seated; so we sat down. Now I was like to die for excess of weariness; but they brought me rose-water and sprinkled it on my face; after which they gave me a sherbet to drink and set before me food whereof some of them ate with me. Quoth I to myself, "Were there aught harmful in the food, they would not eat with me." So I ate, and when we had washed our hands, each of us returned to his place. Then they asked me, "Dost thou know us?" and I answered, "No! nor in my life have I ever seen you; nay, I know not even him who brought me hither." Said they, "Tell us thy tidings and lie not at all." Replied I, "Know then that my case is wondrous and my affair marvellous; but wot ye anything about me?" They rejoined, "Yes! it was we took thy goods yesternight and carried off thy friend and her who was singing to him." Quoth I, "Allah let down His veil over you! Where be my friend and she who was singing to him?" They pointed with their hands to one side and replied, "Yonder, but, by Allah, O our brother, the secret of their case is known to none save to thee, for from the time we brought the twain hither up to this day, we have not looked upon them nor questioned them of their condition, seeing them to be persons of rank and dignity. Now this and this only it was that hindered our killing them: so tell us the truth of their case and thou shalt be assured of thy safety and of theirs." When I heard this (continued the jeweller) I almost died of fright and horror, and I said to them, "Know ye, O my brethren, that if generosity were lost, 'twould not be found save with you; and had I a secret which I feared to reveal, none but your breasts would conceal it." And I went on exaggerating their praises in this fashion, till I saw that frankness and readiness to speak out would profit me more than concealing facts; so I told them all that had betided me to the very end of the tale. When they heard it, they said, "And is this young man Ali Bakkar-son and this lady Shams al-Nahar?" I replied "Yes." Now this was grievous to them and they rose and made their excuses to the two and then they said to me, "Of what we took from thy house part is spent, but here is what is left of it." So speaking, they gave me back most of my goods and they engaged to return them to their places in my house, and to restore me the rest as soon as they could. My heart was set at ease till they split into two parties, one with me and the other against me; and we fared forth from that house and such was my case. But as regards Ali bin Bakkar and Shams al-Nahar; they were well-nigh dying for excess of fear, when I went up to them and saluting them, asked, "What happened to the damsel and the two maids, and where be they gone?" and they answered only, "We know nothing of them." Then we walked on and stinted not till we came to the river-bank where the barque lay; and we all boarded it, for it was the same which had brought me over on the day before. The boatman rowed us to the other side; but hardly had we landed and taken seat on the bank to rest, when a troop of horse swooped down on us like eagles and surrounded us on all sides and places, whereupon the robbers with us sprang up in haste like vultures, and the boat put back for them and took them in and the boatman pushed off into mid-stream, leaving us on the river-bank, unable to move or to stand still. Then the chief horseman said to us, "Whence be ye!" and we were perplexed for an answer, but I said (continued the jeweller), "Those ye saw with us are rogues; we know them not. As for us, we are singers, and they intended taking us to sing for them, nor could we get free of them, save by subtlety and soft words; so on this occasion they let us go, their works being such as you have seen." But they looked at Shams al-Nahar and Ali bin Bakkar and said to me, "Thou hast not spoken sooth but, if thy tale be true, tell us who ye are and whence ye are; and what be your place and in what quarter you dwell." I knew not what to answer them, but Shams al-Nahar sprang up and approaching the Captain of the horsemen spoke with him privily, whereupon he dismounted from his steed and, setting her on horse-back, took the bridle and began to lead his beast. And two of his men did the like with the youth, Ali bin Bakkar, and it was the same with myself. The Commandant of the troop ceased not riding on with us, till they reached a certain part of the river bank, when he sang out in some barbarous jargon[1] and there came to us a number of men with two boats. Then the Captain embarked us in one of them (and he with us) whilst the rest of his men put off in the other, and rowed on with us till we arrived at the palace of the Caliphate where Shams al-Nahar landed. And all the while we endured the agonies of death for excess of fear, and they ceased not going till they came to a place whence there was a way to our quarter. Here we landed and walked on, escorted by some of the horsemen, till we came to Ali bin Bakkar's house; and when we entered it, our escort took leave of us and went their way. We abode there, unable to stir from the place and not knowing the difference between morning and evening; and in such case we continued till the dawn of the next day. And when it was again nightfall, I came to myself and saw Ali bin Bakkar and the women and men of his household weeping over him for he was stretched out without sense or motion. Some of them came to me and thoroughly arousing me said, "Tell us what hath befallen our son and say how came he in this plight?" Replied I, "O folk, hearken to me"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The door is usually shut with a wooden bolt.

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[1] Arab. "Ritánah," from "Ratan," speaking any tongue not Arabic, the allusion being to foreign mercenaries, probably Turks. In later days Turkish was called Muwalla', a pied horse, from its mixture of languages.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller answered them, "O folk, hearken to my words and give me no trouble and annoyance! but be patient and he will come to and tell you his tale for himself." And I was hard upon them and made them afraid of a scandal between me and them, but as we were thus, behold, Ali bin Bakkar moved on his carpet-bed; whereat his friends rejoiced and the stranger folk withdrew from him; but his people forbade me to go away. Then they sprinkled rose-water on his face and he presently revived and enjoyed the air; whereupon they questioned him of his case, and he essayed to answer them but his tongue could not speak forthright and he signed to them to let me go home. So they let me go, and I went forth hardly crediting my escape and returned to my own house, supported by two men. When my people saw me thus, they rose up and fell to shrieking and slapping their faces; but I signed to them with my hand to be silent and they were silent. Then the two men went their way and I threw myself down on my bed, where I lay the rest of the night and awoke not till the forenoon, when I found my people gathered round me and saying, "What calamity befel thee, and what evil with its mischief did fell thee?" Quoth I, "Bring me somewhat to drink." So they brought me drink, and I drank of it what I would and said to them, "What happened, happened." Thereupon they went away and I made my excuses to my friends, and asked if any of the goods which had been stolen from my other house had been returned. They answered, "Yes; some of them have come back; by token that a man entered and threw them down within the doorway and we saw him not." So I comforted myself and abode in my place two days, unable to rise and leave it; and presently I took courage and went to the bath, for I was worn out with fatigue and troubled in mind about Ali bin Bakkar and Shams al-Nahar, because I had no news of them all this time and could neither get to Ali's house nor, out of fear for my life, take my rest in mine own. And I repented to Almighty Allah of what I had done and praised Him for my safety. Presently my fancy suggested to me to go to such and such a place and see the folk and solace myself; so I went on foot to the cloth-market and sat awhile with a friend of mine there. When I rose to go, I saw a woman standing over against me; so I looked at her, and lo! it was Shams al-Nahar's slave-girl. When I saw her, the world grew dark in my eyes and I hurried on. She followed me, but I was seized with affright and fled from her, and whenever I looked at her, a trembling came upon me whilst she pursued me, saying, "Stop, that I may tell thee somewhat!" But I heeded her not and never ceased walking till I reached a mosque, and she entered after me. I prayed a two-bow prayer, after which I turned to her and, sighing, said, "What dost thou want?" She asked me how I did, and I told her all that had befallen myself and Ali bin Bakkar and besought her for news of herself. She answered, "Know that when I saw the robbers break open thy door and rush in, I was in sore terror, for I doubted not but that they were the Caliph's officers and would seize me and my mistress and we should perish forthwith: so we fled over the roofs, I and the maids; and, casting ourselves down from a high place, came upon some people with whom we took refuge; and they received us and brought us to the palace of the Caliphate, where we arrived in the sorriest of plights. We concealed our case and abode on coals of fire till nightfall, when I opened the river-gate and, calling the boatman who had carried us the night before, said to him:—I know not what is become of my mistress; so take me in the boat, that we may go seek her on the river; haply I shall chance on some news of her. Accordingly he took me into the boat and went about with me and ceased not wending till midnight, when I spied a barque making towards the water gate, with one man rowing and another standing up and a woman lying prostrate between them twain. And they rowed on till they reached the shore when the woman landed, and I looked at her, and behold, it was Shams al-Nahar. Thereupon I got out and joined her, dazed for joy to see her after having lost all hopes of finding her alive."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl went on telling the jeweller, "I was dazed for joy to see her, after having lost all hopes of finding her alive. When I came up to her, she bade me give the man who had brought her thither a thousand gold pieces; and we carried her in, I and the two maids, and laid her on her bed; where she passed that night in a sorely troubled state; and, when morning dawned, I forbade the women and eunuchs to go into her, or even to draw near her for the whole of that day; but on the next she revived and somewhat recovered and I found her as if she had come out of her grave. I sprinkled rose-water upon her face and changed her clothes and washed her hands and feet; nor did I cease to coax her, till I brought her to eat a little and drink some wine, though she had no mind to any such matter. As soon as she had breathed the fresh air and strength began to return to her, I took to upbraiding her, saying:—O my lady, consider and have pity on thyself; thou seest what hath betided us: surely, enough and more than enough of evil hath befallen thee; for indeed thou hast been nigh upon death. She said:—By Allah, O good damsel, in sooth death were easier to me than what hath betided me; for it seemed as though I should be slain and no power could save me. When the robbers took us from the jeweller's house they asked me, Who mayst thou be? and hearing my answer:—I am a singing girl, they believed me. Then they turned to Ali bin Bakkar and made enquiries about him:—And who art thou and what is thy condition? whereto he replied:—I am of the common kind. So they took us and carried us along, without our resisting, to their abode; and we hurried on with them for excess of fear; but when they had us set down with them in the house, they looked hard at me and seeing the clothes I wore and my necklaces and jewellery, believed not my account of myself and said to me:—Of a truth these necklaces belong to no singing-girl; so be soothfast and tell us the truth of thy case. I returned them no answer whatever, saying in my mind:—Now will they slay me for the sake of my apparel and ornaments; and I spoke not a word. Then the villains turned to Ali bin Bakkar, asking:—And thou, who art thou and whence art thou? for thy semblance seemeth not as that of the common kind. But he was silent and we ceased not to keep our counsel and to weep, till Allah softened the rogues' hearts to pity and they said to us:—Who is the owner of the house wherein ye were? We answered:—Such an one, the jeweller; whereupon quoth one of them:—I know him right well and I wot the other house where he liveth and I will engage to bring him to you this very hour. Then they agreed to set me in a place by myself and Ali bin Bakkar in a place by himself, and said to us:—Be at rest ye twain and fear not lest your secret be divulged; ye are safe from us. Meanwhile their comrade went away and returned with the jeweller, who made known to them our case, and we joined company with him; after which a man of the band fetched a barque, wherein they embarked us all three and, rowing us over the river, landed us with scant ceremony on the opposite bank and went their ways. Thereupon up came a horse-patrol and asked us who we were; so I spoke with the Captain of the watch and said to him:—I am Shams al-Nahar, the Caliph's favourite! I had drunken strong wine and went out to visit certain of my acquaintance of the wives of the Wazirs, when yonder rogues came upon me and laid hold of me and brought me to this place; but when they saw you, they fled as fast as they could. I met these men with them; so do thou escort me and them to a place of safety and I will requite thee as I am well able to do. When the Captain of the Watch heard my speech, he knew me and, alighting, mounted me on his horse; and in like manner did two of his men with Ali bin Bakkar. So I spoke to her (continued the handmaid) and blamed her doings, and bade her beware, and said to her:—O my lady, have some care for thy life! But she was angered at my words and cried out at me; accordingly I left her and came forth in quest of thee, but found thee not and dared not go to the house of Ali bin Bakkar; so stood watching for thee, that I might ask thee of him and wot how it goes with him. And I pray thee, of thy favour, to take of me some money, for thou hast doubtless borrowed from thy friends part of the gear and as 'tis lost, it behoveth thee to make it good with folk." I replied, "To hear is to obey! go on;" and I walked with her till we drew near my house, when she said to me, "Wait here till I come back to thee!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that after the slave-girl had addressed the jeweller, "Wait here till I come back to thee!" she went away and presently returned with the money, which she put (continued the jeweller) into my hand, saying, "O my master, in what place shall we meet?" Quoth I, "I will start and go to my house at once and suffer hard things for thy sake and contrive how thou mayst win access to him, for such access is difficult at this present." Said she, "Let me know some spot, where I shall come to thee;" and I answered, "In my other house; I will go thither forthright and have the doors mended and the place made safe again, and henceforth we will meet there." Then she took leave of me and went her way, whilst I carried the money home, and counting it, found it five thousand dinars. So I gave my people some of it and to all who had lent me aught I made good their loss, after which I arose and took my servants and repaired to my other house whence the things had been stolen; and I brought builders and carpenters and masons who restored it to its former state. Moreover, I placed my negress-slave there and forgot the mishaps which had befallen me. Then I went forth and repaired to Ali bin Bakkar's house and, when I reached it, his slave-servants accosted me, saying, "Our lord calleth for thee night and day, and hath promised to free whichever of us bringeth thee to him; so they have been wandering about in quest of thee everywhere but knew not in what part to find thee. Our master is by way of recovering strength, but at times he reviveth and at times he relapseth; and whenever he reviveth he nameth thee, and saith:—Needs must ye bring him to me, though but for the twinkling of an eye; and then he sinketh back into his torpor." Accordingly (continued the jeweller) I accompanied the slave and went in to Ali bin Bakkar; and, finding him unable to speak, sat down at his head, whereupon he opened his eyes and seeing me, wept and said, "Welcome and well come!" I raised him and making him sit up, strained him to my bosom, and he said, "Know, O my brother, that, from the hour I took to my bed, I have not sat up till now: praise to Allah that I see thee again!" And I ceased not to prop him and support him until I made him stand on his feet and walk a few steps, after which I changed his clothes and he drank some wine: but all this he did for my satisfaction. Then, seeing him somewhat restored, I told him what had befallen me with the slave-girl (none else hearing me), and said to him, "Take heart and be of good courage, I know what thou sufferest." He smiled and I added, "Verily nothing shall betide thee save what shall rejoice thee and medicine thee." Thereupon he called for food, which being brought, he signed to his pages, and they withdrew. Then quoth he to me, "O my brother, hast thou seen what hath befallen me?" and he made excuses to me and asked how I had fared all that while. I told him everything that had befallen me, from beginning to end, whereat he wondered and calling his servants, said, "Bring me such and such things." They brought in fine carpets and hangings and, besides that, vessels of gold and silver, more than I had lost, and he gave them all to me; so I sent them to my house and abode with him that night. When the day began to yellow, he said to me, "Know thou that as to all things there is an end, so the end of love is either death or joy. I am nearer unto death; would I had died ere this befel! and had not Allah favoured us, we had been found out and put to shame. And now I know not what shall deliver me from this my strait, and were it not that I fear Allah, I would hasten my own death; for know, O my brother, that I am like bird in cage and that my life is of a surety perished, choked by the distresses which have befallen me; yet hath it a period stablished firm and an appointed term." And he wept and groaned and began repeating:—

Enough of tears hath shed the lover-wight, * When grief outcast all patience from his sprite:
He hid the secrets which united us, * But now His eye parts that He did unite!

When he had finished his verses, the jeweller said to him, "O my lord, I now intend returning to my house." He answered, "There be no harm in that; go and come back to me with news as fast as possible, for thou seest my case." So I took leave of him (continued the jeweller) and went home, and hardly had I sat down, when up came the damsel, choked with long weeping. I asked, "What is the matter?" and she answered, "O my lord, know then that what we feared hath befallen us; for, when I left thee yesterday and returned to my lady, I found her in a fury with one of the two maids who were with us the other night, and she ordered her to be beaten. The girl was frightened and ran away; but, as she was leaving the house, one of the door-porters and guards of the gate met her and took her up and would have sent her back to her mistress. However, she let fall some hints, which were a disclosure to him; so he cajoled her and led her on to talk, and she tattled about our case and let him know of all our doings. This affair came to the ears of the Caliph, who bade remove my mistress, Shams al-Nahar, and all her gear to the palace of the Caliphate; and set over her a guard of twenty eunuchs. Since then to the present hour he hath not visited her nor hath given her to know the reason of his action, but I suspect this to be the cause; wherefore I am in fear for my life and am sore troubled, O my lord, knowing not what I shall do, nor with what contrivance I shall order my affair and hers; for she hath none by her more trusted or more trustworthy than myself."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the slave-girl thus addressed the jeweller, "And in very sooth my lady hath none by her more trusted or more trustworthy in matter of secrecy than myself. So go thou, O my master, and speed thee without delay to Ali bin Bakkar; and acquaint him with this, that he may be on his guard and ward; and, if the affair be discovered, we will cast about for some means whereby to save our lives. On this (continued the jeweller) I was seized with sore trouble and the world grew dark in my sight for the slave-girl's words; and when she was about to wend, I said to her, "What counsellest thou and what is to be done?" Quoth she, "My counsel is that thou hasten to Ali bin Bakkar, if thou be indeed his friend and desire to save him; thine be it to carry him this news at once without aught of stay and delay, or regard for far and near; and mine be it to sniff about for further news." Then she took her leave of me and went away: so I rose and followed her track and, betaking myself to Ali bin Bakkar, found him flattering himself with impossible expectations. When he saw me returning to him so soon, he said, "I see thou hast come back to me forthwith and only too soon." I answered, "Patience, and cut short this foolish connection and shake off the pre-occupation wherein thou art, for there hath befallen that which may bring about the loss of thy life and good." Now when he heard this, he was troubled and strongly moved; and he said to me, "O my brother, tell me what hath happened." Replied I, "O my lord, know that such and such things have happened and thou art lost without recourse, if thou abide in this thy house till the end of the day." At this, he was confounded and his soul well-nigh departed his body, but he recovered himself and said to me, "What shall I do, O my brother, and what counsel hast thou to offer." Answered I, "My advice is that thou take what thou canst of thy property and whom of thy slaves thou trustest, and flee with us to a land other than this, ere this very day come to an end." And he said, "I hear and I obey." So he rose, confused and dazed like one in epilepsy, now walking and now falling, and took what came under his hand. Then he made an excuse to his household and gave them his last injunctions, after which he loaded three camels and mounted his beast; and I did likewise. We went forth privily in disguise and fared on and ceased not our wayfare the rest of that day and all its night, till nigh upon morning, when we unloaded and, hobbling our camels, lay down to sleep. But we were worn with fatigue and we neglected to keep watch, so that there fell upon us robbers, who stripped us of all we had and slew our slaves, when these would have beaten them off, leaving us in the sorriest of plights, after they had taken our money and lifted our beasts and disappeared. As soon as they were gone, we arose and walked on till morning dawned, when we came to a village which we entered, and finding a mosque took refuge therein. So we sat in a corner all that day and we passed the next night without meat or drink; and at daybreak we prayed our dawn-prayer and sat down again. Presently behold, a man entered and saluting us prayed a two-bow prayer, after which he turned to us and said, "O folk, are ye strangers?" We replied, "Yes: the bandits waylaid us and stripped us, and we came to this town, but know none here with whom we may shelter." Quoth he, "What say ye? will you come home with me?" And (pursued the jeweller) I said to Ali bin Bakkar, "Up and let us go with him, and we shall escape two evils; the first, our fear lest someone who knoweth us enter this mosque and recognise us, so that we come to disgrace; and the second, that we are strangers and have no place wherein to lodge." And he answered hopelessly, "As thou willest." Then the man said to us again, "O ye poor folk, give ear unto me and come with me to my place," and I replied, "Hearkening and obedience;" whereupon he pulled off a part of his own clothes and covered us therewith and made his excuses to us and spoke kindly to us. Then we arose and accompanied him to his house and he knocked at the door, whereupon a little slave-boy came out and opened to us. The host entered and we followed him;[1] when he called for a bundle of clothes and muslins for turbands, and gave us each a suit and a piece; so we dressed and turbanded ourselves and sat us down. Presently, in came a damsel with a tray of food and set it before us, saying, "Eat." We ate some small matter and she took away the tray: after which we abode with our host till nightfall, when Ali bin Bakkar sighed and said to me, "Know, O my brother, that I am a dying man past hope of life and I would charge thee with a charge: it is that, when thou seest me dead, thou go to my parent[2] and tell her of my decease and bid her come hither that she may be here to receive the visits of condolence and be present at the washing of my corpse; and do thou exhort her to bear my loss with patience." Then he fell down in a fainting fit and, when he recovered he heard a damsel singing afar off and making verses as she sang. Thereupon he addressed himself to give ear to her and hearken to her voice; and now he was insensible, absent from the world, and now he came to himself; and anon he wept for grief and mourning at the love which had befallen him. Presently, he heard the damsel who was singing repeat these couplets :—

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[1] This is the rule; to guard against the *guet-apens*.

[2] Arab. "Wálidati," used when speaking to one not of the family in lieu of familiar "Ummi" = my mother. So the father is Wálid = the sire.

Parting ran up to part from lover-twain * Free converse, perfect concord, friendship fain :
The Nights with shifting drifted us apart, * Would heaven I wot if we shall meet again :
How bitter after meeting 'tis to part, * May lovers ne'er endure so bitter pain !
Death-grip, death-choke, lasts for an hour and ends, * But parting-tortures aye in heart remain :
Could we but trace where Parting's house is placed, * We would make Parting eke of parting taste !

When Ali son of Bakkar heard the damsel's song, he sobbed one sob and his soul quitted his body. As soon as I saw that he was dead (continued the jeweller), I committed his corpse to the care of the house-master and said to him, "Know thou, that I am going to Baghdad, to tell his mother and kinsfolk, that they may come hither and conduct his burial." So I betook myself to Baghdad and, going to my house, changed my clothes; after which I repaired to Ali bin Bakkar's lodging. Now when his servants saw me, they came to me and questioned me of him, and I bade them ask permission for me to go in to his mother. She gave me leave; so I entered and saluting her, said, "Verily Allah ordereth the lives of all creatures by His commandment and when He decreeth aught, there is no escaping its fulfilment; nor can any soul depart but by leave of Allah, according to the Writ which affirmeth the appointed term."[1] She guessed by these words that her son was dead and wept with sore weeping, then she said to me, "Allah upon thee! tell me, is my son dead?" I could not answer her for tears and excess of grief, and when she saw me thus, she was choked with weeping and fell to the ground fainting. As soon as she came to herself she said to me, "Tell me how it was with my son." I replied, "May Allah abundantly compensate thee for his loss!" and I told her all that had befallen him from beginning to end. She then asked, "Did he give thee any charge?" and I answered, "Yes," and told her what he had said, adding, "Hasten to perform his funeral." When she heard these words, she swooned away again; and, when she recovered, she addressed herself to do as I charged her. Then I returned to my house; and as I went along musing sadly upon the fair gifts of his youth, behold, a woman caught hold of my hand;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] This is one of the many euphemistic formulæ for such occasions: they usually begin "May thy head live," etc.

Now when it was the Hundred and Sixty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the jeweller thus continued:—A woman caught hold of my hand; and I looked at her and lo! it was the slave-girl who used to come from Shams al-Nahar, and she seemed broken by grief. When we knew each other we both wept and ceased not weeping till we reached my house, and I said to her, "Knowest thou the news of the youth, Ali bin Bakkar?" She replied, "No, by Allah!" so I told her the manner of his death and all that had passed, whilst we both shed tears; after which quoth I to her, "How is it with thy mistress?" Quoth she, "The Commander of the Faithful would not hear a single word against her; but, for the great love he bore her, saw all her actions in a favourable light, and said to her:—O Shams al-Nahar, thou art dear to me and I will bear with thee and bring the noses of thy foes to the grindstone. Then he bade them furnish her an apartment decorated with gold and a handsome sleeping-chamber, and she abode with him in all ease of life and high favour. Now it came to pass that one day, as he sat at wine according to his custom, with his favourite slaves in presence, he bade them be seated in their several ranks and made Shams al-Nahar sit by his side. But her patience had failed and her disorder had redoubled upon her. Then he commanded one of the damsels to sing: so she took a lute and tuning it struck the chords, and began to sing these verses:—

Tear-drops, meseemeth, are familiar with our case, * Revealing what I hide, hiding what I revealed:
How can I hope in secret to conceal my love, * Which stress of passion ever showeth unconcealed:
Death, since I lost my lover, is grown sweet to me; * Would I knew what their joys when I shall quit the field!

Now as Shams al-Nahar heard these verses sung by the slave-girl, she could not keep her seat; but fell down in a fainting-fit, whereupon the Caliph cast the cup from his hand and drew her to him crying out; and the damsels also cried out, and the Prince of True Believers turned her over and shook her, and lo and behold! she was dead. The Caliph grieved over her death with sore grief and bade break all the vessels and dulcimers[1] and other instruments of mirth and music which were in the room; then carrying her body to his closet, he abode with her the rest of the night. When the day broke, he laid her out and commanded to wash her and shroud her and bury her; and he mourned for her with sore mourning, and questioned not of her case nor of what caused her condition. And I beg thee in Allah's name (continued the damsel) to let me know the day of the coming of Ali bin Bakkar's funeral procession that I may be present at his burial." Quoth I, "For myself, where thou wilt thou canst find me; but thou, where art thou to be found, and who can come at thee where thou art?" She replied, "On the day of Shams al-Nahar's death, the Commander of the Faithful freed all her women, myself among the rest;[2] and I am one of those now abiding at the tomb in such a place." So I rose and accompanied her to the burial-ground and piously visited Shams al-Nahar's tomb; after which I went my way and ceased not to await the coming of Ali bin Bakkar's funeral. When it arrived, the people of Baghdad went forth to meet it and I went forth with them; and I saw the damsel among the women and she the loudest of them in lamentation, crying out and wailing with a voice that rent the vitals and made the heart ache. Never was seen in Baghdad a finer funeral than his; and we ceased not to follow in crowds till we reached the cemetery and buried him to the mercy of Almighty Allah; nor from that time to this have I ceased to visit the tombs of Ali son of Bakkar and of Shams al-Nahar. This, then, is their story, and Allah Almighty have mercy upon them!"[3] And yet is not their tale (continued Shahrazad) more wonderful than that of King Shahrimán. The King asked her "And what was his tale?"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Kánún" Gr. κανὼν, an instrument not unlike the Austrian zither; it is illustrated in Lane (ii. 77).

[2] This is often done, the merit of the act being transferred to the soul of the deceased.

[3] The two lovers were martyrs; and their love, which appears exaggerated to the Western mind, has many parallels in the East. The story is given very concisely in the Bul. Edit. vol. i.; and more fully in the Mac. Edit. aided in places by the Bresl. (ii. 320) and the Calc. (ii. 230).

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, as regards the

TALE OF KAMAR AL-ZAMAN,

THAT there was in times of yore and in ages long gone before a King called Shahrimán,[1] who was lord of many troops and guards, and officers, and who reigned over certain islands, known as the Khálidán Islands,[2] on the borders of the land of the Persians. But he was stricken in years and his bones were wasted, without having been blessed with a son, albeit he had four wives, daughters of Kings.[3] This preyed upon his mind and disquieted him, so that he complained thereof to one of his Wazirs, saying, "Verily I fear lest my kingdom be lost when I die, for that I have no son to succeed me." The Minister answered, "O King, peradventure Allah shall yet bring something to pass; so rely upon the Almighty and be instant in prayer. It is also my counsel that thou spread a banquet and invite to it the poor and needy, and let them eat of thy food; and supplicate the Lord to vouchsafe thee a son; for perchance there may be among thy guests a righteous soul whose prayers find acceptance; and thereby thou shalt win thy wish." So the King rose, made the lesser ablution, and prayed a two-bow prayer; then he cried upon Allah. Allah hearkened and in time his chief wife bore a male child, like the moon on the night of fulness. The King named him

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[1] Lane is in error (vol. ii. 78) when he corrects this to "Sháh Zemán"; the name is fanciful and intended to be old Persian, on the "weight" of Kahramán. The Bul. Edit. has by misprint "Shahramán."

[2] The "topothesia" is worthy of Shakespeare's day. "Khálidán" is evidently a corruption of "Khálidatáni" (for Khálidát), the Eternal, as Ibn Wardi calls the Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, which owe both their modern names to the classics of Europe. Their present history dates from A.D. 1385, unless we accept the Dieppe-Rouen legend of Labat which would place the discovery in A.D. 1326. I for one thoroughly believe in the priority, on the West African Coast, of the gallant descendants of the Northmen.

[3] Four wives are allowed by Moslem law. But the Moslem is bound by his law to deal equally with the four. Europeans, knowing that Moslem women are cloistered and appear veiled in public, only after long residence find out that nowhere has the sex so much real liberty and power as in the Moslem East. They can possess property and will it away without the husband's leave: they can absent themselves from the house for a month without his having a right to complain; and they assist in all his counsels for the best of reasons: a man can rely only on his wives and children, being surrounded by rivals who hope to rise by his ruin.

Kamar al-Zamán,[1] and rejoiced in him with extreme joy and bade the city be dressed out in his honour; so they decorated the streets seven days, whilst the drums beat and the messengers bore the glad tidings abroad. Then nurses were provided for the boy and he was reared in splendour and delight, until he reached the age of fifteen. He grew up of surpassing beauty and grace and symmetry, and his father loved him so dear that he could not brook to be parted from him day or night. One day he complained to a certain of his Ministers concerning the excess of his love for his only child, saying, "O thou the Wazir, of a truth I fear for my son, Kamar al-Zaman, the shifts and accidents which befal man and fain would I marry him in my life-time." Answered the Wazir, "O King, know thou that wedlock is one of the most honourable of moral actions, and thou wouldst indeed do well and right to marry thy son in thy life-time, ere thou make him Sultan." On this quoth the King, "Hither with my son Kamar al-Zaman;" so he came and bowed his head to the ground in modesty before his sire. "O Kamar al-Zaman," said King Shahriman, "of a truth I desire to marry thee and rejoice in thee during my lifetime." Replied he, "O my father, know that I have no wish to marry nor doth my soul incline to women; for that concerning their craft and perfidy I have read many books and heard much talk, even as saith the poet:—

Now, an of women ask ye, I reply:— * In their affairs I'm versed a doctor rare!
When man's head grizzles and his money dwindles, * In their affections he hath naught for share.

And another said:—

Rebel against women and so shalt thou serve Allah the more; * The youth who gives women his heart must forfeit all hope to soar.
They'll baulk him when seeing the strange device, Excelsior, * Tho' waste he a thousand of years in the study of science and lore."

And when he had ended his verses he continued, "O my father, wedlock is a thing whereto I will never consent; no, not though I drink the cup of death." When Sultan Shahriman heard these words from his son, light became darkness in his sight and he grieved thereat with great grief.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The older Camaralzaman = "Moon of the age." Kamar is the moon between her third and twenty-sixth day: Hilál during the rest of the month: Badr (plur. Budúr, whence the name of the Princess) is the full moon.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Shahriman heard these words from his son, the light became darkness in his sight and he grieved over his son's lack of obedience to his directions in the matter of marriage; yet, for the great love he bore him, he was unwilling to repeat his wishes and was not wroth with him, but caressed him and spake him fair and showed him all manner of kindness such as tendeth to induce affection. All this, and Kamar al-Zaman increased daily in beauty and loveliness and grace; and the King bore with him for a whole year till he became perfect in eloquence and elegant wit. All men were ravished with his charms; and every breeze that blew bore the tidings of his gracious favour: his fair sight was a seduction to the loving and a garden of delight to the longing, for he was honey-sweet of speech and the fairness of his face shamed the full moon; he was a model of symmetry and blandishment and engaging ways; his shape was as the willow-wand or the rattan-cane and his cheeks might take the place of rose or red anemone. He was, in fine the pink of perfection, even as the poet hath said of him:—

He came and cried they, "Now be Allah blest! * Praise Him that clad that soul in so fair vest!"
He's King of Beauty where the beauteous be; * All are his Ryots,[1] all obey his hest:
All charms are congregate in him alone, * And deals his loveliness to man unrest.
Beauty wrote on those cheeks for worlds to see * "I testify there is none good but He."[2]

When the year came to an end, the King called his son to him and said, "O my son, wilt thou not hearken to me?" Whereupon Kamar al-Zaman fell down for respect and shame before his sire and replied, "O my father, how should I not hearken to thee, seeing that Allah commandeth me to obey thee and not gainsay thee?" Rejoined King Shahriman, "O my son, know that I desire to marry thee and rejoice in thee whilst yet I live, and make thee King over my realm, before my death." When the Prince heard his sire pronounce these words he bowed his head awhile, then raised it and said, "O my father, this is a thing which I will never do; no, not though I drink the cup of death! I know of a surety that the Almighty hath made obedience to thee a duty in religion; but, Allah upon thee! press me not in this matter of marriage, nor fancy that I will ever marry my life long; for that I have read the books both of the ancients and the moderns, and have come to know all the mischiefs and miseries which have befallen them through women and their endless artifices. And how excellent is the saying of the poet:—

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[1] Arab. "Ra'áyá," plur. of "Ra'íyat" our Anglo-Indian Ryot, lit. a liege, a subject; secondarily a peasant, a Fellah.

[2] Another audacious parody of the Moslem "testification" to the one God, and to Mohammed the Apostle.

He whom a woman's wiles entrap * Shall never see deliverance!
Though build he forts a thousand-fold, * Whose mighty strength lead-plates[1] enhance,
Their force shall be of no avail; * These fortresses have not a chance!
Women aye deal in treachery * To far and near o'er earth's expanse;
With fingers dipt in Henna-blood * And locks in braids that mad the glance;
And eyelids painted o'er with Kohl * They gar us drink of dire mischance.

Now when King Shahriman heard these his son's words and learnt the import of his verses and poetical quotations, he made no answer, of his excessive love for him, but redoubled in kindness and graciousness to him. He at once broke up the audience and, as soon as the sitting was over, he summoned his Minister and taking him apart, said to him, "O thou the Wazir! tell me how I shall deal with my son in the matter of marriage."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the King summoned his Minister; and, taking him apart, said to him, "O thou the Wazir! tell me what I shall do with my son in the matter of marriage. Of a truth I took counsel with thee thereon and thou didst counsel me to marry him, before making him King. I have spoken with him of wedlock time after time and he still gainsaid me; so do thou, O Wazir, forthright advise me what to do." Answered the Minister, "O King, wait another year and, if after that thou be minded to speak to him on the matter of marriage, speak not to him privily, but address him on a day of state, when all the Emirs and Wazirs are present with the whole of the army standing before thee. And when all are in crowd then send for thy son Kamar al-Zaman, and summon him; and, when he cometh, broach to him the matter of marriage before the Wazirs and Grandees and Officers of State and Captains; for he will surely be bashful and daunted by their presence and will not dare to oppose thy will." Now when King Shahriman heard his Wazir's words, he rejoiced with exceeding joy, seeing success in the project, and bestowed on him a splendid robe of honour. Then he took patience with his son another year, whilst, with every day that passed over him, Kamar al-Zaman increased in beauty and loveliness, and elegance and perfect grace, till he was nigh twenty years old. Indeed Allah had clad him in the cloak of comeliness and had crowned him with the crown of completion: his eye-glance was more bewitching than Hárút and Márút[1] and the play of his luring looks more misleading than Tághút;[2] and his cheeks shone like the dawn rosy-red and his eyelashes stormed the keen-edged blade: the whiteness of his brow resembled the moon shining bright, and the blackness of his locks was as the murky night; and his waist was more slender than the gossamer[3] and his charms ravished all mankind, even as one of the poets saith in these couplets:—

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[1] Showing how long ago forts were armed with metal plates which we have applied to war-ships only of late years.

"By his eyelash tendril curled, by his slender waist I swear,
By the dart his witchery feathers, fatal hurtling through the air;
By the just beauty of his shape, by his glances bright and keen,
By the swart limning of his locks, and his fair forehead shining sheen;
By his eyebrows which deny that she who looks on them should sleep,
Which now commanding, now forbidding, o'er me high dominion keep;
By the roses of his cheek, his face as fresh as myrtle wreath,
His tulip lips, and those pure pearls that hold the places of his teeth;
By his noble form, his taper waist, and silkiness of skin,
By all he robbed Perfection of, and holds enchained his form within;
By his tongue of steadfastness, his nature true, and excellent,
By the greatness of his rank, his noble birth, and high descent,

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[1] Two fallen angels who taught men the art of magic. They are mentioned in the Koran (chapt. ii.); and the commentators have extensively embroidered the simple text. Popularly they are supposed to be hanging by their feet in a well in the territory of Babel: hence the frequent allusions to "Babylonian sorcery" in Moslem writings; and those who would study the black art at head-quarters are supposed to go there. They are counterparts of the Egyptian Jamnes and Mambres, the Jannes and Jambres of St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 8).

[2] An idol or idols of the Arabs (Allat and Ozza) before Mohammed (Koran chapt. ii. 256). Etymologically the word means "error" and the termination is rather Hebraic than Arabic.

[3] Arab. "Khayt hamayán" (wandering threads of vanity), or Mukhát al-Shaytan (Satan's snivel), = our "gossamer" = God's summer (Mutter-Gottes-Sommer) or God's cymar (?).

Musk from my love her savour steals, who musk exhales from every limb
And all the airs ambergris breathes are but the Zephyr's blow o'er him.
The sun methinks, the broad bright sun, as low before my love should quail
As would my love himself transcend the paltry paring of his nail!"[1]

So King Shahriman, having accepted the counsel of his Wazir, waited for another year and a great festival,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shahriman having accepted the counsel of his Wazir, waited for another year and a great festival, a day of state when the audience hall was filled with his Emirs and Wazirs and Grandees of his reign and Officers of State and Captains of might and main. Thereupon he sent for his son Kamar al-Zaman who came, and kissing the ground before him three times, stood in presence of his sire, with his hands behind his back the right grasping the left.[2] Then said the King to him, "Know, O my son, that I have not sent for thee on this occasion and summoned thee to appear before this Assembly and all these Officers of estate here awaiting our orders save and except that I may lay a commandment on thee, wherein do thou not disobey me; and my commandment is that thou marry, for I am minded to wed thee to a King's daughter and rejoice in thee ere I die." When the Prince heard this much from his royal sire, he bowed his head groundwards awhile, then raising it towards his father and being moved thereto at that time by youthful folly and boyish ignorance, replied, "But for myself I will never marry; no, not though I drink the cup of death! As for thee, thou art great in age and little of wit: hast thou not, twice ere this day and before this occasion, questioned me of the matter of marriage, and I refused my consent? Indeed thou dotest and art not fit to govern a flock of sheep!" So saying Kamar al-Zaman unclasped his hands from behind his back and tucked up his sleeves above his elbows before his father, being in a fit of fury; moreover, he added many words to his sire, knowing not what he said in the trouble of his spirit. The King was confounded and ashamed, for that this befel in the presence of his Grandees and Soldier-officers assembled on a high festival and a state occasion; but presently the majesty of Kingship took him, and he cried out at his son and made him tremble. Then he called to the guards standing before him and said "Seize him!" So they came forward and laid hands on him and, binding him, brought him before his sire, who bade them pinion his elbows behind his back and in this guise make him stand before the presence. And the Prince bowed down his head for fear and apprehension, and his brow and face were beaded and spangled with sweat; and shame and confusion troubled him sorely. Thereupon his father abused him and reviled him and cried, "Woe to thee, thou evil one! How durst thou answer me on this wise before my Captains and Soldiers? But hitherto none hath chastised thee." ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] These lines occur in Night xvii.; so I borrow from Torrens (p. 163) by way of variety.

[2] A posture of peculiar submission; contrasting strongly with the attitude afterwards assumed by Prince Charming.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Shahriman cried out to his son Kamar al-Zaman, "How durst thou answer me on this wise before my Captains and Soldiers? But hitherto none hath chastised thee. Knowest thou not that this deed thou hast done were a disgrace to him had it been done by the meanest of my subjects?" And the King commanded his Mamelukes to loose his elbow-bonds and imprison him in one of the bastions of the citadel. So they took the Prince and thrust him into an old tower, wherein was a dilapidated saloon and in its middle a ruined well, after having first swept it and cleansed its floor-flags and set therein a couch on which they laid a mattress, a leathern rug and a cushion; and then they brought a great lanthorn and a wax candle, for that place was dark, even by day. And lastly the Mamelukes led Kamar al-Zaman thither, and stationed an eunuch at the door. When all this was done, the Prince threw himself on the couch, sad-spirited, and heavy-hearted; blaming himself and repenting of his injurious conduct to his father, whenas repentance availed him naught, and saying, "Allah curse marriage and women, the traitresses all! Would I had hearkened to my father and accepted a wife! Had I so done, it had been better for me than this jail." This is how it fared with him; but as regards King Shahriman, he remained seated on his throne all through the day until sundown; then he took the Minister apart and said to him, "Know thou, O Wazir, that thou and thou only wast the cause of all this that hath come to pass between me and my son by the advice thou wast pleased to devise; and so what dost thou counsel me to do now?" Answered he, "O King, leave thy son in limbo for the space of fifteen days: then summon him to thy presence and bid him wed; and assuredly he shall not gainsay thee again."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir said to King Shahriman, "Leave thy son in limbo for the space of fifteen days; then summon him to thy presence and bid him wed: and assuredly he shall not gainsay thee again." The King accepted the Wazir's opinion and lay down to sleep that night troubled at heart concerning his son; for he loved him with dearest love because he had no other child but this; and it was his wont every night not to sleep, save after placing his arm under his son's neck. So he passed that night in trouble and unease on the Prince's account, tossing from side to side, as he were laid on coals of Artemisia-wood[1]; for he was overcome with doubts and fears and sleep visited him not all that livelong night; but his eyes ran over with tears and he began repeating:

While slanderers slumber, longsome is my night; * Suffice thee a heart so sad in parting-plight;
I say, while night in care slow moments by, * "What! no return for thee, fair morning light?

And the saying of another:—

When saw I Pleiad-stars his glance escape * And Pole-star draught of sleep upon him pour;
And the Bier-daughters[2] wend in mourning dight, * I knew that morning was for him no more!

Such was the case with King Shahriman; but as regards Kamar al-Zaman, when the night came upon him the Eunuch set the lanthorn before him and lighting the wax-candle, placed it in the candlestick; then brought him somewhat of food. The Prince ate a little and continually reproached himself for his unseemly treatment of his father, saying to himself, "O my soul, knowest thou not that a son of Adam is the hostage of his tongue, and that a man's tongue is what casteth him into deadly perils?" Then his eyes ran over with tears and he bewailed that which he had done, from an aching heart, repenting him with exceeding repentance of the wrong wherewith he had wronged his father and repeating:—

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[1] Arab. "Ghazá," the Artemisia (Euphorbia?) before noticed. If the word be a misprint for Ghadá it means a kind of Euphorbia which, with the Arák (wild caper-tree) and the Daum-palm (Crucifera thebiaca), is one of the three normal growths of the Arabian desert (Pilgrimage iii. 22).

[2] Arab. "Banát al-Na'ash," usually translated daughters of the bier, the three stars which represent the horses in either Bear, "Charles' Wain," or Ursa Minor, the waggon being supposed to be a bier. "Banát" may be also sons, plur. of Ibn, as the word points to irrational objects. In the text the lines are enigmatical, but apparently refer to a death-parting.

Fair youth shall die by stumbling of the tongue: * Stumble of foot works not man's life such wrong:
The slip of lip shall oft smite off the head, * While slip of foot shall never harm one long.

Now when he had made an end of eating, he asked for the wherewithal to wash his hands and when the Mameluke had washed them clean of the remnants of food, he arose and made the Wuzu-ablution and prayed the prayers of sundown and nightfall, conjoining them in one; after which he sat down——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Prince Kamar al-Zaman had prayed (conjoining them in one) the prayers of sundown and nightfall, he sat down on the well-side and began reciting the Koran, and he repeated "The Cow," the "House of Imrán," and "Y. S.;" The "Compassionate," "Blessed be the King," "Unity" and "The two Talismans";[1] and he ended with blessing and supplication and with saying, "I seek refuge with Allah from Satan the stoned."[2] Then he lay down upon his couch which was covered with a mattress of satin from Al-Ma'adin town, the same on both sides and stuffed with the raw silk of Al-Irak; and under his head was a pillow filled with ostrich-down, and he donned a head-kerchief of azure Marázi[1] cloth. Then, drawing over his head a coverlet of silk, he fell asleep with the lanthorn burning at his feet and the wax-candle over his head, and he ceased not sleeping through the first third of the night, not knowing what lurked for him in the Future, and what the Omniscient had decreed for him. Now, as Fate and Fortune would have it, both tower and saloon were old and had been many years deserted; and there was therein a Roman well inhabited by a Jinníyah of the race of Iblis[2] the Accursed, by name Maymúnah, daughter of Al-Dimiryát, a renowned King of the Jánn. ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The Chapters are: 2, 3, 36, 55, 67 and the two last ("Daybreak" cxiii. and "Men" cxiv.), which are called Al-Mu'izzatâni (vulgar Al-Mu'izzatayn), the "Two Refuge-takings or Preventives," because they obviate enchantment. I have translated the two latter as follows:—

"Say:—Refuge I take with the Lord of the Day-break * from mischief of what He did make * from mischief of moon eclipse-showing * and from mischief of witches on cord-knots blowing * and from mischief of envier when envying."

"Say:—Refuge I take with the Lord of men * the sovran of men * the God of men * from the Tempter, the Demon * who tempteth in whisper the breasts of men * and from Jinnis and (evil) men."

[2] The recitations were Náfilah, or superogatory, two short chapters only being required; and the taking refuge was because he slept in a ruin, a noted place in the East for Ghúls as in the West for ghosts.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the name of the Jinniyah in question was Maymunah, daughter of Al-Dimiryat; a renowned King of the Jann. And as Kamar al-Zaman continued sleeping till the first third of the night, Maymunah came up out of the Roman well and made for the firmament, thinking to listen by stealth to the converse of the angels; but when she reached the mouth of the well, she saw a light shining in the tower, contrary to custom; and having dwelt there many years without seeing such sight, she said to herself, "Never have I witnessed aught like this;" and, marvelling much at the matter, determined that there must be some cause therefor. So she made for the light and found the Eunuch sleeping within the door; and inside she saw a couch spread, whereon was a human form with the wax-candle burning at his head and the lanthorn at his feet, and she wondered to see the light and stole towards it little by little. Then she folded her wings and stood by the bed and, drawing back the coverlid, discovered Kamar al-Zaman's face. She was motionless for a full hour in admiration and wonderment; for the lustre of his visage outshone that of the candle; his face beamed like a pearl with light; his eyelids were languorous like those of the gazelle; the pupils of his eyes were intensely black and brilliant[1]; his cheeks were rosy red; his eyebrows were arched like bows and his breath exhaled a scent of musk, even as saith of him the poet:—

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[1] Lane (ii. 222) first read "Muroozee" and referred it to the Murúz tribe near Herat: he afterwards (iii. 748) corrected it to "Marwazee," of the fabric of Marw (Margiana), the place now famed for "Mervousness." As a man of Rayy (Rhages) becomes Rází (*e.g.* Ibn Fáris al-Rází), so a man of Marw is Marázi, not Murúzi nor Márwazi; Ibn Khallikán, however, declares for "Marwazi," and argues the matter at some length. The "Mikna'" was a veil forming a kind of "respirator," defending from flies by day and from mosquitos, dews and draughts by night. Easterns are too sensible to sleep with bodies kept warm by bedding, and heads bared to catch every blast. Our grandfathers and grandmothers did well to wear night-caps, however ridiculous they may have looked.

[2] Iblis, meaning the Despairer, is called in the Koran (chapt. xviii. 48) "One of the genii (Jinnis) who departed from the command of his Lord." Mr. Rodwell (*in loco*) notes that the Satans and Jinnis represent in the Koran (ii. 32, etc.) the evil principle and finds an admixture of the Semitic Satans and demons with the "Genii from the Persian (Babylonian?) and Indian (Egyptian?) mythologies." I have already noticed the resemblance of Iblís and Diabolos.

I kissed him: darker grew those pupils which * Seduce my soul, and cheeks flushed rosier hue;
O heart, if slanderers dare to deem there be * His like in charms; Say "Bring him hither, you!"

Now when Maymunah saw him, she pronounced the formula of praise,[2] and said, "Blessed be Allah, the best of Creators!" for she was of the true-believing Jinn; and she stood awhile gazing on his face, exclaiming and envying the youth his beauty and loveliness. And she said in herself, "By Allah! I will do no hurt to him nor let any harm him; nay, from all of evil will I ransom him, for this fair face deserveth not but that folk should gaze upon it and for it praise the Lord. Yet how could his family find it in their hearts to leave him in such desert place where, if one of our Márids came upon him at this hour, he would assuredly slay him." Then the Ifritah Maymunah bent over him and kissed him between the eyes, and presently drew back the sheet over his face which she covered up; and after this she spread her wings and soaring into the air, flew upwards. And after rising high from the circle of the saloon she ceased not winging her way through air and ascending skywards till she drew near the heaven of this world, the lowest of the heavens. And behold, she heard the noisy flapping of wings cleaving the welkin and, directing herself by the sound, she found when she drew near it that the noise came from an Ifrit called Dahnash. So she swooped down on him like a sparrow-hawk and, when he was aware of her and knew her to be Maymunah, the daughter of the King of the Jinn, he feared her and his side-muscles quivered; and he implored her forbearance, saying, "I conjure thee by the Most Great and August Name and by the most noble talisman graven upon the seal-ring of Solomon, entreat me kindly and harm me not!" When she heard these words her heart inclined to him and she said, "Verily, thou conjurest me, O accursed, with a mighty conjuration. Nevertheless, I will not let thee go, till thou tell me whence thou comest at this hour." He replied, "O Princess, know that I come from the uttermost end of China-land and from among the Islands, and I will tell thee of a wonderful thing I have seen this night. If thou find my words true, let me wend my way and write me a patent under thy hand and with thy sign manual that I am thy freedman, so none of the Jinn-hosts, whether of the upper who fly or of the lower who walk the earth or of those who dive beneath the waters, do me let or hindrance." Rejoined Maymunah, "And what is it thou hast seen this night, O liar, O accursed? Tell me without leasing and think not to escape from my hand with falsehood, for I swear to thee by the letters graven upon the bezel of the seal-ring of Solomon the son of David (on both of whom be peace!), except thy speech be true, I will pluck out thy feathers with mine own hand and strip off thy skin and break thy bones!" Quoth the Ifrit Dahnash son of Shamhúrish[1] the Flyer, "I accept, O my lady, these conditions." ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Of course she could not see his eyes when they were shut; nor is this mere Eastern inconsequence. The writer means "had she seen them, they would have showed," etc.

[2] To keep off the evil eye.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Dahnash spoke thus to Maymunah, "I accept, O my lady, these conditions." Then he resumed, "Know, O my mistress, that I come to-night from the Islands of the Inland Sea in the parts of China, which are the realms of King Ghayúr, lord of the Islands and the Seas and the Seven Palaces. There I saw a daughter of his, than whom

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[1] Like Dahnash, this is a fanciful P.N. fit only for a Jinni. As a rule the appellatives of Moslem "genii" end in—ús (oos), as Tarnús, Húliyánús; the Jewish in—nas, as Jattunas; those of the Tarsá (or Christians) in—dús, as Sidús; and the Hindus in—tús, as Naktús (who entered the service of the Prophet Shays, or Seth, and was converted to the Faith). The King of the Genii is Malik Katshán who inhabits Mount Kaf; and to the west of him lives his son-in-law, Abd al-Rahman with 33,000 domestics: these names were given by the Prophet Mohammed. "Baktanús" is lord of three Moslem troops of the wandering Jinns, which number a total of twelve bands and extend from Sind to Europe. The Jinns, Divs, Peris ("fairies") and other pre-Adamitic creatures were governed by seventy-two Sultans all known as Sulayman and the last I have said was Ján bin Ján. The angel Háris was sent from Heaven to chastise him, but in the pride of victory he also revolted with his followers the Jinns whilst the Peris held aloof. When he refused to bow down before Adam he and his chiefs were eternally imprisoned but the other Jinns are allowed to range over earth as a security for man's obedience. The text gives the three orders, flyers, walkers and divers.

Allah hath made none fairer in her time: I cannot picture her to thee, for my tongue would fail to describe her with her due of praise; but I will name to thee a somewhat of her charms by way of approach. Now her hair is like the nights of disunion and separation and her face like the days of union and delectation; and right well hath the poet said when picturing her:—

She dispread the locks from her head one night, * Showing four-fold nights into one night run;
And she turned her visage towards the moon, * At one time showing the moon and sun.

She hath a nose like the edge of the burnished blade and cheeks like purple wine or anemones blood-red: her lips as coral and carnelian shine: her tongue is moved by wit of high degree and ready repartee: her arms are smooth and rounded; even as saith of her the poet Al-Walahán[1]:—

She hath wrists which, did her bangles not contain, * Would run from out her sleeves in silvern rain.

But I cut short my praises of her charms fearing lest I be tedious."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day, and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Seventy-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifrit Dahnash bin Shamhurish said to the Ifritah Maymunah, "Of a truth I cut short my praises fearing lest I be tedious." Now when Maymunah heard the description of that Princess and her beauty and loveliness, she stood silent in astonishment; whereupon Dahnash resumed, "The father of this fair maiden is a mighty King, a fierce knight, immersed night and day in fray and fight; for whom death hath no fright and the escape of his foe no dread, for that he is a tyrant masterful and a conqueror irresistible, lord of troops and armies and continents and islands and cities and villages, and his name is King Ghayur, Lord of the Islands and of the Seas and of the Seven Palaces. Now he loveth his daughter, the young maiden whom I have described to thee, with dearest love and, for affection of her, he hath heaped together the treasures of all the kings and built her therewith seven palaces, each of a different fashion; the first of crystal, the second of marble, the third of China steel, the fourth of precious stones and gems of price, the fifth of porcelain and many-hued onyxes and ring-bezels, the sixth of silver and the seventh of gold. And he hath filled the seven palaces with all sorts of sumptuous furniture, rich silken carpets and hangings and vessels of gold and silver and all manner of gear that kings require; and hath bidden his daughter to abide in each by turns for a certain season of the year; and her name is the Princess Budúr.[1] Now when her beauty became known and her name and fame were bruited abroad in the neighbouring countries, all the kings sent to her father to demand her of him in marriage, and he consulted her on the matter, but she disliked the very word wedlock with a manner of abhorrence and said, O my father, I have no mind to marry; no, not at all; for I am a sovereign Lady and a Queen suzerain ruling over men, and I have no wish for a man who shall rule over me. And the more suits she refused, the more her suitors' eagerness increased and all the Royalties of the Inner Islands of China sent presents and rarities to her father with letters asking her in marriage. So he pressed her again and again with advice on the matter of espousals; but she ever opposed to him refusals, till at last she turned upon him angrily and cried, O my father, if thou name matrimony to me once more, I will go into my chamber and take a sword and, fixing its hilt in the ground, will set its point to my waist; then will I press upon it, till it come forth from my back, and so slay myself. Now when the King heard these her words, the light became darkness in his sight and his heart burned for her as with a flame of fire, because he feared lest she should kill herself; and he was filled with perplexity concerning her affair and the kings her suitors. So he said to her, If thou be determined not to marry and there be no help for it: abstain from going and coming out and in. Then he placed her in a house and shut her up in a chamber, appointing ten old women as duennas to guard her, and forbade her to go forth to the Seven Palaces; moreover, he made it appear that he was incensed against her, and sent letters to all the kings, giving them to know that she had been stricken with madness by the Jinns; and 'tis now a year since she hath thus been secluded." Then continued the Ifrit Dahnash, addressing the Ifritah Maymunah, "And I, O my lady, go to her every night and take my fill of feeding my sight on her face and I kiss her between the eyes: yet, of my love to her,

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[1] *i.e.* distracted (with love); the Lakab, or poetical name, of apparently a Spanish poet.

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[1] *i.e.* "full moons": the French have corrupted it to "Badoure;" we to "Badoura," which is worse. Pronounce "Budoor."

I do her no hurt for that her youth is fair and her grace surpassing: every one who seeth her jealouseth himself for her. I conjure thee, therefore, O my lady, to go back with me and look on her beauty and loveliness and stature and perfection of proportion; and after, if thou wilt, chastise me or enslave me; and win to thy will, for 'tis thine to bid and to forbid." So saying, the Ifrit Dahnash bowed his head towards the earth and drooped his wings downwards; but Maymunah laughed at his words and spat in his face and answered, "What is this girl of whom thou pratest? Faugh! Faugh! By Allah, O accursed, I thought thou hadst some wondrous tale to tell me or some marvellous news to give me. How would it be if thou were to sight my beloved? Verily, this night I have seen a young man, whom if thou saw though but in a dream, thou wouldst be palsied with admiration." Asked the Ifrit, "And who and what is this youth?" and she answered, "Know, O Dahnash, that there hath befallen the young man the like of what thou tellest me befel thy mistress; for his father pressed him again and again to marry, but he refused, till at length his sire waxed wroth at being opposed and imprisoned him in the tower where I dwell: and I came up to-night and saw him." Said Dahnash, "O my lady, show me this youth, that I may see if he be indeed handsomer than my mistress, the Princess Budur, or not; for I cannot believe that the like of her liveth in this our age." Rejoined Maymunah, "Thou liest, O accursed, O most ill-omened of Marids and vilest of Satans![1] Sure am I that the like of my beloved is not in this world."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eightieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifritah Maymunah spoke thus to the Ifrit Dahnash, "Sure am I that the like of my beloved is not in this world. Art thou mad to even thy beloved with my beloved?" He said, "Allah upon thee, O my lady, go back with me and look upon my mistress, and after I will return with thee and look upon thy beloved." She answered, "It must needs be so, O accursed, for thou art a knavish devil; but I will not go with thee nor shalt thou come with me, save upon condition of a wager which is this. If the lover thou lovest and of whom thou boastest so bravely, prove handsomer than mine whom I mentioned and whom I love and of whom I boast, the bet shall be thine against me; but if my beloved prove the handsomer the bet shall be mine against thee." Quoth Dahnash the Ifrit, "O my lady, I accept this thy wager and am satisfied thereat; so come with me to the Islands." Quoth Maymunah; "No! for the abode of my beloved is nearer than the abode of thine: here it is under us; so come down with me to see my beloved and after we will go look upon thy mistress." "I hear and I obey," said Dahnash. So they descended to earth and alighted in the saloon which the tower contained; then Maymunah stationed Dahnash beside the bed and, putting out her hand, drew back the silken coverlet from Kamar al-Zaman's face, when it glittered and glistened and shimmered and shone like the rising sun. She gazed at him for a moment, then turning sharply round upon Dahnash said, "Look, O accursed, and be not the basest of madmen; I am a maid, yet my heart he hath waylaid." So Dahnash looked at the Prince and long continued gazing steadfastly on him then, shaking his head, said to Maymunah, "By Allah, O my lady, thou art excusable; but there is yet another thing to be considered, and this is, that the estate female differeth from the male. By Allah's might, this thy beloved is the likest of all created things to my mistress in comeliness and loveliness and grace and perfection; and it is as though they were both cast alike in the mould of beauty." Now when Maymunah heard these words, the light became darkness in her sight and she dealt him with her wing so fierce a buffet on the head as well-nigh made an end of him. Then quoth she to him, "I conjure thee, by the light of his glorious countenance, go at once, O accursed, and bring hither thy mistress whom thou lovest so fondly and foolishly, and return in haste that we may lay the twain together and look on them both as they lie asleep side by side; so shall it appear to us which be the goodlier and more beautiful of the two. Except thou obey me this very moment, O accursed, I will dart my sparks at thee with my fire and consume thee; yea in pieces I will rend thee and into the deserts cast thee, that to stay-at-home and wayfarer an example thou be!" Quoth Dahnash, "O my lady, I will do thy behests, for I know forsure that my mistress is the fairer and the sweeter." So saying the Ifrit flew away and Maymunah flew with him to guard him. They were absent awhile and presently returned, bearing the young lady, who was clad in a gown of fine Venetian silk, with a double edging of gold and purfled with the most exquisite of embroidery having these couplets worked upon the ends of the sleeves :—

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[1] It is not generally known to Christians that Satan has a wife called Awwá ("Hawwá" being the Moslem Eve) and, as Adam had three sons, the Tempter has nine, viz., Zu 'l-baysun who rules in bazars; Wassin who prevails in times of trouble; Awan who counsels kings: Haffan patron of wine-bibbers; Marrah of musicians and dancers; Masbut of newspreaders (and newspapers?); Dulhán who frequents places of worship and interferes with devotion; Dasim, lord of mansions and dinner tables, who prevents the Faithful saying "Bismillah" and "Inshallah," as commanded in the Koran (xviii. 23); and Lakís, lord of Fire-worshippers (Herklots, chapt. xxix. sect. 4).

Three matters hinder her from visiting us, in fear * Of hate-full, slandering envier and his hirèd spies :—
The shining light of brow, the trinkets' tinkling voice, * And scent of essences that tell whene'er she hies :
Gi'en that she hide her brow with edge of sleeve, and leave * At home her trinketry, what shall her scent disguise ?[1]

And Dahnash and Maymunah ceased not bearing that young lady till they had carried her into the saloon and had laid her beside the youth Kamar al-Zaman.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Ifrit Dahnash and the Ifritah Maymunah ceased not bearing Princess Budur till they descended and laid her on the couch beside Kamar al-Zaman. Then they uncovered both their faces, and they were the likest of all folk, each to other, as they were twins or an only brother and sister ; and indeed they were a charm to the pious, even as saith of them the poet Al-Mubín :—

O heart ! be not thy love confined to one, * Lest thou by doting or disdain be undone :
Love all the fair, and thou shalt find with them * If this be lost, to thee that shall be won.

And quoth another :—

Mine eyes beheld two lying on the ground ; * Both had I loved if on these eyne they lay !

So Dahnash and Maymunah gazed on them awhile, and he said, "By Allah, O my lady, 'tis good ! My mistress is assuredly the fairer." She replied, "Not so, my beloved is the fairer ; woe to thee, O Dahnash ! Art blind of eye and heart that lean from fat thou canst not depart? Wilt thou hide the truth? Dost thou not see his beauty and loveliness and fine stature and symmetry? Out on thee, hear what I purpose to say in praise of my beloved; and, if thou be a lover true to her thou dost love, do thou the like for her thou lovest." Then she kissed Kamar al-Zaman again and again between the eyes and improvised this ode:—

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[1] Strong perfumes, such as musk (which we Europeans dislike), are always insisted upon in Eastern poetry ; and Mohammed's predilection for them is well known. Moreover the young and the beautiful are held to exhale a natural fragrance which is compared with that of the blessed in Paradise. Hence in the Mu'allakah of Imr al-Kays :

Breathes the scent of musk when they rise to rove, * As the Zephyr's breath with the flavour o' clove.

How is this? Why should the blamer abuse thee in his pride?
What shall console my heart for thee, that art but slender bough?

A Nature-Kohl'd[1] eye thou hast that witcheth far and wide;
From pure platonic love of it deliverance none I trow!

Those glances, fell as plundering Turk, to heart such havoc deal
As never havocked scymitar made keenest at the curve.

On me thou layest load of love the heaviest while I feel
So feeble grown that under weight of gaberdine I swerve.

My love for thee as wottest well is habit, and my lowe
Is nature; to all others false is all the love I tender:

Now were my heart but like to thine I never would say No;
Only my wasted form is like thy waist so gracious-slender!

Out on him who in Beauty's robe for moon-like charms hath fame,
And who is claimed by mouth of men as marvel of his tribe!

"Of man what manner may he be" (ask they who flyte and blame)
"For whom thy heart is so distressed?" I only cry "Describe!"

Oh stone-entempered heart of him! learn of his yielding grace
And bending form to show me grace and yielding to consent.

O my Prince Beautiful, thou hast an Overseer in place[2]
Who irketh me; and eke a Groom whose wrong doth ne'er relent.

Indeed he lieth who hath said that all of loveliness
Was pent in Joseph: for thy charms all Joseph's overthrow!

The Genii dread me when I stand and face to face address;
But meeting thee my fluttering heart its shame and terror show.

I take aversion semblance and I turn from thee in fright,
But more aversion I assume, more love from me dost claim;

That hair of jetty black! That brow e'er raying radiant light!
Those eyne wherein white jostles black![3] That dearling dainty frame!

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[1] Arab. "Kahlá." This has been explained. Mohammed is said to have been born with "Kohl'd eyes."

[2] These lines, with the Názir (eye or steward), the Hájib (Groom of the Chambers or Chamberlain) and Joseph, are also repeated from Night cxiv. For the Nazir see Al-Hariri (Nos. xiii and xxii.)

[3] The usual allusion to the Húr (Houris) from "Hawar," the white and black of the eye shining in contrast. The Persian Magi also placed in their Heaven (Bihisht or Minu) "Húrán," or black-eyed nymphs, under the charge of the angel Zamiyád.

When Dahnash heard the poesy which Maymunah spake in praise of her beloved, he joyed with exceeding joy and wondered with excessive wonderment.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Ifrit Dahnash heard the poesy which Maymunah spake in praise of her beloved, he shook for exceeding joy and said, "Thou hast celebrated thy beloved in song and thou hast indeed done well in praise of him whom thou lovest! And there is no help for it but that I also in my turn do my best to praise my mistress, and recite somewhat in her honour." Then the Ifrit went up to the lady Budur; and, kissing her between the eyes, looked at Maymunah and at his beloved Princess and improvised these verses, albeit he had no skill in poesy:—

Love for my fair they chide in angry way; * Unjust for ignorance, yea unjustest they!
Ah, lavish favours on the love-mad, whom * Taste of thy wrath and parting woe shall slay:
In sooth for love I'm wet with railing tears * That rail mine eyelids blood thou mightest say:
No marvel what I bear for love, 'tis marvel * That any know my "me" while thou 'rt away:
Unlawful were our union did I doubt * Thy love, or heart incline to other May.

And eke these words:—

I feed eyes on their stead by the valley's side, * And I'm slain and my slayer[1] aside hath hied:
Grief-wine have I drunken, and down my cheeks * Dance tears to the song of the camel-guide:
For union-blessing I strive though sure, * In Budúr and Su'ád all my bliss shall bide:[2]
Wot I not which of three gave me most to 'plain, * So hear them numbered ere thou decide:
Those Sworders her eyne, that Lancer her fig- * -ure, or ring-mail'd Locks which her forehead hide.

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[1] In the first hemistich, "bi-shitt 'il wády" (by the wady-bank): in the second, "wa shatta 'l wády" ("and my slayer"—*i.e.* wády, act. part. of wady, killing—"hath paced away").

[2] The *double entendre* is from the proper names: Budúr and Su'ád (Beatrice) also meaning "auspicious (or blessed) full moons."

Quoth she (and I ask of her whatso wights * Or abide in towns or in desert ride[1])
To me, "In thy heart I dwell; look there!" * Quoth I, "Where's my heart,—ah where? ah where?"

When Maymunah heard these lines from the Ifrit, she said, "Thou hast done well, O Dahnash! But say thou which of the two is the handsomer?" And he answered, "My mistress Budur is handsomer than thy beloved!" Cried Maymunah, "Thou liest, O accursed. Nay, my beloved is more beautiful than thine!" But Dahnash persisted, "Mine is the fairer." And they ceased not to wrangle and challenge each other's words till Maymunah cried out at Dahnash and would have laid violent hands on him; but he humbled himself to her and, softening his speech, said, "Let not the truth be a grief to thee, and cease we this talk, for all we say is to testify in favour of our chosen; rather let each of us withdraw the claim and seek we one who shall judge fairly between us which of the two be fairer; and by his sentence we will abide." "I agree to this," answered she and smote the earth with her foot, whereupon there came out of it an Ifrit blind of an eye, humpbacked and scurvy-skinned, with eye-orbits slit up and down his face.[2] On his head were seven horns and four locks of hair fell to his heels; his hands were pitchfork-like and his legs mast-like and he had nails as the claws of a lion, and feet as the hoofs of the wild ass.[3] When that Ifrit rose out of the earth and sighted Maymunah, he kissed the ground before her and, standing with his hands clasped behind him said, "What is thy will, O my mistress, O daughter of my King?"[4] She replied, "O Kashkash, I would have thee judge between me and this accursed Dahnash." And she made known to him the matter, from first to last, whereupon the Ifrit Kashkash looked at the face of the youth and then at the face of the girl; and saw them lying asleep, embraced, each with an arm under the other's neck, alike in beauty and loveliness and equal in grace and comeliness. The Marid gazed long upon them, marvelling at their seemlihead; and, after carefully observing the twain, he turned to Maymunah and Dahnash, and repeated these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Házir" (also Ahl al-Hazar, townsmen) and Bádi, a Badawi, also called "Ahl al-Wabar," people of the camel's hair (tent) and A'aráb (Nomadic) as opposed to Arab (Arab settled or not). They still boast with Ibn Abbas, cousin of Mohammed, that they have kerchiefs (not turbands) for crowns, tents for houses, loops for walls, swords for scarves and poems for registers or written laws.

[2] This is a peculiarity of the Jinn tribe when wearing hideous forms. It is also found in the Hindu Rakshasa.

[3] Which, by the by, are small and beautifully shaped. The animal is very handy with them, as I learnt by experience when trying to "Rareyfy" one at Bayrut.

[4] She being daughter of Al-Dimiryát, King of the Jinns. My collaborator, Mr. W. F. Kirby has made him the subject of a pretty poem.

Go, visit her thou lovest, and regard not
The words detractors utter; envious churls
Can never favour love. Oh! sure the Merciful
Ne'er made a thing more fair to look upon,
Than two fond lovers in each other's arms,
Speaking their passion in their mute embrace.
When heart has turned to heart, the fools would part them
Strike idly on cold steel. So when thou 'st found
One purely, wholly thine, accept her true heart,
And live for her alone. Oh! thou that blamest
The love-struck for their love, give o'er thy talk,
How canst thou minister to a mind diseased?[1]

Then he turned again to Maymunah and Dahnash and said to them, "By Allah, if you will have the truth, I tell you fairly the twain be equal in beauty and loveliness and perfect grace and goodliness, nor can I make any difference between them on account of their being man and woman. But I have another thought which is that we wake each of them in turn, without the knowledge of the other, and whichever is the more enamoured shall be held inferior in grace and comeliness." Quoth Maymunah, "Right is this recking," and quoth Dahnash, "I consent to this." Then Dahnash changed himself to the form of a flea and bit Kamar al-Zaman, whereupon he started from sleep in a fright——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Dahnash changed himself to the form of a flea and bit Kamar al-Zaman who started from sleep in a fright and rubbed the bitten part, his neck, and scratched it hard because of the smart. Then turning sideways, he found lying by him something whose breath was sweeter than musk and whose skin was softer than cream. Hereat marvelled he with great marvel and he sat up and looked at what lay beside him; when he saw it to be a young lady like an union pearl, or a shining sun, or a dome seen from afar on a well-built wall; for she was five feet tall, with a shape like the letter ا,[1] fair and rosy-cheeked; even as saith of her the poet:—

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[1] These lines have occurred in Night xxii. I give Torrens's version (p. 223) by way of variety.

Four things which ne'er conjoin, unless it be * To storm my vitals and to shed my blood:
Brow white as day and tresses black as night; * Cheeks rosy red and lips which smiles o'erflood.

And also quoth another:—

A Moon she rises, Willow-wand she waves, * Breathes Ambergris, and gazes, a Gazelle:
Meseems that sorrow wooes my heart and wins * And, when she wendeth, hastes therein to dwell!

And when Kamar al-Zaman saw the Lady Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, and her beauty and comeliness, his reason was confounded and he would have awakened her but she would not awake, for Dahnash had made her sleep heavy; so he shook her and moved her, saying, "O my beloved, awake and look on me; I am Kamar al-Zaman." But she awoke not, neither moved her head; whereupon he considered her case for a long hour and said to himself, "If I guess aright, this is the damsel to whom my father would have married me and these three years past I have refused her; but Inshallah!—God willing—as soon as it is dawn, I will say to him:—Marry me to her;"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to himself, "By Allah, when I see dawn I will say to my sire:—Marry me to her; nor will I let half the day pass ere I consent." Then he bent over Budur to kiss her, whereat the Jinniyah Maymunah trembled and was abashed and Dahnash, the Ifrit, was like to fly for joy. But, as Kamar al-Zaman was about to kiss her, he took thought awhile and said, "The right and proper thing to do is to take from her somewhat which shall serve as a token to me and a memorial of her; that some sign endure between me and her." Then Kamar al-Zaman raised the young lady's hand and took from her little finger a seal-ring worth an immense amount of money, for that its bezel was a precious jewel and around it were graven these couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Kámat Alfiyyah," like an Alif, the first of the Arabic alphabet, the Heb. Aleph. The Arabs, I have said, took the flag or water-leaf form and departed very far from the Egyptian original (we know from Plutarch that the hieroglyphic abecedarium began with "a"), which was chosen by other imitators, namely the bull's head; and which in the cursive form, especially the Phœnician, became a yoke. In numerals "Alif" denotes one or one thousand. It inherits the traditional honours of Alpha (as opposed to Omega), and in books, letters and writings generally it is placed as a monogram over the "Bismillah," an additional testimony to the Unity. (See vol. i. p. 1).

Count not that I your promises forgot, * Despite the length of your delinquencies:
Be generous, O my lord, to me inclining; * Haply your mouth and cheeks these lips may kiss:
By Allah, ne'er will I relinquish you * Albe you *will* transgress love's boundaries.

Then Kamar al-Zaman took the seal-ring from the little finger of Queen Budur and set it on his own; then, turning his back to her, fell asleep. When Maymunah the Jinniyah saw this, she was glad and said to Dahnash and Kashkash, "Saw ye how my beloved Kamar al-Zaman bore himself towards this young lady? Verily, this was of the perfection of his good gifts; for observe you twain how he looked on her and noted her beauty and loveliness, and yet kissed her not, but turned his back and slept." Answered they, "Even so!" Thereupon Maymunah changed herself into a flea and bit Budur, whereupon she opened her eyes and, sitting up in bed, saw a youth lying beside her and breathing heavily in his sleep, the loveliest of Allah Almighty's creatures, with eyes that put to shame the fairest Houris of Heaven, and a mouth like Solomon's seal, and lips the colour of coral-stone, and cheeks like the blood-red anemone. Now when Princess Budur saw him, she was seized by a transport of love,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Princess Budur saw Kamar al-Zaman she was forthwith seized with a transport of love, and she said to herself, "Alas, my shame! This is a strange youth and I know him not. How cometh he to be lying by my side?" Then she looked at him a second time and, noting his beauty and loveliness, said, "By Allah, he is indeed a comely youth and my heart is well-nigh torn in sunder with love of him! By the Almighty, had I known it was this youth who sought me in marriage of my father, I had not rejected him." Then she gazed in his face and said, "O my lord and light of mine eyes, awake from sleep and look upon my beauty and grace." And she moved him with her hand; but Maymunah the Jinniyah let down sleep upon him as it were a curtain, and pressed heavily on his head with her wings so that Kamar al-Zaman awoke not. Then Princess Budur said to Kamar al-Zaman, "Talk to me, O my lord! Speak to me, O my friend! Answer me, O my beloved, and tell me thy name, for indeed thou hast ravished my wit!" And during all this time he abode drowned in sleep and answered her not a word, and Princess Budur sighed and said, "Alas! Alas! why art thou so proud and self-satisfied?" Then she shook him and turning his hand over, saw her seal-ring on his little finger, whereat she cried a loud cry, and said, "Alack! Alack! By Allah, thou art my beloved and thou lovest me!" Then she plucked his seal-ring from his finger, and put it on her own instead of the ring he had taken, and fell asleep again by his side. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Princess Budur fell asleep by the side of Kamar al-Zaman, quoth Maymunah to Dahnash, "Sawest thou, O accursed, how proudly and coquettishly my beloved bore himself, and how fondly thy mistress showed herself to my dearling? There can be no doubt that my beloved is handsomer than thine; nevertheless I pardon thee." Then she wrote him a document of manumission and turned to Kashkash and said, "Go, help Dahnash to take up his mistress and aid him to carry her back to her own place, for the night waneth apace and there is but little left of it." "I hear and I obey;" answered Kashkash. So the two Ifrits went forward to Princess Budur and upraising her flew away with her; then, bearing her back to her own place, they laid her on her bed, whilst Maymunah abode alone with Kamar al-Zaman, gazing upon him as he slept, till the night was all but spent, when she went her way. As soon as morning morrowed, the Prince awoke from sleep and turned right and left, but found not the maiden by him and said in his mind, "What is this business?" Then he called out to the Eunuch who slept at the door, saying, "Woe to thee, O doomed one, arise at once!" So the Eunuch rose, bemused with sleep, and brought him basin and ewer, whereupon Kamar al-Zaman made the Wuzu-ablution and prayed the dawn-prayer, after which he sat telling on his beads the ninety-and-nine names of Almighty Allah. Then he looked up and, seeing the Eunuch standing in service upon him, said, "Out on thee, O Sawáb! Who was it came hither and took away the young lady from my side and I still sleeping?" Asked the Eunuch, "O my lord, what manner of young lady?" "The young lady who was here last night," replied Kamar al-Zaman. The Eunuch was startled at his words and said to him, "By Allah, there hath been with thee neither young lady nor other! How should young lady have come in to thee, when I was sleeping in the doorway and the door was locked? By Allah, O my lord, neither male nor female hath come in to thee!" Exclaimed the Prince, "Thou liest, O pestilent slave! is it of thy competence also to hoodwink me and refuse to tell me what is become of the young lady who was here last night and decline to inform me who took her away?" Replied the Eunuch (and he was affrighted at him), "By Allah, O my lord, I have seen neither young lady nor young lord!" His words only angered Kamar al-Zaman the more and he said to him, "O accursed one, my father hath indeed taught thee deceit! Come hither." So the Eunuch came up to him, and the Prince took him by the collar and dashed him to the ground; and kneeling upon him, kicked him and throttled him till he fainted away. Then he dragged him forth and tied him to the well-rope, and let him down like a bucket into the well and plunged him into the water, then drew him up and lowered him down again. Now it was hard winter weather, and Kamar al-Zaman ceased not to plunge the Eunuch into the water and pull him up again and douse him and haul him whilst he screamed and called for help; and the Prince kept on saying, "By Allah, O doomed one, I will not draw thee up out of this well till thou tell me and fully acquaint me with the story of the young lady and who it was took her away whilst I slept."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-seventh Night,

She said it hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to the Eunuch, "By Allah! I will not draw thee up out of this well until thou tell me the story of the young lady and who it was took her away whilst I slept." Answered the Eunuch, after he had seen death staring him in the face; "O my lord, let me go and I will relate to thee the truth and the whole tale." So Kamar al-Zaman pulled him up out of the well, all but dead for suffering, what with cold and the pain of dipping and dousing, drubbing and dread of drowning. He shook like cane in hurricane, his teeth were clenched as by cramp and his clothes were drenched and his body befouled and torn by the rough sides of the well: briefly he was in a sad state. Now when Kamar al-Zaman saw him in this sorry plight, he was concerned for him; but, as soon as the Eunuch found himself on the floor, he said to him, "O my lord, let me go and doff my clothes and wring them out and spread them in the sun to dry, and don others; after which I will return to thee forthwith and tell thee the truth of the matter." Answered the Prince, "O rascal slave! hadst thou not seen death face to face, never hadst thou confessed to fact nor told me a word; but go now and do thy will, and then come back to me at once and tell me the truth." Thereupon the Eunuch went out, hardly crediting his escape, and ceased not running, stumbling and rising in his haste, till he came in to King Shahriman, whom he found sitting at talk with his Wazir of Kamar al-Zaman's case. The King was saying to the Minister, "I slept not last night for anxiety concerning my son, Kamar al-Zaman, and indeed I fear lest some harm befal him in that old tower. What good was there in imprisoning him?" Answered the Wazir, "Have no care for him. By Allah, no harm shall befal him! None at all! Leave him in prison for a month till his temper yield and his spirit be broken and he return to his senses." As the two spoke behold, up rushed the Eunuch, in the aforesaid plight, making for the King who was troubled at sight of him; and he cried, "O our lord the Sultan! Verily, thy son's wits are fled and he hath gone mad; he hath dealt with me thus and thus, so that I am become as thou seest me, and he kept saying:—A young lady was with me this night and stole away secretly whilst I slept. Where is she? And he insisteth on my letting him know where she is and on my telling him who took her away. But I have seen neither girl nor boy: the door was locked all through the night, for I slept before it with the key under my head, and I opened to him in the morning with my own hand." When King Shahriman heard this, he cried out, saying, "Alas, my son!" and he was enraged with sore rage against the Wazir, who had been the cause of all this case and said to him, "Go up, bring me news of my son and see what hath befallen his mind." So the Wazir rose and, stumbling over his long skirts, in his fear of the King's wrath, hastened with the slave to the tower. Now the sun had risen and when the Minister came in to Kamar al-Zaman, he found him sitting on the couch reciting the Koran; so he saluted him and seated himself by his side, and said to him, "O my lord, this wretched Eunuch brought us tidings which troubled and alarmed us and which incensed the King." Asked Kamar al-Zaman, "And what hath he told you of me to trouble my father? In good sooth he hath troubled none but me." Answered the Wazir, "He came to us in fulsome state and told us of thee a thing which Heaven forfend; and the slave added a lie which it befitteth not to repeat, Allah preserve thy youth and sound sense and tongue of eloquence, and forbid to come from thee aught of offence!" Quoth the Prince, "O Wazir, and what thing did this pestilent slave say of me?" The Minister replied, "He told us that thy wits had taken leave of thee and thou wouldst have it that a young lady was with thee last night, and thou wast instant with him to tell thee whither she went and thou diddest torture him to that end." But when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, he was enraged with sore rage and he said to the Wazir, "'Tis manifest to me in very deed that you people taught the Eunuch to do as he did"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman heard the words of the Wazir he was enraged with sore rage, and said to him, "'Tis manifest to me in very deed that you people taught the Eunuch to do as he did and forbade him to tell me what became of the young lady who was with me last night. But thou, O Wazir, art cleverer than the Eunuch; so do thou tell me without stay or delay, whither went the young lady who slept in this tower last night; for it was you who sent her; but, when I awoke, I found her not. So where is she now?" Said the Wazir, "O my lord Kamar al-Zaman, Allah's name encompass thee about! By the Almighty, we sent none to thee last night, but thou layest alone, with the door locked on thee and the Eunuch sleeping behind it, nor did there come to thee young lady or any other. Regain thy reason, O my lord, and stablish thy senses and occupy not thy mind with vanities." Rejoined Kamar al-Zaman who was incensed at his words, "O Wazir, the young lady in question is my beloved, the fair one with the black eyes and rosy cheeks, whom I beheld last night." So the Minister wondered at his words and asked him, "Didst thou see this damsel last night with thy own eyes on wake or in sleep?" Answered Kamar al-Zaman, "O ill-omened old man, dost thou fancy I saw her with my ears? Indeed, I saw her with my very eyes and awake, and I touched her with my hand, and I watched by her full half the night, feeding my vision on her beauty and loveliness and grace. But you had schooled her and charged her to speak no word to me; so she feigned sleep and I watched by her side till dawn, when I awoke and found her gone." Rejoined the Wazir, "O my lord Kamar al-Zaman, haply thou sawest this in thy sleep; it must have been a delusion of dreams or a deception caused by eating various kinds of food, or a suggestion of the accursed devils." Cried the Prince, "O pestilent old man! wilt thou too make a mock of me and tell me this was haply a delusion of dreams, when that Eunuch confessed to the young lady, saying:—At once I will return to thee and tell thee all about her?" With these words, he sprang up and rushed at the Wazir and gripped hold of his beard (which was long[1]) and, after gripping it, he twisted his hand in it and haling him off the couch, threw him on the floor. It seemed to the Minister as though his soul departed his body for the violent plucking at his beard; and Kamar al-Zaman ceased not kicking the Wazir and basting his breast and ribs and cuffing him with open hand on the nape of his neck till he had well-nigh beaten him to death. Then said the man in his mind, "Just as the Eunuch-slave saved his life from this lunatic youth by telling him a lie, thus it is even fitter that I do likewise; else he will destroy me. So now for my lie to save myself, he being mad beyond a doubt." Then he turned to Kamar al-Zaman and said, "O my lord, pardon me; for indeed thy father charged me to conceal from thee this affair of the young lady: but now I am weak and weary and wounded with tunding; for I am an old man and lack strength and nerve to endure blows. Have, therefore, a little patience with me and I will tell thee all and acquaint thee with the story of the young woman." When the Prince heard this, he left off drubbing him and said, "Wherefore couldst thou not tell me the tale until after shame and blows? Rise now, unlucky old man that thou art, and tell me her story." Quoth the Wazir, "Say, dost thou ask of the young lady with the fair face and perfect form?" Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, "Even so! Tell me, O Wazir, who it was that led her to me and laid her by my side, and who was it that took her away from me by night; and let me know forthright whither she is gone, that I myself may go to her at once. If my father did this deed to me that he might try me by means of that beautiful girl, with a view to our marriage, I consent to wed her and free myself of this trouble; for he did all these dealings with me only because I refused wedlock. But now I consent and again I say, I consent to matrimony; so tell this to my sire, O Wazir, and advise him to marry me to that young lady; for I will have none other and my heart loveth none save her alone. Now rise up at once and haste thee to my father and counsel him to hurry on our wedding and bring me his answer within this very hour." Rejoined the Wazir, "'Tis well!" and went forth from him, hardly believing himself out of his hands. Then he set off from the tower, walking and tripping up as he went, for excess of fright and agitation, and he ceased not hurrying till he came in to King Shahriman,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] "Long beard and little wits," is a saying throughout the East where the Kausaj (= man with thin, short beard) is looked upon as cunning and tricksy. There is a venerable Joe Miller about a schoolmaster who, wishing to singe his long beard short, burnt it off and his face to boot:—which reminded him of the saying. A thick beard is defined as one which wholly conceals the skin; and in ceremonial ablution it must be combed out with the fingers till the water reach the roots. The Sunnat, or practice of the Prophet, was to wear the beard not longer than one hand and two fingers' breadth. In Persian "Kúseh" (thin-beard) is an insulting term opposed to "Khush-rísh," a well-bearded man. The Iranian growth is perhaps the finest in the world, often extending to the waist; but it gives infinite trouble, requiring, for instance, a bag when travelling. The Arab beard is often composed of two tufts on the chin-sides and straggling hairs upon the cheeks; and this is a severe mortification, especially to the Olema, Shaykhs and elders, who not only look upon the beard as one of man's characteristics, but attach a religious importance to the appendage. Hence the enormity of Kamar al-Zaman's behaviour. The Persian festival of the vernal equinox was called Kuseh-nishín (Thin-beard sitting). An old man with one eye paraded the streets on an ass with a crow in one hand and a scourge and fan in the other, cooling himself, flogging the bystanders and crying Heat! heat! (garmá! garmá!). For other particulars see Richardson (Dissertation, p. lii.). This is the Italian Giorno delle Vecchie, Thursday in Mid-Lent, March 12 (1885), celebrating the death of Winter and the birth of Spring.

Now when it was the Hundred and Eighty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Wazir ran forth from the tower, and ceased not running till he came in to King Shahriman, who said to him as he sighted him, "O thou Wazir, what man hath brought thee to grief and whose mischief hath treated thee in way unlief: how happeneth it that I see thee dumb-foundered and coming to me thus astounded?" Replied the Wazir, "O King! I bring thee good news." "And what is it?" quoth Shahriman, and quoth the Wazir, "Know that thy son Kamar al-Zaman's wits are clean gone and that he hath become stark mad." Now when the King heard these words of the Minister, light became darkness in his sight and he said, "O Wazir, make clear to me the nature of his madness." Answered the Wazir, "O my lord, I hear and I obey." Then he told him that such and such had passed and acquainted him with all that his son had done; whereupon the King said to him, "Hear, O Wazir, the good tidings which I give thee in return for this thy fair news of my son's insanity; and it shall be the cutting off of thy head and the forfeiture of my favour, O most ill-omened of Wazirs and foulest of Emirs! for I feel that thou hast caused my son's disorder by the wicked advice and the sinister counsel thou hast given me first and last. By Allah, if aught of mischief or madness have befallen my son I will most assuredly nail thee upon the palace-dome and make thee drain the bitterest draught of death!" Then he sprang up and, taking the Wazir with him, made straight for the tower and entered it. And when Kamar al-Zaman saw the two, he rose to his father in haste from the couch whereon he sat and kissing his hands drew back and hung down his head and stood before him with his arms behind him, and thus remained for a full hour. Then he raised his head towards his sire; the tears gushed from his eyes and streamed down his cheeks and he began repeating:—

"Forgive the sin 'neath which my limbs are trembling,
For the slave seeks for mercy from his master;
I've done a fault, which calls for free confession,
Where shall it call for mercy, and forgiveness?"[1]

When the King heard this, he arose and embraced his son, and kissing him between the eyes, made him sit by his side on the couch; then he turned to the Wazir and, looking on him with eyes of wrath, said, "O dog of Wazirs, how didst thou say of my son such and such things and make my heart quake for him?" Then he turned to the Prince and said, "O my son, what is to-day called?" He answered, "O my father, this day is the Sabbath, and to-morrow is First day: then come Second day, Third, Fourth, Fifth day and lastly Friday."[2] Exclaimed the King, "O my son, O Kamar al-Zaman, praised be Allah for the preservation of thy reason! What is the present month called in our Arabic?" "Zú'l-Ka'adah," answered Kamar al-Zaman, "and it is followed by Zú'l-hijjah; then cometh Muharram, then Safar, then Rabí'a the First and Rabí'a the Second, the two Jamádás, Rajab, Sha'aban, Ramazán and Shawwál." At this the King rejoiced exceedingly and spat in the Wazir's face, saying, "O wicked old man, how canst thou say that my son is mad? And now none is mad but thou." Hereupon the Minister shook his head and would have spoken, but bethought himself to wait awhile and see what might next befal. Then the King said to his child, "O my son, what words be these thou saidest to the Eunuch and the Wazir, declaring :—There was a fair damsel in the tower this night?[1] What damsel is this of whom thou speakest?" Hereat Kamar al-Zaman laughed at his sire's words and replied, "O my father, know that I can bear no more jesting; so add me not another mock or even a single word on the matter, for my temper hath waxed short by that you have done with me. And know, O my father, with assured knowledge, that I consent to marry, but on condition that thou give me to wife her who was by my side this night; for I am certain it was thou sentest her to me and madest me in love with her and then despatchedst a message to her before the dawn and tookest her away from beside me." Rejoined the King, "The name of Allah encompass thee about, O my son, and be thy wit preserved from witlessness!"—And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] I quote Torrens (p. 400) as these lines have occurred in Night xxxviii.

[2] Moslems have only two names for week days, Friday, Al-Jum'ah or meeting-day, and Al-Sabt, Sabbath-day, that is Saturday. The others are known by numbers after Quaker fashion with us, the usage of Portugal and Scandinavia.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninetieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that quoth King Shahriman to his son Kamar al-Zaman, "The name of Allah encompass thee about, O my son, and be thy wit preserved from witlessness! What thing be this young lady whom thou fanciest I sent to thee last night and then again that I sent to withdraw her from thee before dawn? By the Lord, O my son, I know nothing of this affair, and Allah upon thee, tell me if it be a delusion of dreaming or a deception caused by indisposition. For verily thou layest down to sleep last night with thy mind occupied anent marriage and troubled with the talk of it (Allah curse marriage and the hour when I spake of it and curse him who counselled it!); and without doubt or diffidence I can say that being moved in mind by the mention of wedlock thou dreamedst of a handsome young lady and didst fancy thou sawest her when awake. But all this, O my son, is but an imbroglio of dreams." Replied Kamar al-Zaman, "Leave this talk and swear to me by Allah, the All-creator, the Omniscient; the Humbler of the tyrant Cæsars and the Destroyer of the Chosroës, that thou knowest naught of the young lady nor of her dwelling-place." Quoth the

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[1] Our last night.

King, "By the Might of Allah Almighty, the God of Moses and Abraham, I know naught of all this and never even heard of it; it is assuredly a delusion of dreams thou hast seen in sleep." Then the Prince replied to his sire, "I will give thee a self-evident proof that it happened to me when awake."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to his sire, "I will give thee a self-evident proof that this happened to me when awake. Now let me ask thee, did it ever befal any man to dream that he was battling a sore battle and after to awake from sleep and find in his hand a sword-blade besmeared with blood?" Answered the King, "No, by Allah, O my son, this hath never been." Rejoined Kamar al-Zaman, "I will tell thee what happened to me and it was this. Meseemed I awoke from sleep in the middle of the past night and found a girl lying by my side, whose form was like mine and whose favour was as mine. I took her seal-ring, which I put on my finger, and she pulled off my ring and put it on hers. Then I went to sleep by her side, and, when I awoke at point of day, I found no trace of her, nor could I come at any news of her, and there befel me what thou knowest of with the Eunuch and with the Wazir. How then can this case have been a dream and a delusion, when the ring is a reality? Save for her ring on my finger I should indeed have deemed it a dream; but here is the ring on my little finger: look at it, O King, and see what is its worth." So saying he handed the ring to his father, who examined it and turned it over, then looked to his son and said, "Verily, there is in this ring some mighty mystery and some strange secret. What befel last night with the girl is indeed a hard nut to crack, and I know not how intruded upon us this intruder. None is the cause of all this pother save the Wazir; but, Allah upon thee, O my son, take patience, so haply the Lord may turn to gladness this thy grief and to thy sadness bring complete relief; as quoth one of the poets:—

Haply shall Fortune draw her rein, and bring * Fair chance, for she is changeful, jealous, vain:
Still I may woo my want and wishes win * And see on heels of care unfain, the fain.

And now, O my son, I am certified at this hour that thou art not mad; but thy case is a strange one which none can clear up for thee save the Almighty." Cried the Prince, "By Allah, O my father, deal kindly with me and seek out this young lady and hasten her coming to me; else I shall die of woe and of my death shall no one know." Then he betrayed the ardour of his love; and turned towards his father and repeated these two couplets:—

If your promise of personal call prove untrue, * Deign in vision to grant me an interview:
Quoth they, "How can phantom[1] appear to the sight * Of a youth, whose sight is fordone, perdue?"

Then, after ending his poetry, Kamar al-Zaman again turned to his father, with submission and despondency, and shedding tears in flood, began repeating these lines,——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman had repeated to his father these verses, he wept and complained and groaned from a wounded heart; and added these lines:—

Beware that eye-glance which hath magic might; * Wherever turn those orbs it bars our flight:
Nor be deceived by low sweet voice, that breeds * A fever festering in the heart and sprite:
So soft that silky skin, were rose to touch it * She'd cry and tear-drops rain for pain and fright:
Did Zephyr e'en in sleep pass o'er her land, * Scented he'd choose to dwell in scented site:
Her necklets vie with tinkling of her belt; * Her wrists strike either wristlet dumb with spite:
I'm blamed for love of her, nor pardon claim; * Eyes are not profiting which lack foresight:
Heaven strip thee, blamer mine! unjust art thou; * Before this fawn must every eye low bow.[2]

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[1] Arab. "Tayf"= phantom, the nearest approach to our "ghost," the phantasma, the shade (not the soul) of the dead. Hence the accurate Niebuhr declares, "apparitions (*i.e.* of the departed) are unknown in Arabia." Haunted houses are there tenanted by Ghuls, Jinns and a host of supernatural creatures; but not by ghosts proper; and a man may live years in Arabia before he ever hears of the "Tayf." With the Hindus it is otherwise (Pilgrimage iii. 144). Yet the ghost, the embodied fear of the dead and of death is common, in a greater or less degree, to all peoples; and, as modern Spiritualism proves, that ghost is not yet laid.

[2] Mr. Payne (iii. 133) omits the lines which are *àpropos de rien* and read much like "nonsense verses." I retain them simply because they are in the text.

After which he said, "By Allah, O my father, I cannot endure to be parted from her even for an hour." The King smote hand upon hand and exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! No cunning contrivance can profit us in this affair." Then he took his son by the hand and carried him to the palace, where Kamar al-Zaman lay down on the bed of languor and the King sat at his head, weeping and mourning over him and leaving him not, night or day, till at last the Wazir came in to him and said, "O King of the age and the time, how long wilt thou remain shut up with thy son and hide thyself from thy troops? Haply, the order of thy realm may be deranged, by reason of thine absence from thy Grandees and Officers of State. It behoveth the man of understanding, if he have various wounds in his body, to apply him first to medicine the most dangerous; so it is my counsel to thee that thou remove thy son from this place to the pavilion which is in the palace overlooking the sea; and shut thyself up with him there, setting apart in every week two days, Thursday and Monday, for state receptions and progresses and reviews. On these days let thine Emirs and Wazirs and Chamberlains and Viceroys and high Officials and Grandees of the realm and the rest of the levies and the lieges have access to thee and submit their affairs to thee; and do thou their needs and judge among them and give and take with them and bid and forbid. And the rest of the week thou shalt pass with thy son, Kamar al-Zaman, and cease not thus doing till Allah shall vouchsafe relief to you twain. Think not, O King, that thou art safe from the shifts of Time and the strokes of Change which come like a traveller in the night; for the wise man is ever on his guard, and how well saith the poet:—

Thou deemedst well of Time when days went well, * And fearedst not what ills might bring thee Fate:
The Nights so fair and restful cozened thee, * For peaceful Nights bring woes of heavy weight.
Oh children of mankind whom Time befriends, * Beware of Time's deceits or soon or late!"[1]

When the Sultan heard his Wazir's words he saw that they were right and deemed his counsel wise, and it had effect upon him for he feared lest the order of the state be deranged; so he rose at once and bade transport his son from his sick room to the pavilion in the palace overlooking the sea. Now this palace was girt round by the waters and was approached by a causeway twenty cubits wide. It had windows on all sides commanding an ocean-view; its floor was paved with parti-coloured marbles and its ceiling was painted in the richest pigments and figured with gold and lapis-lazuli. They furnished it for Kamar al-Zaman with splendid upholstery, embroidered rugs and carpets of the richest silk; and they clothed the walls with choice brocades and hung curtains bespangled with gems of price. In the midst they set him a couch of juniper[1]-wood inlaid with pearls and jewels, and Kamar al-Zaman sat down thereon, but the excess of his love and affection for the young lady had wasted his charms and emaciated his body; he could neither eat nor drink nor sleep; and he was like a man who had been sick twenty years of sore sickness. His father seated himself at his head, grieving for him with the deepest grief, and every Monday and Thursday he gave his Wazirs and Emirs and Chamberlains and Viceroys and Lords of the realm and levies and the rest of his lieges leave to come up to him in that pavilion. So they entered and did their several service and duties and abode with him till the end of the day, when they went their ways and the King returned to his son in the pavilion whom he left not night nor day; and he ceased not doing on this wise for many days and nights. Such was the case with Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahriman; but as regards Princess Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seven Palaces, when the two Jinns bore her up and laid her on her bed, she slept till daybreak, when she awoke and sitting upright looked right and left, but saw not the youth who had been in the tower. At this her heart fluttered, her reason fled and she shrieked a loud shriek which awoke all her slave-girls and nurses and duennas. They flocked in to her; and the chief of them came forward and asked, "What aileth thee, O my lady?" Answered the Princess, "O wretched old woman, where is my beloved, the handsome youth who was last night by my side? Tell me whither he is gone." Now when the duenna heard this, the light darkened in her sight and she feared from her mischief with sore affright, and said to her, "O my Lady Budur, what unmaidenly words are these?" Cried the Princess, "Woe to thee, pestilent crone that thou art! I ask thee again, where is my beloved, the goodly youth with the shining face and the slender form, the jetty eyes and the joined eyebrows, who was with me last night from supper-tide until near daybreak?" She rejoined, "By Allah, O my lady, I have seen no young man nor any other. I conjure thee, carry not this unseemly jest too far lest we all lose our lives; for perhaps the joke may come to thy father's ears and who shall then deliver us from his hand?"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The two first couplets are the quatrain in Night xxxv.

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[1] Arab. "Ar'ar," the Heb. "Aroer," which Luther and the A. V. translate "heath." The modern Aramaic name is "Lizzáb" (Unexplored Syria, i. 68).

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King that the duenna bespake the Lady Budur in these words, "Allah upon thee, O my lady! carry not this unseemly jest too far; for perhaps it may come to thy father's ears, and who shall then deliver us from his hand?" The Princess rejoined, "In very sooth a youth was with me last night, one of the fairest-faced of men." Exclaimed the duenna, "Heaven preserve thy reason! indeed no one was with thee last night." Thereupon the Princess looked at her hand and, finding Kamar al-Zaman's seal-ring on her finger in stead of her own, said to her, "Woe to thee thou accursed! thou traitress! wilt thou lie to me and tell me that none was with me last night and swear to me a falsehood in the name of the Lord?" Replied the duenna, "By Allah, I do not lie to thee nor have I sworn falsely." Then the Princess was incensed by her words and, drawing a sword she had by her, she smote the old woman with it and slew her;[1] whereupon the Eunuch and the waiting-women and the slave-girls cried out at her, and ran to her father and, without stay or delay, acquainted him with her case. So the King went to her, and asked her, "O my daughter, what aileth thee?" and she answered, "O my father, where is the youth who was with me last night?" Then her reason fled from her head and she cast her eyes right and left and rent her raiment even to the skirt. When her sire saw this, he bade the women lay hands on her; so they seized her and manacled her, then putting a chain of iron about her neck, made her fast to one of the palace-windows and there left her.[2] Thus far concerning Princess Budur; but as regards her father, King Ghayur, the world was straitened upon him when he saw what had befallen his daughter, for that he loved her and her case was not a little grievous to him. So he summoned on it the doctors and astrologers and men skilled in talisman-writing and said to them, "Whoso healeth my daughter of what ill she hath, I will marry him to her and give him half of my kingdom; but whoso cometh to her and cureth her not, I will strike off his head and hang it over her palace-gate." Accordingly, all who went in to her, but failed to heal her, he beheaded and hung their heads over the palace-gates, till he had beheaded on her account forty doctors and crucified forty astrologers; wherefor such folk held aloof from her, all the physicians having failed to medicine her malady; and her case was a puzzle to the men of science and the adepts in cabalistic characters. And as her longing and passion redoubled and love and distraction were sore upon her, she poured forth tears and repeated these couplets:—

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[1] In the old version and the Bresl. Edit. (iii. 220) the Princess beats the "Kahramánah," but does not kill her.

[2] This is still the popular Eastern treatment of the insane.

My fondness, O my moon, for thee my foeman is, * And to thy comradeship the nights my thought compel:
In gloom I bide with fire that flames below my ribs, * Whose lowe I make comparison with heat of Hell:
I'm plagued with sorest stress of pine and ecstacy; * Nor clearest noon-tide can that horrid pain dispel.

Then she sighed and repeated these also:—

Salams fro' me to friends in every stead; * Indeed to all dear friends do I incline:
Salams, but not salams that bid adieu; * Salams that growth of good for you design:
I love you dear, indeed, nor less your land, * But bide I far from every need of mine!

And when the lady Budur ceased repeating her poetry, she wept till her eyes waxed sore and her cheeks changed form and hue, and in this condition she continued three years. Now she had a foster-brother, by name Marzawán,[1] who was travelling in far lands and absent from her the whole of this time. He loved her with an exceeding love, passing the love of brothers; so when he came back he went in to his mother and asked for his sister, the Princess Budur. She answered him, "O my son, thy sister hath been smitten with madness and hath passed these three years with a chain of iron about her neck; and all the physicians and men of science have failed of healing her." When Marzawan heard these words he said, "I must needs go in to her; peradventure I may discover what she hath, and be able to medicine her;" and his mother replied, "Needs must thou visit her, but wait till to-morrow, that I may contrive something to suit thy case." Then she went a-foot to the palace of the Lady Budur and, accosting the Eunuch in charge of the gates, made him a present and said to him, "I have a daughter, who was brought up with thy mistress and since then I married her; and, when that befel the Princess which befel her, she became troubled and sore concerned, and I desire of thy favour that my daughter may go in to her for an hour and look on her; and then return whence she came, so shall none know of it." Quoth the Eunuch, "This may not be except by night, after the King hath visited his child and gone away; then come thou and thy daughter." So she kissed the Eunuch's hand and, returning home, waited till the morrow at nightfall; and when it was time she arose and sought her son Marzawan and attired him in woman's apparel; then, taking his hand in hers, led him towards the palace, and ceased not walking with him till she came upon the Eunuch after the Sultan had ended his visit to the Princess. Now when the Eunuch saw her, he rose to her, and said, "Enter, but do not prolong thy stay!" So they went in and when Marzawan beheld the Lady Budur in the aforesaid plight, he saluted her, after his mother had doffed his woman's garb: then he took out of their satchel books he had brought with him; and, lighting a wax-candle, he began to recite certain conjurations. Thereupon the Princess looked at him and recognising him, said, "O my brother, thou hast been absent on thy travels, and thy news has been cut off from us." He replied, "True! but Allah hath brought me back safe and sound. I am now minded to set out again nor hath aught delayed me but the news I hear of thee; wherefore my heart burned for thee and I came to thee, so haply I may free thee of thy malady." She rejoined, "O my brother, thinkest thou it is madness aileth me?" "Yes," answered he; and she said, "Not so, by Allah! 'tis even as saith the poet:—

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[1] Pers. "Marz-bán" = Warden of the Marches, Margrave. The foster-brother in the East is held dear as, and often dearer than, kith and kin.

Quoth they, 'Thou rav'st on him thou lov'st:' quoth I, * 'The sweets of love are only for th' insane!'
Love never maketh Time his friend befriend; * Only the Jinn-struck wight such boon can gain:
Well! yes, I'm mad: bring him who madded me * And, if he cure my madness, blame restrain!"

Then she let Marzawan know that she was love-daft and he said, "Tell me concerning thy tale and what befel thee: haply there may be in my hand something which shall be a means of deliverance for thee."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Marzawan thus addressed Princess Budur, "Tell me concerning thy tale and what befel thee : haply Allah may inspire me with a means of deliverance for thee." Quoth she, "O my brother, hear my story which is this. One night I awoke from sleep, in the last third of the night[1] and, sitting up, saw by my side the handsomest of youths that be, and tongue faileth to describe him, for he was as a willow-wand or an Indian rattan-cane. So methought it was my father who had done on this wise in order thereby to try me, for that he had consulted me concerning wedlock, when the Kings sought me of him to wife, and I had refused. But in the morning, I found on my finger his seal-ring, in place of my own which he had taken. And, O my brother, my heart was seized with love of him at first sight; and, for the violence of my affection and longing, I have never savoured the taste of sleep and have no occupation save weeping alway and repeating verses night and day. And this, O my brother, is my story and the cause of my madness." Then she poured forth tears and repeated these couplets :—

"Now Love has banished all that bred delight; * With that heart-nibbling
fawn my joys took flight :
Lightest of trifles lover's blood to him * Who wastes the vitals of the hapless
wight !
For him I'm jealous of my sight and thought; * My heart acts spy upon my
thought and sight :
Those long-lashed eyelids rain on me their shafts * Guileful, destroying hearts
where'er they light :
Now, while my portion in the world endures, * Shall I behold him ere I quit
world-site ?
What bear I for his sake I'd hide, but tears * Betray my feelings to the spy's
despight.
When near, our union seemeth ever far ; * When far, my thoughts to him aye
nearest are."

And presently she continued, "See then, O my brother, how thou mayest aid me in mine affliction." So Marzawan bowed his head groundwards awhile, wondering and not knowing what to do, then he raised it and said to her, "All thou hast spoken to me I hold to be true, though the case of the young man pass my understanding: but I will go round about all lands and will seek for what may heal thee; haply Allah shall appoint thy healing to be at my hand. Meanwhile, take patience and be not disquieted." Thereupon Marzawan farewelled her, praying that she might be constant and left her repeating these couplets:—

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[1] —Quirinus
Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera.
(Horace Sat. i. 10, 33.)
The moderns believe most in the dawn-dream.

Thine image ever companies my sprite, * For all thou'rt distant from the pilgrim's sight:
But my heart-wishes e'er attract thee near: * What is the lightning's speed to Thought's swift flight?
Then go not thou, my very light of eyes * Which, when thou'rt gone, lack all the Kohl of light.

Then Marzawan returned to his mother's house, where he passed the night. And when the morrow dawned, having equipped himself for his journey, he set forth and ceased not faring from city to city and from island to island for a whole month, till he came to a town named Al-Tayrab.[1] Here he went about scenting news of the townsfolk, so haply he might light on a cure for the Princess's malady, for in every capital he entered or passed by, it was reported that Queen Budur, daughter of King Ghayur, had lost her wits. But arriving at Al-Tayrab city, he heard that Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahriman, was fallen sick and afflicted with melancholy madness. So Marzawan asked the name of the Prince's capital and they said to him, "It is on the Islands of Khalidan and it lieth distant from our city a whole month's journey by sea, but by land it is six months' march." So he went down to the sea in a ship which was bound for the Khalidan Isles, and she sailed with a favouring breeze for a whole month, till they came in sight of the capital; and there remained for them but to make the land when, behold, there came out on them a tempestuous wind which carried away the masts and rent the canvas, so that the sails fell into the sea and the ship capsized, with all on board,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship capsized with all on board, each sought his own safety; and as for Marzawan the set of the sea carried him under the King's palace, wherein was Kamar al-Zaman. And by the decree of Destiny it so happened that this was the day on which King Shahriman gave audience to his Grandees and high officers, and he was sitting, with his son's head on his lap, whilst an Eunuch fanned away the flies; and the Prince had not spoken neither had he eaten nor drunk for two days, and he was grown thinner than a spindle.[1] Now the Wazir was standing respectfully a-foot near the latticed window giving on the sea and, raising his eyes, saw Marzawan being beaten by the billows and at his last gasp; whereupon his heart was moved to pity for him, so he drew near to the King and moving his head towards him said, "I crave thy leave, O King, to go down to the court of the pavilion and open the water-gate that I may rescue a man who is at the point of drowning in the sea and bring him forth of danger into deliverance; peradventure, on this account Allah may free thy son from what he hath!" The King replied, "O thou Wazir, enough is that which hath befallen my son through thee and on thine account. Haply, if thou rescue this drowning man, he will come to know our affairs, and look on my son who is in this state and exult over me; but I swear by Allah, that if this half-drowned wretch come hither and learn our condition and look upon my son and then go forth and speak of our secrets to any, I will assuredly strike off thy head before his; for thou, O my Minister, art the cause of all that hath betided us, first and last. Now do as thou willest." Thereupon the Wazir sprang up and, opening the private postern which gave upon the sea, descended to the causeway; then walked on twenty steps and came to the water where he saw Marzawan nigh unto death. So he put out his hand to him and, catching him by his hair, drew him ashore in a state of insensibility, with body full of water and eyes half out of his head. The Wazir waited till he came to himself, when he pulled off his wet clothes and clad him in a fresh suit, covering his head with one of his servant's turbands; after which he said to him, "Know that I have been the means of saving thee from drowning; do not thou requite me by causing my death and thine own."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The Bresl. Edit. (iii. 223) and Galland have "Torf:" Lane (ii. 115) "El-Tarf."

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[1] Arab. "Maghzal;" a more favourite comparison is with a tooth-pick. Both are used by Nizami and Al-Hariri, the most "elegant" of Arab writers.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Wazir did to Marzawan what he did, he thus addressed him, "Know that I have been the cause of saving thee from drowning, so requite me not by causing my death and thine own." Asked Marzawan, "And how so?" and the Wazir answered, "Thou art at this hour about to go up and pass among Emirs and Wazirs, all of them silent and none speaking, because of Kamar al-Zaman, the son of the Sultan." Now when Marzawan heard the name of Kamar al-Zaman, he knew that this was he whom he had heard spoken of in sundry cities and of whom he came in search, but he feigned ignorance and asked the Wazir, "And who is Kamar al-Zaman?" Answered the Minister, "He is the son of Sultan Shahriman and he is sore sick and lieth strown on his couch restless alway, eating not nor drinking, neither sleeping night or day; indeed he is nigh upon death and we have lost hope of his living and are certain that he is dying. Beware lest thou look too long on him, or thou look on any place other than that where thou settest thy feet: else thou art a lost man, and I also." He replied, "Allah upon thee, O Wazir, I implore thee, of thy favour, acquaint me touching this youth thou describest, what is the cause of the condition in which he is." The Wazir replied, "I know none, save that, three years ago, his father required him to wed, but he refused; whereat the King was wroth and imprisoned him. And when he awoke on the morrow, he fancied that during the night he had been roused from sleep and had seen by his side a young lady of passing loveliness, whose charms tongue can never express: and he assured us that he had plucked off her seal-ring from her finger and had put it on his own and that she had done likewise; but we know not the secret of all this business. So by Allah, O my son, when thou comest up with me into the palace, look not on the Prince, but go thy way; for the Sultan's heart is full of wrath against me." So said Marzawan to himself, "By Allah; this is the one I sought!" Then he followed the Wazir up to the palace, where the Minister seated himself at the Prince's feet; but Marzawan found forsooth nothing to do but go up to Kamar al-Zaman and stand before him at gaze. Upon this the Wazir died of affright in his skin, and kept looking at Marzawan and signalling him to wend his way; but he feigned not to see him and gave not over gazing upon Kamar al-Zaman, till he was well assured that it was indeed he whom he was seeking.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Marzawan looked upon Kamar al-Zaman and knew that it was indeed he whom he was seeking, he cried, "Exalted be Allah, Who hath made his shape even as her shape and his complexion as her complexion and his cheek as her cheek!" Upon this Kamar al-Zaman opened his eyes and gave earnest ear to his speech; and, when Marzawan saw him inclining to hear, he repeated these couplets[1]:—

I see thee full of song and plaint and love's own ecstacy;
Delighting in describing all the charms of loveliness:

Art smit by stroke of Love or hath shaft-shot wounded thee?
None save the wounded ever show such signals of distress!

Ho thou! crown the wine-cup and sing me singular
Praises to Sulaymá, Al-Rabáb, Tan'oum addrest;[2]

Go round the grape-vine sun[3] which for mansion hath a jar;
Whose East the cup-boy is, and here my mouth that opes for West.

I'm jealous of the very clothes that dare her sides enroll
When she veils her dainty body of the delicatest grace:

I envy every goblet of her lips that taketh toll,
When she sets the kissing-cup on that sweetest kissing-place.

But deem not by the keen-edged scymitar I'm slain—
The hurts and harms I dree are from arrows of her eyes.

I found her finger-tips, as I met her once again,
Deep-reddened with the juice of the wood that ruddy dyes;[4]

And cried, "Thy palms thou stainedst when far away was I
And this is how thou payest one distracted by his pine!"

Quoth she (enkindling in my heart a flame that burnèd high
Speaking as one who cannot hide of longing love the sign),

"By thy life, this is no dye used for dyeing; so forbear
Thy blame, nor in charging me with falsing Love persist!"

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[1] These form a Kasídah, Ode or Elegy = rhymed couplets numbering more than thirteen: if shorter it is called a "Ghazal." I have not thought it necessary to preserve the monorhyme.

[2] Sulaymá, dim. of Salmá = any beautiful woman: Rabáb = the viol, mostly single-stringed: Tan'oum = she who is soft and gentle.

[3] *i.e.* wine. The distich is highly fanciful and the conceits would hardly occur to a Western.

[4] Arab. "Andam," a term applied to Brazil-wood (also called "Bakkam") and to "dragon's blood," but not, I think, to tragacanth, the "goat's thorn," which does not dye. Andam is often mentioned in The Nights.

"But when upon our parting-day I saw thee haste to fare,
The while were bared my hand and my elbow and my wrist;"

"I shed a flood of blood-red tears and with fingers brushed away;
Hence blood-reddened were the tips and still blood-red they remain."

Had I wept before she wept, to my longing-love a prey,
Before repentance came I had quit my soul of pain;

But she wept before I wept and I wept to see her care
And I said, "All the merit appertains to precedent;"[1]

Blame me not for loving her: now on self of Love I swear
For her sake, for her only, these pains my soul torment.

She hath all the lere of Lokmán[2] and Yúsuf's beauty lief;
Sweet singer David's voice and Maryam's chastity:

While I've all Jacob's mourning and Jonah's prison-grief,
And the sufferings of Job and old Adam's history:

Yet kill her not, albeit of my love for her I die;
But ask her why my blood to her was lawful, ask her why?

When Marzawan recited this ode, the words fell upon Kamar al-Zaman's heart as freshness after fever and returning health, and he sighed and said to his sire, "O my father, let this youth come and sit by my side."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman said to his sire, "O my father, allow this youth to come and sit by my side." Now when the King heard these words from his son, he rejoiced with exceeding joy, though at the first his heart had been set against Marzawan and he had determined that the stranger's head needs must be stricken off; but when he heard Kamar al-Zaman speak, his anger left him and he arose and drawing Marzawan to him, seated him by his son and turning to him, said, "Praised be Allah for thy safety!" He replied, "Allah preserve thee! and preserve thy son to thee!" and called down blessings on the King. Then the King asked, "From what country art thou?"

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[1] The superior merit of the first (explorer, etc.) is a *lieu commun* with Arabs. So Al-Hariri in Preface quotes his predecessor:—

Justly of praise the price I pay;
The praise is his who leads the way.

[2] There were two, or rather three, Lokmans, of whom more in a future page.

and he answered, "From the Islands of the Inland Sea, the kingdom of King Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seas and the Seven Palaces." Quoth King Shahriman, "Maybe thy coming shall be blessed to my son and Allah vouchsafe to heal what is in him." Quoth Marzawan, "Inshallah, naught shall be save what shall be well!" Then turning to Kamar al-Zaman, he said to him in his ear, unheard of the King and his court, "O my lord! be of good cheer and hearten thine heart and let thine eyes be cool and clear, and, with respect to her for whose sake thou art thus, ask not of her case on thine account. But thou keptest thy secret and fellest sick, while she told her secret and they said she had gone mad; so she is now in prison, with an iron chain about her neck, in most piteous plight; but, Allah willing, the healing of both of you shall come from my hand." Now when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, his life returned to him and he took heart and felt a thrill of joy and signed to his father to help him to sit up; and the King was like to fly for gladness and rose hastily and lifted him up. Presently, of his fear for his son, he shook the kerchief of dismissal[1]; and all the Emirs and Wazirs withdrew; then he set two pillows for his son to lean upon, after which be bade them perfume the palace with saffron and decorate the city, saying to Marzawan, "By Allah, O my son, of a truth thine aspect be a lucky and a blessed!" And he made as much of him as he might and called for food, and when they brought it, Marzawan came up to the Prince and said, "Rise, eat with me." So he obeyed him and ate with him, and all the while the King invoked blessings on Marzawan and said, "How auspicious is thy coming, O my son!" And when the father saw his boy eat, his joy and gladness redoubled, and he went out and told the Prince's mother and all the household. Then he spread throughout the palace the good news of the Prince's recovery, and the King commanded the decoration of the city and it was a day of high festival. Marzawan passed that night with Kamar al-Zaman, and the King also slept with them in joy and delight for his son's recovery. ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Hundred and Ninety-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Shahriman also passed that night with them in the excess of his joy for his son's recovery. And when the next morning dawned, and the King had gone away and the two young men were left alone, Kamar al-Zaman told his story from beginning to end to Marzawan who said, "In very sooth I know her with whom thou didst foregather; her name is the Princess Budur and she is daughter to King Ghayur." Then he related to him all that had passed with the Princess from first to last and acquainted him with the excessive love she bore him, saying, "All that befel thee with thy father hath befallen her with hers, and thou art without doubt her beloved, even as she is thine; so brace up thy resolution and take heart, for I will bring thee to her and unite you both anon and deal with you even as saith the poet:—

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[1] This symbolic action is repeatedly mentioned in The Nights.

Albe to lover adverse be his love, * And show aversion howso may he care;
Yet will I manage that the lovers meet * E'en as the pivot of a scissor-pair.

And he ceased not to comfort and solace and encourage Kamar al-Zaman and urge him to eat and drink till he ate food and drank wine, and life returned to him and he was saved from his ill case; and Marzawan cheered him and diverted him with talk and songs and stories, and in good time he became free of his disorder and stood up and sought to go to the Hammam.[1] So Marzawan took him by the hand and both went to the bath, where they washed their bodies and made them clean.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundredth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman, son of King Shahriman, went to the Hammam, his father in his joy at this event freed the prisoners, and presented splendid dresses to his Grandees and bestowed large alms-gifts upon the poor and bade decorate the city seven days. Then quoth Marzawan to Kamar al-Zaman, "Know, O my lord, that I came not from the Lady Budur save for this purpose, and the object of my journey was to deliver her from her present case; and it remaineth for us only to devise how we may get to her, since thy father cannot brook the thought of parting from thee.

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[1] The first bath after sickness, I have said, is called "Ghusl al-Sihhah,"—the Washing of Health.

So 'tis my counsel that to-morrow thou ask his leave to go abroad hunting. Then do thou take with thee a pair of saddle-bags full of money and mount a swift steed, and lead a spare horse, and I will do the like, and say to thy sire :—I have a mind to divert myself with hunting the desert and to see the open country and there to pass one night. Suffer not any servant to follow us, for as soon as we reach the open country, we will go our ways." Kamar al-Zaman rejoiced in this plan with great joy and cried, "It is good." Then he stiffened his back and, going in to his father, sought his leave and spoke as he had been taught, and the King consented to his going forth a-hunting and said, "O my son, blessed be the day that restoreth thee to health! I will not gainsay thee in this; but pass not more than one night in the desert and return to me on the morrow; for thou knowest that life is not good to me without thee, and indeed I can hardly believe thee to be wholly recovered from what thou hadst,[1] because thou art to me as he of whom quoth the poet :—

Albe I had by me through day and night * Solomon's carpet and the Chosroës' might,
Both were in value less than wing of gnat, * Unless these eyne could hold thee aye in sight.[2]

Then the King equipped his son Kamar al-Zaman and Marzawan for the excursion, bidding make ready for them four horses, together with a dromedary to carry the money and a camel to bear the water and victual; and Kamar al-Zaman forbade any of his attendants to follow him. His father farewelled him and pressed him to his breast and kissed him, saying, "I ask thee in the name of Allah, be not absent from me more than one night, wherein sleep will be unlawful to me, for I am even as saith the poet :—

Thou present, in the Heaven of heavens I dwell; * Bearing thine absence is of hells my Hell :
Pledged be for thee my soul! If love for thee * Be crime, my crime is of the fellest fell.
Does love-lowe burn thy heart as burns it mine, * Doomed night and day Gehenna-fire to smell?"

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[1] The words "malady" and "disease" are mostly avoided during these dialogues as ill-omened words which may bring on a relapse.

[2] Solomon's carpet of green silk which carried him and all his host through the air is a Talmudic legend generally accepted in Al-Islam though not countenanced by the Koran, chapt. xxvii. When the "gnat's wing," is mentioned, the reference is to Nimrod who, for boasting that he was lord of all, was tortured during four hundred years by a gnat sent by Allah up his ear or nostril.

Answered Kamar al-Zaman, "O my father, Inshallah, I will lie abroad but one night!" Then he took leave of him, and he and Marzawan mounted and leading the spare horses, the dromedary with the money and the camel with the water and victual, turned their faces towards the open country;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawning day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and First Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman and Marzawan went forth and turned their faces towards the open country; and they travelled from the first of the day till nightfall, when they halted and ate and drank and fed their beasts and rested awhile; after which they again took horse and ceased not journeying for three days, and on the fourth they came to a spacious tract wherein was a thicket. They alighted in it and Marzawan, taking the camel and one of the horses, slaughtered them and cut off their flesh and stripped their bones. Then he doffed from Kamar al-Zaman his shirt and trousers which he smeared with the horse's blood and he took the Prince's coat which he tore to shreds and befouled with gore; and he cast them down in the fork of the road. Then they ate and drank and mounting set forward again; and when Kamar al-Zaman asked why this was done, and said, "What is this, O my brother, and how shall it profit us?" Marzawan replied, "Know that thy father, when we have outstayed the second night after the night for which we had his leave, and yet we return not, will mount and follow in our track till he come hither; and, when he happeneth upon this blood which I have spilt and he seeth thy shirt and trousers rent and gore-fouled, he will fancy that some accident befel thee from bandits or wild beasts; so he will give up hope of thee and return to his city, and by this device we shall win our wishes." Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, "By Allah, this be indeed a rare device! Thou hast done right well."[1] Then the two rode on days and nights and all that while Kamar al-Zaman did naught but complain when he found himself alone, and he ceased not weeping till they drew near their journey's end, when he rejoiced and repeated these verses:—

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[1] The absolute want of morality and filial affection in the young man are supposed to be caused by the violence of his passion, and he would be pardoned because he "loved much."

Wilt tyrant play with truest friend who thinks of thee each hour, * And after showing love-desire betray indifference?
May I forfeit every favour if in love I falsèd thee, * If thee I left, abandon me by way of recompense:
But I've been guilty of no crime such harshness to deserve, * And if I aught offended thee I bring my penitence;
Of Fortune's wonders one it is thou hast abandoned me; * But Fortune never wearieth of showing wonderments.

When he had made an end of his verses, Marzawan said to him, "Look! these be King Ghayur's Islands;" whereat Kamar al-Zaman joyed with exceeding joy and thanked him for what he had done, and kissed him between the eyes and strained him——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Marzawan said "Look! these be the Islands of King Ghayur;" Kamar al-Zaman joyed with exceeding joy and thanked him for what he had done and kissed him between the eyes and strained him to his bosom. And after reaching the Islands and entering the city they took up their lodging in a khan, where they rested three days from the fatigues of their wayfare; after which Marzawan carried Kamar al-Zaman to the bath and, clothing him in merchant's gear, provided him with a geomantic tablet of gold,[1] with a set of astrological instruments and with an astrolabe of silver, plated with gold. Then he said to him, "Arise, O my lord, and take thy stand under the walls of the King's palace and cry out:—I am the ready

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[1] I have noticed the geomantic process in my "History of Sindh" (chapt. vii.) It is called "Zarb al-Raml" (strike of sand, the French say "frapper le sable") because the rudest form is to make on the ground dots at haphazard, usually in four lines one above the other: these are counted and, if even-numbered, two are taken (**); if odd one (*) and thus the four lines will form a scheme say $\begin{array}{c} *\ * \\ * \\ * \\ *\ * \end{array}$. This is repeated three times, producing the same number of figures; and then the combination is sought in an explanatory table or, if the practitioner be expert, he pronounces off-hand. The Nights speaks of a "Takht Raml" or a board, like a schoolboy's slate, upon which the dots are inked instead of points in sand. The moderns use a "Kura'h," or oblong die, upon whose sides the dots, odd and even, are marked; and these dice are hand-thrown to form the figure. By way of complication geomancy is mixed up with astrology and then it becomes a most complicated kind of ariolation and an endless study. "Napoleon's Book of Fate," a chap-book which appeared some years ago and has now been reprinted, is geomancy in its simplest and most ignorant shape. For the rude African form see my Mission to Dahome, i. 332; and for that of Darfour, pp. 360–69 of Shaykh Mohammed's Voyage before quoted.

Reckoner; I am the Scrivener; I am he who knoweth the Sought and the Seeker; I am the finished man of Science; I am the Astrologer accomplished in experience! Where then is he that seeketh? As soon as the King heareth this, he will send after thee and carry thee in to his daughter the Princess Budur, thy lover; but when about going in to her do thou say to him:—Grant me three days' delay, and if she recover, give her to me to wife; and if not, deal with me as thou dealtest with those who forewent me. He will assuredly agree to this, so as soon as thou art alone with her discover thyself to her; and when she seest thee, she will recover strength and her madness will cease from her and she will be made whole in one night. Then do thou give her to eat and to drink, and her father, rejoicing in her recovery, will marry thee to her and share his kingdom with thee; for he hath imposed on himself this condition and so peace be upon thee." Now when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words he exclaimed, "May I never lack thy benefits!" and, taking the set of instruments aforesaid, sallied forth from the caravanserai in the dress of his order. He walked on till he stood under the walls of King Ghayur's palace, where he began to cry out, saying, "I am the Scribe, I am the ready Reckoner, I am he who knoweth the Sought and the Seeker; I am he who openeth the Volume and summeth up the Sums,[1] who Dreams can expound whereby the Sought is found! Where then is the Seeker?" Now when the city people heard this, they flocked to him, for it was long since they had seen Scribe or Astrologer, and they stood round him and, looking upon him, they saw one in the prime of beauty and grace and perfect elegance, and they marvelled at his loveliness and his fine stature and symmetry. Presently one of them accosted him and said, "Allah upon thee, O thou fair and young, with the eloquent tongue! incur not this peril; nor throw thy life away in thine ambition to marry the Princess Budur. Only cast thine eyes upon yonder heads hung up; all their owners have lost their lives in this same venture." Yet Kamar al-Zaman paid no heed to them, but cried out at the top of his voice, saying, "I am the Doctor, the Scrivener! I am the Astrologer, the Calculator!" And all the townsfolk forbade him from this, but he regarded them not at all, saying in his mind, "None knoweth love save he who suffereth it." Then he began again to cry his loudest, shouting, "I am the Scrivener, I am the Astrologer!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Translators understand this of writing marriage contracts; I take it in a more general sense.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman in no wise heeded the words of the citizens, but continued to cry out, "I am the Calculator, I am the Astrologer!" Thereupon all the townsfolk were wroth with him and said to him, "Thou art nothing but an imbecile, silly, self-willed lad! Have pity on thine own youth and tender years and beauty and loveliness." But he cried all the more, "I am the Astrologer, I am the Calculator! Is there any one that seeketh?" As he was thus crying and the people forbidding him, behold, King Ghayur heard his voice and the clamour of the lieges and said to his Wazir, "Go down and bring me yon Astrologer." So the Wazir went down in haste, and taking Kamar al-Zaman from the midst of the crowd led him up to the King; and when in the presence he kissed the ground and began versifying:—

Eight glories meet, all, all conjoined in thee, * Whereby may Fortune aye thy servant be:
Lere, lordliness, grace, generosity; * Plain words, deep meaning, honour, victory!

When the King looked upon him, he seated him by his side and said to him, "By Allah, O my son, an thou be not an astrologer, venture not thy life nor comply with my condition; for I have bound myself that whoever goeth in to my daughter and healeth her not of that which hath befallen her I will strike off his head; but whoever healeth her, him I will marry to her. So let not thy beauty and loveliness delude thee: for, by Allah! and again, by Allah! if thou cure her not, I will assuredly cut off thy head." And Kamar al-Zaman replied, "This is thy right; and I consent, for I knew of this ere came I hither." Then King Ghayur took the Kazis to witness against him and delivered him to the Eunuch, saying, "Carry this one to the Lady Budur." So the Eunuch took him by the hand and led him along the passage; but Kamar al-Zaman outstripped him and pushed on before, whilst the Eunuch ran after him, saying, "Woe to thee! Hasten not to thine own ruin: never yet saw I astrologer so eager for his proper destruction; but thou knowest not what calamities are before thee." Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman turned away his face from the Eunuch——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Eunuch thus addressed Kamar al-Zaman, "Patience, and no indecent hurry!" the Prince turned away his face and began repeating these couplets:—

A Sage, I feel a fool before thy charms; * Distraught, I wot not what the words I say:
If say I "Sun," away thou dost not pass * From eyes of me, while suns go down with day:
Thou hast completed Beauty, in whose praise * Speech-makers fail, and talkers lose their way.

Then the Eunuch stationed Kamar al-Zaman behind the curtain of the Princess's door and the Prince said to him, "Which of the two ways will please thee more; treat and cure thy lady from here or go in and heal her within the curtain?" The Eunuch marvelled at his words and answered, "An thou heal her from here it were better proof of thy skill." Upon this Kamar al-Zaman sat down behind the curtain and, taking out ink-case, pen and paper, wrote the following: "This is the writ of one whom passion swayeth * and whom longing waylayeth * and wakeful misery slayeth * one who despaireth of living * and looketh for naught but dying * with whose mourning heart * nor comforter nor helper taketh part * One whose sleepless eyes * none succoureth from anxieties * whose body is wasted for much emaciation * and no messenger from his beloved bringeth him consolation." And after this he indited the following couplets:—

I write with heart devoted to thy thought, * And eyelids chafed by tears of blood they bled;
And body clad, by loving pine and pain, * In shirt of leanness, and worn down to thread,
To thee complain I of Love's tormentry, * Which ousted hapless patience from her stead.

And beneath his lines he wrote these cadenced sentences, "The heart's pain is removed * by union with the beloved * and whomso his lover paineth * only Allah assaineth! * If we or you have wrought deceit * may the deceiver win defeat! * There is naught goodlier than a lover who keeps faith * with the beloved who works him scathe." Then, by way of subscription, he wrote, "From the distracted and despairing man * whom love and longing trepan * from the lover under passion's ban * the prisoner of transport and distraction * from this Kamar al-Zaman * son of Shahriman * to the peerless one * of the fair Houris the pearl-union * to the Lady Budur * daughter of King Al-Ghayur * Know thou that by night I am sleepless * and by day in distress * consumed with increasing wasting and pain * and longing and love unfain * abounding in sighs * with tear-flooded eyes * by passion captive ta'en * of passion the slain * with heart seared by the parting of us twain * the debtor of longing-bane, of sickness cup-companion * I am the sleepless one, who never closeth eye * the slave of love, whose tears run never dry * for the fire of my heart is still burning * and never hidden is the flame of my yearning." Then on the margin Kamar al-Zaman wrote this admired verse :—

Salam from graces hoarded by my Lord * To her, who holds my heart and soul
in hoard !

And also these :—

Pray'ee grant me some words from your lips, belike * Such mercy may comfort
and cool these eyne :
From the stress of my love and my pine for you, * I make light of what makes
me despised, indign :
Allah guard a folk whose abode was far, * And whose secret I kept in the holiest
shrine :
Now Fortune in kindness hath favoured me * Thrown on threshold dust of this
love o' mine :
In my tower I looked on Budúr, whose sun * The moon of my fortunes hath
made to shine.

Then, having affixed his seal-ring to the missive, he wrote these couplets in the place of address :—

Ask of my writ what wrote my pen in dole, * And hear my tale of misery from
this scroll ;
My hand is writing while my tears down flow, * And to the paper 'plains my
longing soul :
My tears cease not to roll upon this sheet, * And if they stopped I'd cause blood-
gouts to roll.

And at the end he added this other verse :—

I've sent the ring from off thy finger bore * I when we met, now deign my ring
restore !

Then Kamar al-Zaman set the Lady Budur's ring inside the letter and sealed it and gave it to the Eunuch, who took it and went in with it to his mistress.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman, after setting the seal-ring inside the epistle, gave it to the Eunuch who took it and went in with it to his mistress; and, when the Lady Budur opened it, she found therein her own very ring. Then she read the paper and when she understood its purport and knew that it was from her beloved, and that he in person stood behind the curtain, her reason began to fly and her heart beat high; and she repeated these couplets:—

Long, long have I bewailed the sev'rance of our loves, * With tears that from my lids streamed down like burning rain!
And vowed that, if the days deign reunite us two, * My lips should never speak of severance again:
Joy hath o'erwhelmed me so that, for the very stress * Of that which gladdens me to weeping I am fain.
Tears are become to you a habit, O my eyes, * So that ye weep as well for gladness as for pain.[1]

And having finished her verse the Lady Budur stood up forthwith and, firmly setting her feet to the wall, strained with all her might upon the collar of iron, till she brake it from her neck and snapped the chains. Then going forth from behind the curtain she threw herself on Kamar al-Zaman and kissed him, and said to him, "O my lord, do I wake or sleep and hath the Almighty indeed vouchsafed us reunion after disunion? Laud be to Allah who hath our loves repaired, even after we despaired!" Now when the Eunuch saw her in this case, he went off running to King Ghayur and, kissing the ground before him, said, "O my lord, know that this Astrologer is indeed the Shaykh of all Astrologers, who are fools to him, all of them; for verily he hath cured thy daughter while standing behind the curtain and without going in to her." Quoth the King, "Look well to it, be this news true?" Answered the Eunuch, "O my lord, rise and come and see for thyself how she hath found strength to break the iron chains and is come forth to the Astrologer, kissing and embracing him." Thereupon the King arose and went in to his daughter who, when she saw him, stood up in haste and covered her head,[2] and recited these two couplets:—

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[1] These lines are repeated from Night lxxv.: with Mr. Payne's permission I give his rendering (iii. 153) by way of variety.

[2] Not her "face:" the head, and especially the back of the head, must always be kept covered, even before the father.

The toothstick love I not; for when I say, * "Siwák,"[1] I miss thee, for it sounds "Siwá-ka":
The caper-tree I love; for when I say, * "Arák"[2] it sounds I look on thee, "Ará-ka."

Thereupon the King was so transported for joy at her recovery that he felt like to fly and kissed her between the eyes, for he loved her with dearest love; then, turning to Kamar al-Zaman, he asked him who he was, and said, "What countryman art thou?" So the Prince told him his name and rank, and informed him that he was the son of King Shahriman, and presently related to him the whole story from beginning to end; and acquainted him with what happened between himself and the Lady Budur; and how he had taken her seal-ring from her finger and had placed it on his own; whereat Ghayur marvelled and said, "Verily your story deserveth in books to be chronicled, and when you are dead and gone age after age be read." Then he summoned Kazis and witnesses forthright and married the Lady Budur to Prince Kamar al-Zaman; after which he bade decorate the city seven days long. So they spread the tables with all manner of meats, whilst the drums beat and the criers announced the glad tidings, and the troops each and every donned their richest clothes; and they illuminated the city and held high festival. Then Kamar al-Zaman went to the Lady Budur and the King rejoiced in her recovery and in her marriage; and praised Allah for that He had made her to fall in love with a goodly youth of the sons of Kings. So they unveiled her and displayed the bride before the bridegroom; and both were the living likeness each of other in beauty and comeliness and grace and love-allurement. On the morrow, the King made a wedding-feast to which he gathered all comers from the Islands of the Inner and Outer Seas, and he spread the tables with the choicest viands nor ceased the banqueting for a whole month. Now when Kamar al-Zaman had tarried awhile with the Princess Budur, he bethought him of his father, King Shahriman, and saw him in a dream, saying, "O my son, is it thus thou dealest with me?" and reciting in the vision these two couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Siwák" = a tooth-stick; "Siwá-ka" = lit. other than thou.

[2] Arab. "Arák" = tooth-stick of the wild caper-tree; "Ará-ka" = lit. I see thee. The *capparis spinosa* is a common desert-growth and the sticks about a span long (usually called Miswák), are sold in quantities at Meccah after being dipped in Zemzem water. In India many other woods are used, date-tree, Salvadora, Achyrantes, Phyllanthus, etc. Amongst Arabs peculiar efficacy accompanies the toothstick of olive, "the tree springing from Mount Sinai" (Koran xxiii. 20); and Mohammed would use no other, because its prevents decay and scents the mouth. Hence Koran, chapt. xcv. 1. The "Miswák" is held with the unused end between the ring-finger and minimus, the two others grasp the middle and the thumb is pressed against the back close to the lips. These articles have long been sold at the Medical Hall near the "Egyptian Hall," Piccadilly. They are better than our tooth-brushes because each tooth gets its own especial rubbing, not a general sweep; at the same time the operation is longer and more troublesome. In parts of Africa as well as Asia many men walk about with the tooth-stick hanging by a string from the neck.

Indeed to watch the darkness-moon he blighted me, * And to star-gaze through longsome night he plighted me:
Easy, my heart! for haply he'll unite with thee; * And patience, Sprite! with whatso ills he dight to thee.

Now after seeing his father in the dream and hearing his reproaches, Kamar al-Zaman awoke in the morning, afflicted and troubled, whereupon the Lady Budur questioned him and he told her wha he had seen——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman acquainted the Lady Budur with what he had seen in his dream, she and he went in to her sire and, telling him what had passed, besought his leave to travel. He gave the Prince the permission he sought; but the Princess said, "O my father, I cannot bear to be parted from him." Quoth Ghayur, her sire, "Then go thou with him," and gave her leave to be absent a whole twelvemonth and afterwards to visit him in every year once; so she kissed his hand and Kamar al-Zaman did the like. Thereupon King Ghayur proceeded to equip his daughter and her bridegroom for the journey, and furnished them with outfit and appointments for the march; and brought out of his stables horses marked with his own brand, and blood-dromedaries[1] which can journey ten days without water, and he prepared a litter for his daughter, besides loading mules and camels with victual; moreover, he gave them slaves and eunuchs to serve them and all manner of travelling gear; and on the day of departure, when King Ghayur took leave of Kamar al-Zaman, he bestowed on him ten splendid suits of cloth of gold embroidered with stones of price, together with ten riding horses and ten she-camels, and a treasury of money;[2] and he charged him to love and cherish his daughter the Lady Budur. Then the King accompanied them to the farthest limits of his Islands where, going in to his daughter Budur in the litter, he kissed her and strained her to his bosom, weeping and repeating:—

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[1] The "Mehari," of which the Algerine-French speak, are the dromedaries bred by the Mahrah tribe of Al-Yaman, the descendants of Mahrat ibn Haydán.

[2] Arab. "Khaznah" = a thousand purses; now about £5000. It denotes a large sum of money, like the "Badrah," a purse containing 10,000 dirhams of silver (Al-Hariri), or 80,000 (Burckhardt Prov. 380); whereas the "Nisáb" is a moderate sum of money, gen. 20 gold dinars = 200 silver dirhams.

O thou who wooest Severance, easy fare! * For love-embrace belongs to lover-friend:
Fare softly! Fortune's nature falsehood is, * And parting shall Love's every meeting end.

Then leaving his daughter, he went to her husband and bade him farewell and kissed him; after which he parted from them and, giving the order for the march he returned to his capital with his troops. The Prince and Princess and their suite journeyed on without stopping through the first day and the second and the third and the fourth; nor did they cease travelling for a whole month till they came to a spacious champaign, abounding in pasturage, where they pitched their tents; and they ate and drank and rested, and the Princess Budur lay down to sleep. Presently Kamar al-Zaman went in to her and found her lying asleep and he saw a jewel, red as dye-wood, made fast about her neck. He untied it and examined it and, seeing two lines of writing graven thereon, in a character not to be read, marvelled and said in his mind, "Were not this bezel something to her very dear she had not bound it about her neck that she might not be parted from it. Would I knew what she doth with this and what is the secret that is in it." So saying, he took it and went outside the tent to look at it in the light,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day, and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when he took the bezel to look at it in the light, the while he was holding it behold, a bird swooped down on him and, snatching the same from his hand, flew off with it and then lighted on the ground. Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman fearing to lose the jewel, ran after the bird; but it flew on before him, keeping just out of his reach, and ceased not to draw him on from dale to dale and from hill to hill, till the night starkened and the firmament darkened, when it roosted on a high tree. So Kamar al-Zaman stopped under the tree confounded in thought and faint for famine and fatigue, and giving himself up for lost, would have turned back, but knew not the way whereby he came, for that darkness had overtaken him. Then he exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" and laying him down under the tree (whereon was the bird) slept till the morning, when he awoke and saw the bird also wake up and fly away. He arose and walked after it, and it flew on little by little before him, after the measure of his pace; at which he smiled and said, "By Allah, a strange thing! Yesterday, this bird flew before me as fast as I could run, and to-day, knowing that I have awoke tired and cannot run, he flieth after the measure of my walking. By Allah, this is wonderful! But I must needs follow this bird whether he lead me to death or to life; and I will go wherever he goeth, for at all events he will not abide save in some inhabited land.[1] So he continued to follow the bird which roosted every night upon a tree; and he ceased not pursuing him for a space of ten days, feeding on the fruits of the earth and drinking of its waters. At the end of this time, he came in sight of an inhabited city, whereupon the bird darted off like the glance of the eye and, entering the town, disappeared from Kamar al-Zaman, who knew not what he meant or whither he was gone; so he marvelled at this and exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah who hath brought me in safety to this city!" Then he sat down by a stream and washed his hands and feet and face and rested awhile; and, recalling his late easy and pleasant life of union with his beloved and contrasting it with his present plight of trouble and fatigue and distress and strangerhood and famine and severance, the tears streamed from his eyes and he began repeating these cinquains:—

Fain had I hid thy handwork, but it showed, * Changed sleep for wake, and wake with me abode:
When thou didst spurn my heart I cried aloud * Fate, hold thy hand and cease to gird and goad:
In dole and danger aye my sprite I spy!

An but the Lord of Love were just to me, * Sleep fro' my eyelids ne'er were forced to flee.
Pity, my lady, one for love o' thee * From his tribe's darling brought to low degree:
Love came and doomed Wealth beggar-death to die.

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[1] Ubi aves ibi angeli. All African travellers know that a few birds flying about the bush, and a few palm-trees waving in the wind, denote the neighbourhood of a village or a camp (where angels are scarce). The reason is not any friendship for man but because food, animal and vegetable, is more plentiful. Hence Albatrosses, Mother Carey's chickens, and Cape pigeons follow ships.

The railers chide at thee; I ne'er gainsay, * But stop my ears and dumbly sign them Nay:
"Thou lov'st a slender may," say they; I say, * "I've picked her out and cast the rest away:"
Enough; when Fate descends she blinds man's eye![1]

And as soon as he had finished his poetry and had taken his rest, he rose and walked on little by little, till he entered the city—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that as soon as Kamar al-Zaman had finished his poetry and had taken his rest, he arose and entered the city-gate, not knowing whither he should wend. He crossed the city from end to end, entering by the land-gate, and ceased not faring on till he came out at the sea-gate,[2] for the city stood on the sea-shore. Yet he met not a single one of its citizens. And after issuing from the land-gate he fared forwards and ceased not faring till he found himself among the orchards and gardens of the place; and, passing among the trees presently came to a garden and stopped before its door; whereupon the keeper came out to him and saluted him. The Prince returned his greeting and the gardener bade him welcome, saying, "Praised be Allah that thou hast come off safe from the dwellers of this city! Quick, come into the garth, ere any of the townfolk see thee." Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman entered that garden, wondering in mind, and asked the keeper, "What may be the history of the people of this city and who may they be?" The other answered, "Know that the people of this city are all Magians: but Allah upon thee, tell me how thou camest to this city and what caused thy coming to our capital." Accordingly Kamar al-Zaman told the gardener all that had befallen him from beginning to end, whereat he marvelled with great marvel and said, "Know, O my son, that the cities of Al-Islam lie far from us; and between us and them is a four months' voyage by sea and a whole twelve months' journey by land. We have a ship which saileth every year with merchandise to the nearest Moslem country and which entereth the seas of the Ebony Islands and thence maketh the Khalidan Islands, the dominions of King Shahriman." Thereupon Kamar al-Zaman considered awhile and concluded that he could not do better than abide in the garden with the gardener and become his assistant, receiving for pay one-fourth of the produce. So he said to him, "Wilt thou take me into thy service, to help thee in this garden?" Answered the gardener, "To hear is to consent;" and began teaching him to lead the water to the roots of the trees. So Kamar al-Zaman abode with him, watering the trees and hoeing up the weeds and wearing a short blue frock which reached to his knees. And he wept floods of tears; for he had no rest day or night, by reason of his strangerhood and he ceased not to repeat verses upon his beloved, amongst others the following couplets:—

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[1] The stanza is called Al-Mukhammas = cinquains; the quatrains change, but the "bob," or "burden," always preserves the same consonance. It ends with a Koranic *lieu commun* of Moslem morality.

[2] Moslem port towns usually have (or had) only two gates. Such was the case with Bayrut, Tyre, Sidon and a host of others; the faubourg-growth of modern days has made these obsolete. The portals much resemble the entrances of old Norman castles—Arques for instance. Pilgrimage i. 185.

Ye promised us and will ye not keep plight? * Ye said a say and shall not deed be dight?
We wake for passion while ye slumber and sleep; * Watchers and wakers claim not equal right:
We vowed to keep our loves in secrecy, * But spake the meddler and you spoke forthright:
O friend in pain and pleasure, joy and grief, * In all case you, you only, claim my sprite!
'Mid folk is one who holds my prisoned heart; * Would she but show some ruth for me to sight.
Not every eye like mine is wounded sore, * Not every heart like mine love-pinings blight:
Ye wronged me saying, Love is wrongous aye! * Yea! ye were right, events have proved that quite.
Forget they one love-thralled, whose faith the world * Robs not, though burn the fires in heart a light:
If an my foeman shall become my judge, * Whom shall I sue to remedy his despight?
Had not I need of love nor love had sought, * My heart forsure were not thus love-distraught.

Such was the case with Kamar al-Zaman; but as regards his wife, the Lady Budur, when she awoke she sought her husband and found him not: then she saw the string about her neck undone, and the bezel lost, whereupon she said to herself, "By Allah, this is strange! Where is my husband? It would seem as if he had taken the talisman and gone away, knowing not the secret which is in it. Would to Heaven I knew whither can he have wended! But it must needs have been some extraordinary matter that drew him away, for he cannot brook to leave me a moment. Allah curse the stone and doom its hour!" Then she considered awhile and said in her mind, "If I go out and tell the varlets and let them learn that my husband is lost, they may refuse to obey me: there is no help for it but that I use stratagem." So she rose and donned some of her husband's clothes and riding boots, and a turband like his, drawing one corner of it across her face for a mouth-veil.[1] Then, setting a slave-girl in her litter, she went forth from the tent and called to the pages who brought her Kamar al-Zaman's steed; and she mounted and bade them load the beasts and resume the march. So they bound on the burdens and departed; and she concealed her trick, none doubting but she was Kamar al-Zaman, for she favoured him in face and form; nor did she cease journeying, she and her suite, days and nights, till they came in sight of a city overlooking the Salt Sea, where they pitched their tents without the walls and halted to rest. The Princess asked the name of the town and was told, "It is called the City of Ebony; its King is named Armanús, and he hath a daughter called Hayát al-Nufús,"[2]——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Lady Budur halted within sight of the Ebony City to take her rest, King Armanus sent a messenger, to learn what King it was who had encamped without his capital; so the messenger, coming to the tents, made enquiry anent their King, and was told that she was a King's son who had lost the way being bound for the Khalidan Islands; whereupon he returned to King Armanus with the tidings; and, when the King heard them, he straightway rode out with the lords of his land to greet the stranger on arrival. As he drew near the tents the Lady Budur came to meet him on foot, whereupon the King alighted and they saluted each other. Then he took her to the city and, bringing her up to the palace, bade them spread the tables and trays of food and commanded them to transport her company and baggage to the guest-house. So they abode there three days; at the end of which time the King came in to the Lady Budur. Now she had that day gone to the Hammam and her face shone as the moon at its full, a seduction to the world; and Armanus found her clad in a suit of silk, embroidered with gold and jewels; so he said to her, "O my son, know that I am a very old man, decrepit withal, and Allah hath blessed me with no child save one daughter, who resembleth thee in beauty and grace; and I am now waxed unfit for the conduct of the state. She is thine, O my son; and if this my land please thee and thou be willing to abide and make thy home here, I will marry thee to her and give thee my kingdom and so be at rest." When Princess Budur heard this, she bowed her head and her forehead burned for shame, and she said to herself, "How shall I do, and I a woman? If I refuse and depart from him, I cannot be safe but that haply he send after me troops to slay me; and if I consent, belike I shall be put to shame. I have lost my beloved Kamar al-Zaman and know not what is become of him; nor can I escape from this scrape save by holding my peace and consenting and abiding here, till Allah bring about what is to be." So she raised her head and made submission to King Armanus, saying, "Hearkening and obedience!" whereat he rejoiced and bade the herald make proclamation throughout the Ebony Islands to hold high festival and decorate the houses. Then he assembled his Chamberlains and Nabobs, and Emirs and Wazirs and his Officers of State and the Kazis of the city; and, formally abdicating his Sultanate, endowed Budur therewith and invested her in all the vestments of royalty. The Emirs and Grandees went in to her and did her homage, nothing doubting but that she was a young man. Then, after the Lady Budur had been made Sultan and the drums had been beaten in announcement of the glad event, and she had been ceremoniously enthroned, King Armanus proceeded to equip his daughter Hayat al-Nufus for marriage, and in a few days, they brought the Lady Budur in to her, when they seemed as it were two moons risen at one time or two suns in conjunction. So they entered the bridal-chamber and the doors were shut and the curtains let down upon them, after the attendants had lighted the wax-candles and spread for them the carpet-bed. When Budur found herself alone with the Princess Hayat al-Nufus, she called to mind her beloved Kamar al-Zaman and grief was sore upon her: so she wept for his absence, and estrangement and she began repeating :—

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[1] Arab. "Lisám"; before explained.
[2] *i.e.* Life of Souls (persons, etc.).

O ye who fled and left my heart in pain low li'en * No breath of life is found within this frame of mine :
I have an eye which e'er complains of wake, but lo! * Tears occupy it; would that wake content these eyne!
After ye marchèd forth the lover 'bode behind; * Question of him what pains your absence could design!
But for the floods of tears mine eyelids rail and rain, * My fires would flame on high and every land calcine.

To Allah make I moan of loved ones lost for aye, * Who for my pine and pain no more shall pain and pine :
I never wronged them save that over-love I nurst : * But Love departs us lovers into blest and curst.

And when she had finished her repeating, the Lady Budur sat down beside the Princess Hayat al-Nufus and kissed her ; after which rising abruptly, she made the minor ablution and betook herself to her devotions ; nor did she leave praying till Hayat al-Nufus fell asleep, when she slipt into bed and slept till morning. And when day had broke the King and Queen came in to their daughter and asked her how she did, whereupon she told them what she had seen, and repeated to them the verses she had heard. Thus far concerning Hayat al-Nufus and her father ; but as regards Queen Budur she went forth and seated herself upon the royal throne and all the Emirs and Captains and Officers of state came up to her and wished her joy of the Kingship, kissing the earth before her and calling down blessings upon her. And she accosted them with smiling face and clad them in robes of honour, augmenting the fiefs of the high officials and giving largesse to the levies ; wherefore all the people loved her and offered up prayers for the long endurance of her reign, doubting not but that she was a man. And she ceased not sitting all day in the hall of audience, bidding and forbidding ; dispensing justice, releasing prisoners and remitting the customs-dues, till nightfall, when she withdrew to the apartment prepared for her. Here she found Hayat al-Nufus seated ; so she sat down by her side and, clapping her on the back, coaxed and caressed her and kissed her between the eyes, and fell to versifying in these couplets :—

What secret kept I these my tears have told, * And my waste body must my love unfold :
Though hid my pine, my plight on parting-day * To every envious eye my secret sold :
O ye who broke up camp, you've left behind * My spirit wearied and my heart a-cold :
In my heart's core ye dwell, and now these eyne * Roll blood-drops with the tears they whilome rolled :
The absent will I ransom with my soul ; * All can my yearning for their sight behold :
I have an eye whose babe,[1] for love of thee, * Rejected sleep nor hath its tears controlled.

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[1] Arab. "Insánu-há" = her (*i.e.* their man : *i.e.* the babes of the eyes : the Assyrian Ishon, dim. of Ish = Man ; which the Hebrews call "Bábat" or "Bit" (the daughter) ; the Arabs "Bubu (or Hadakat) al-Ayn"; the Persians "Mardumak-i-chashm" (mannikin of the eye) ; the Greeks κόρη, and the Latins pupa, pupula, pupilla. I have noted this in the Lyricks of Camoens (p. 449).

The foeman bids me patient bear his loss, * Ne'er may mine ears accept the ruth he doled !
I trickt their deme of me, and won my wish * Of Kamar al-Zaman's joys manifold:
He joins all perfect gifts like none before; * Boasted such might and main no King of old:
Seeing his gifts, Bin Zá'ïdah's[1] largesse * Forget we, and Mu'áwiyah mildest-soul'd:[2]
Were verse not feeble and o'er short the time * I had in laud of him used all of rhyme.

Then Queen Budur stood up and wiped away her tears and, making the lesser ablution, applied her to pray: nor did she give over praying till drowsiness overcame the Lady Hayat al-Nufus and she slept, whereupon the Lady Budur came and lay by her till the morning. At daybreak, she arose and prayed the dawn-prayer; and presently seated herself on the royal throne and passed the day in ordering and counterordering and giving laws and administering justice. This is how it fared with her; but as regards King Armanus he went in to his daughter and asked her how she did; so she told him all that had befallen her and repeated to him the verses which Queen Budur had recited, adding, "O my father, never saw I one more abounding in sound sense and modesty than my husband, save that he doth nothing but weep and sigh." He answered, "O my daughter, if he cease not weeping and sighing we shall know how to proceed with him and oust him from the throne and banish him the country." And on this wise he agreed with his daughter what course he would take——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Tenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Armanus had agreed with his daughter on this wise and had determined what course he would take and night came on, Queen Budur arose from the throne of her kingdom and betaking herself to the palace, entered the apartment prepared for her. There she found the wax-candles lighted and the Princess Hayat al-Nufus seated and awaiting her; whereupon she bethought her of her husband and what had betided them both of sorrow and severance in so short a space; she wept and sighed and groaned groan upon groan, and began improvising these couplets:——

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[1] Ma'an bin Zá'idah, a soldier and statesman of the eighth century.

[2] The mildness of the Caliph Mu'áwiyah, the founder of the Ommiades, is proverbial among the Arabs.

News of my love fill all the land, I swear, * As suns on Ghazá[1]-wold rain heat and glare:
Speaketh his geste but hard its sense to say; * Thus never cease to grow my cark and care:
I hate fair Patience since I lovèd thee; * E'er sawest lover hate for love to bear?
A glance that dealt love-sickness dealt me death, * Glances are deadliest things with torments rare:
He shook his love-locks down and bared his chin, * Whereby I spied his beauties dark and fair:
My care, my cure are in his hands; and he * Who caused their dolour can their dole repair:
His brow curl-diademed is murky night; * Unveil 't and lo! bright Morn shows brightest light.

When she had finished her versifying, she would have risen to pray, but, lo and behold! Hayat al-Nufus caught her by the skirt and clung to her saying, "O my lord, why dost thou always weep and sigh?" When Queen Budur heard her words, she sat down in the same place and said, "O my beloved, what is this thou sayest?" She replied, "What I say is that I never saw any so sorrowful as thou. I say not this to vex thee; I say it only of my fear for thee from King Armanus; because he purposeth, unless thou cease from this strange sorrow, to strip thee of the kingship and banish thee his kingdom; and peradventure his excessive anger may lead him to slay thee. But I, O my lord, have ruth on thee and give thee fair warning; and it is thy right to reck." Now when King Budur heard her speak these words, she bowed her head groundwards awhile in sore perplexity and said in herself, "I am now Queen of all the Ebony Islands and they are under my rule, nor shall I ever again meet my Kamar al-Zaman save in this place; for there is no way for him to his native land but through the Ebony Islands. Verily, I know not what to do in my present case, but I commit my care to Allah who directeth all for the best." Then quoth Queen Budur to Hayat al-Nufus, "O my beloved, hear why I have sighed and sorrowed." And she told her her whole story from beginning to end and showed herself to her, saying, "I conjure thee by Allah to keep my counsel, for I have concealed my case only that Allah may reunite me with my beloved Kamar al-Zaman and then come what may."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] I have noticed this notable desert-growth.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Eleventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Lady Budur acquainted Hayat al-Nufus with her history and bade her keep it secret, the Princess heard her with extreme wonderment and was moved to pity and prayed Allah to reunite her with her beloved, saying, "Fear nothing, O my sister; but have patience till Allah bring to pass that which must come to pass:" and she began repeating:—

None but the men of worth a secret keep;
With worthy men a secret's hidden deep;
As in a room, so secrets lie with me,
Whose door is sealed, lock shot and lost the key.[1]

And when Hayat al-Nufus had ended her verses, she said, "O my sister, verily the breasts of the noble and brave are of secrets the grave; and I will not discover thine." Then they kissed and slept till near the Muezzin's call to dawn-prayer, when Hayat al-Nufus arose and told her father how her husband's sorrow had fallen from him. Now when King Armanus heard this he rejoiced and his breast swelled with gladness and he made a great marriage-feast whereof the merry-making lasted a long time. Such was their case; but as regards King Shahriman it was on this wise. After his son rode forth to the chase accompanied by Marzawan, as before related, he tarried patiently awaiting their return at nightfall; but when his son did not appear, he passed a sleepless night and the dark hours were longsome upon him; his restlessness was excessive, his excitement grew upon him and he thought the morning would never dawn. And when day broke he sat expecting the youth and waited till noon, but he came not; whereat his heart forebode separation and was fired with fears for Kamar al-Zaman; and he cried, "Alas! my son!" and he wept till his clothes were drenched with tears, and repeated with a beating heart:—

Love's votaries I ceased not to oppose, * Till doomed to taste Love's bitter and Love's sweet:
I drained his rigour-cup to very dregs, * Self-humbled at its slaves' and freemen's feet:
Fortune had sworn to part the loves of us; * She kept her word how truly, well I weet!

And when he ended his verse, he wiped away his tears and bade his troops make ready for a march and prepare for a long expedition. So they all mounted and set forth, headed by the Sultan, whose heart burnt with grief and was fired with anxiety for his son Kamar al-Zaman; and they advanced by forced marches. Now the King divided his host into six divisions, a right wing and a left wing, a vanguard and a rear-guard;[1] and bade them rendezvous for the morrow at the cross roads. Accordingly they separated and scoured the country all the rest of that day till night, and they marched through the night and at noon of the ensuing day they joined company at the place where four roads met. But they knew not which the Prince followed, till they saw the sign of torn clothes and sighted shreds of flesh and beheld blood still sprinkled by the way and they noted every piece of the clothes and fragment of mangled flesh scattered on all sides. Now when King Shahriman saw this, he cried from his heart-core a loud cry, saying, "Alas, my son!" and buffeted his face and pluckt his beard and rent his raiment, doubting not but his son was dead. Then he gave himself up to excessive weeping and wailing, and the troops also wept for his weeping, all being assured that Prince Kamar al-Zaman had perished. They threw dust on their heads, and the night surprised them shedding tears and lamenting till they were like to die. Then the King with a heart on fire and with burning sighs spake these couplets:—

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[1] This quatrain occurs in Night ix.: I have borrowed from Torrens (p. 79) by way of variety.

Chide not the mourner for bemourning woe; * Enough is yearning every Ill to show:
He weeps for stress of sorrow and of pain, * And these to thee best evidence his lowe:
Happy![2] of whom Love-sickness swore that ne'er * Should cease his eyelids loving tears to flow:
He mourns the loss of fairest, fullest Moon * Shining o'er all his peers in glorious glow!
But Death made drink a brimming cup, what day * He fared from natal country fain to go:
His home left he and went from us to grief * Nor to his brethren could he say adieu:
Yea, his loss wounded me with parting pangs, * And separation cost me many a throe:
He fared farewelling, as he fared, our eyes; * Whenas his Lord vouchsafed him Paradise.

And as soon as King Shahriman had ended his verses, he returned with the troops to his capital,——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Not including the two central divisions commanded by the King and his Wazir.

[2] *Ironicè*, or perhaps boasting of his love-sorrows.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twelfth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Shahriman had ended his verses, he returned with the troops to his capital, giving up his son for lost, and deeming that wild beasts or banditti had set upon him and torn him to pieces; and made proclamation that all in the Khalidan Islands should don black in mourning for him. Moreover, he built, in his memory, a pavilion, naming it House of Lamentations; and on Mondays and Thursdays he devoted himself to the business of the state and ordering the affairs of his levies and lieges; and the rest of the week he was wont to spend in the House of Lamentations, mourning for his son and bewailing him with elegiac verses,[1] of which the following are some:—

My day of bliss is that when thou appearest; * My day of bale[2] is that whereon thou farest:
Albe through night I quake in dread of death; * Union wi' thee is of all bliss the dearest.

And again he said:—

My soul be sacrifice for one, whose going * Afflicted hearts with sufferings sore and dread:
Let Joy her widowed term[3] fulfil, for I * Divorcèd Joy with the divorce thrice-said.[4]

Such was the case with King Shahriman; but as regards Queen Budur daughter of King Ghayur, she abode as ruler in the Ebony Islands, whilst the folk would point to her with their fingers and say, "Yonder is the son-in-law of King Armanus." And every night she lamented to Hayat al-Nufus her desolate state and longing for her husband Kamar al-Zaman, weeping and describing to her his beauty and loveliness, and yearning to see him though but in a dream. And at times she would repeat:—

Well Allah wots that since my severance from thee * I wept till forced to borrow tears at usury:
"Patience!" my blamer cried, "Heartease right soon shalt see!" * Quoth I, "Say, blamer, where may home of Patience be?"

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[1] Arab. "Rasy" = praising in a funeral sermon.

[2] Arab. "Manáyá," plur. of Maniyat = death. Mr. R. S. Poole (the Academy, April 26, 1879,) reproaches Mr. Payne for confounding "Muniyat" (desire) with "Maniyat" (death); but both are written the same except when vowel-points are used.

[3] Arab. "Iddat," alluding to the months of celibacy which, according to Moslem law, must be passed by a divorced woman before she can re-marry.

[4] Arab. "Talák bi'l-Salásah" = a triple divorce which cannot be revoked; nor can the divorcer re-marry the same woman till after marriage with and divorce from another husband. This subject will continually recur.

This is how it fared with Queen Budur; but as regards Kamar al-Zaman, he abode with the gardener in the garden for no short time, weeping night and day and repeating verses bewailing the past time of enjoyment and delight; whilst the gardener kept comforting him and assuring him that the ship would set sail for the land of the Moslems at the end of the year. And in this condition he continued till one day he saw the folk crowding together and wondered at this; but the gardener came in to him and said, "O my son, give over work for this day nor lead water to the trees; for it is a festival day, whereon folk visit one another. So take thy rest and only keep thine eye on the garden, whilst I go look after the ship for thee; for yet but a little while and I send thee to the land of the Moslems." Upon this, he went forth from the garden leaving to himself Kamar al-Zaman, who fell to musing upon his case till his heart was like to break and the tears streamed from his eyes. So he wept with excessive weeping till he swooned away and, when he recovered, he rose and walked about the garden, pondering what Time had done with him and bewailing the long endurance of his estrangement and separation from those he loved. As he was thus absorbed in melancholy thought, his foot stumbled and he fell on his face, his forehead striking against the projecting root of a tree; and the blow cut it open and his blood ran down and mingled with his tears. Then he rose and, wiping away the blood, dried his tears and bound his brow with a piece of rag; then continued his walk about the garden engrossed by sad reverie. Presently, he looked up at a tree and saw two birds quarrelling thereon, and one of them rose up and smote the other with its beak on the neck and severed from its body its head, wherewith it flew away, whilst the slain bird fell to the ground before Kamar al-Zaman. As it lay, behold, two great birds swooped down upon it alighting, one at the head and the other at the tail, and both drooped their wings and bowed their bills over it and, extending their necks towards it, wept. Kamar al-Zaman also wept when seeing the birds thus bewail their mate, and called to mind his wife and father.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman wept and lamented his separation from spouse and sire, when he beheld those two birds weeping over their mate. Then he looked at the twain and saw them dig a grave and therein bury the slain bird; after which they flew away far into the firmament and disappeared for a while; but presently they returned with the murtherer-bird and, alighting on the grave of the murthered stamped on the slayer till they had done him to death. Then they rent his body and tearing out his entrails, poured the blood on the grave of the slain:[1] moreover, they stripped off his skin and tare his flesh in pieces and, pulling out the rest of the bowels, scattered them hither and thither. All this while Kamar al-Zaman was watching them wonderingly; but presently, chancing to look at the place where the two birds had slain the third, he saw therein something gleaming. So he drew near to it and noted that it was the crop of the dead bird. Whereupon he took it and opened it and found the talisman which had been the cause of his separation from his wife. But when he saw it and knew it, he fell to the ground a-fainting for joy; and, when he revived, he said, "Praised be Allah! This is a foretaste of good and a presage of reunion with my beloved." Then he examined the jewel and passed it over his eyes;[2] after which he bound it to his forearm, rejoicing in coming weal, and walked about till nightfall awaiting the gardener's return; and when he came not, he lay down and slept in his wonted place. At daybreak he rose to his work and, girding his middle with a cord of palm-fibre, took hatchet and basket and walked down the length of the garden, till he came to a carob-tree and struck the axe into its roots. The blow rang and resounded; so he cleared away the soil from the place and discovered a trap-door and raised it. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fourteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Kamar al-Zaman raised the trap-door, he found a winding stair, which he descended and came to an ancient vault of the time of Ád and

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[1] An allusion to a custom of the pagan Arabs in the days of ignorant Heathenism. The blood or brain, soul or personality of the murdered man formed a bird called Sady or Hámah (not the Humá or Humâi, usually translated "phœnix") which sprang from the head, where four of the five senses have their seat, and haunted his tomb, crying continually, "Uskúni!" = Give me drink (of the slayer's blood)! and which disappeared only when the vendetta was accomplished. Mohammed forbade the belief. Amongst the Southern Slavs the cuckoo is supposed to be the sister of a murdered man ever calling for vengeance.

[2] To obtain a blessing and show how he valued it.

Thamúd,[1] hewn out of the rock. Round the vault stood many brazen vessels of the bigness of a great oil-jar which he found full of gleaming red gold: whereupon he said to himself, "Verily sorrow is gone and solace is come!" Then he mounted from the souterrain to the garden and, replacing the trap-door as it was before, busied himself in conducting water to the trees till the last of the day, when the gardener came back and said to him, "O my son, rejoice at the good tidings of a speedy return to thy native land: the merchants are ready equipped for the voyage and the ship in three days' time will set sail for the City of Ebony, which is the first of the cities of the Moslems; and after making it, thou must travel by land a six months' march till thou come to the Islands of Khalidan, the dominions of King Shahriman." At this Kamar al-Zaman rejoiced and began repeating:—

Part not from one whose wont is not to part from you; * Nor with your cruel taunts an innocent mortify:
Another so long-parted had ta'en heart from you, * And had his whole condition changed,—but not so I.

Then he kissed the gardener's hand and said, "O my father, even as thou hast brought me glad tidings, so I also have great good news for thee," and told him anent his discovery of the vault; whereat the gardener rejoiced and said, "O my son, fourscore years have I dwelt in this garden and have never hit on aught; whilst thou, who hast not sojourned with me a year, hast discovered this thing; wherefore it is Heaven's gift to thee, which shall end thy crosses and aid thee to rejoin thy folk and foregather with her thou lovest." Quoth Kamar al-Zaman, "There is no help but it must be shared between me and thee." Then he carried him to the underground-chamber and showed him the gold, which was in twenty jars: he took ten and the gardener ten, and the old man said to him, "O my son, fill thyself leather bottles[2] with the sparrow olives[3] which grow in this garden, for they are not found except in our land; and the merchants carry them to all parts. Lay the gold in the bottles and strew it over with olives: then stop them and cover them and take them with thee in the ship." So Kamar al-Zaman arose without stay or delay and took fifty leather bottles and stored in each somewhat of the gold, and closed each one after placing a layer of olives over the gold; and at the bottom of one of the bottles he laid the talisman. Then sat he down to talk with the gardener, confident of speedy reunion with his own people and saying to himself, "When I come to the Ebony Islands I will journey thence to my father's country and enquire for my beloved Budur. Would to Heaven I knew whether she returned to her own land or journeyed on to my father's country or whether there befel her any accident by the way." And he began versifying:

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[1] Well-known tribes of proto-historic Arabs who flourished before the time of Abraham: see Koran (chapt. xxvi. *et passim*). They will be repeatedly mentioned in The Nights and notes.

[2] Arab. "Amtár," plur. of "Matr," a large vessel of leather or wood for water, etc.

[3] Arab. "Asáfírí," so called because they attract sparrows (asáfír) a bird very fond of the ripe oily fruit. In the "Romance of Antar" Asáfír camels are beasts that fly like birds in fleetness The reader must not confound the olives of the text with the hard unripe berries, which appear at English tables; nor wonder that bread and olives are the beef-steak and potatoes of many Mediterranean peoples. It is an excellent diet, the highly oleaginous fruit supplying the necessary carbon.

Love in my breast they lit and fared away, * And far the land wherein my love is pent:
Far lies the camp and those who camp therein; * Far is her tent-shrine, where I ne'er shall tent.
Patience far fled me when from me they fled; * Sleep failed mine eyes, endurance was forspent:
They left and with them left my every joy, * Wending with them, nor find I peace that went:
They made these eyes roll down love-tears in flood, * And lacking them these eyne with tears are drent.
When my triste spirit once again would see them, * When pine and expectation but augment,
In my heart's core their counterfeits I trace, * With love and yearning to behold their grace.

Then, while he awaited the end of the term of days, he told the gardener the tale of the birds and what had passed between them; whereat the hearer wondered; and they both lay down and slept till the morning. The gardener awoke sick and abode thus two days; but on the third day, his sickness increased on him, till they despaired of his life and Kamar al-Zaman grieved with sore grief for him. Meanwhile behold, the Master and his crew came and enquired for the gardener; and, when Kamar al-Zaman told them that he was sick, they asked, "Where be the youth who is minded to go with us to the Ebony Islands?" "He is your servant and he standeth before you!" answered the Prince and bade them carry the bottles of olives to the ship; so they transported them, saying, "Make haste thou, for the wind is fair;" and he replied, "I hear and obey." Then he carried his provaunt on board and, returning to bid the gardener farewell, found him in the agonies of death; so he sat down at his head and closed his eyes, and his soul departed his body; whereupon he laid him out and committed him to the earth unto the mercy of Allah Almighty. Then he made for the ship but found that she had already weighed anchor and set sail; nor did she cease to cleave the seas till she disappeared from his sight. So he went back to whence he came heavy-hearted with whirling head; and neither would he address a soul nor return a reply; and reaching the garden and sitting down in cark and care he threw dust on his head and buffeted his cheeks.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship sped on her course, Kamar al-Zaman returned to the garden in cark and care; but anon he rented the place of its owner and hired a man to help him in irrigating the trees. Moreover, he repaired the trap-door and he went to the underground chamber and bringing the rest of the gold to grass, stowed it in other fifty bottles which he filled up with a layer of olives. Then he enquired of the ship and they told him that it sailed but once a year; at which his trouble of mind redoubled and he cried sore for that which had betided him, above all for the loss of the Princess Budur's talisman, and spent his nights and days weeping and repeating verses. Such was his case; but as regards the ship, she sailed with a favouring wind till she reached the Ebony Islands. Now by decree of destiny, Queen Budur was sitting at a lattice-window overlooking the sea and saw the galley cast anchor upon the strand. At this sight, her heart throbbed and she took horse with the Chamberlains and Nabobs and, riding down to the shore, halted by the ship, whilst the sailors broke bulk and bore the bales to the storehouses; after which she called the captain to her presence and asked what he had with him. He answered, "O King, I have with me in this ship aromatic drugs and cosmetics and healing powders and ointments and plasters and precious metals and rich stuffs and rugs of Yemen leather, not to be borne of mule or camel, and all manner of ottars and spices and perfumes, civet and ambergris and camphor and Sumatra aloes-wood, and tamarinds[1] and sparrow-olives to boot, such as are rare to find in this country." When she heard talk of sparrow-olives her heart longed for them and she said to the ship-master, "How much of olives hast thou?" He replied, "Fifty bottles full, but their owner is not with us; so the King shall take what he will of them." Quoth she, "Bring them ashore, that I may see them." Thereupon he called to the sailors, who brought her the fifty bottles; and she opened one and, looking at the olives, said to the captain, "I will take the whole fifty and pay you their value, whatsoever it be." He answered, "By Allah, O my lord, they have no value in our country; moreover their shipper tarried behind us, and he is a poor man." Asked she, "And what are they worth here?" and he answered "A thousand dirhams." "I will take them at a thousand," she said and bade them carry the fifty bottles to the palace. When it was night, she called for a bottle of olives and opened it, there being none in the room but herself and the Princess Hayat al-Nufus. Then, placing a dish before her she turned into it the contents of the jar, when there fell out into the dish with the olives a heap of red gold; and she said to the Lady Hayat al-Nufus, "This is naught but gold!" So she sent for the rest of the bottles and found them all full of precious metal and scarce enough olives to fill a single jar. Moreover, she sought among the gold and found therein the talisman, which she took and examined and behold, it was that which Kamar al-Zaman had taken from off the band about her neck. Thereupon she cried out for joy and slipped down in a swoon;——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Tamar al-Hindi" = the "Indian date," whence our word "Tamarind." A sherbet of the pods is much drunk during the great heats; and the dried fruit, made into small round cakes, is sold in the bazars. The traveller

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Budur saw the talisman she cried out for joy and slipped down in a swoon; and when she recovered she said to herself, "Verily, this talisman was the cause of my separation from my beloved Kamar al-Zaman; but now it is an omen of good." Then she showed it to Hayat al-Nufus and said to her, "This was the cause of disunion and now, please Allah, it shall be the cause of reunion." As soon as day dawned she seated herself on the royal throne and sent for the ship-master, who came into the presence and kissed

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is advised not to sleep under the tamarind's shade, which is infamous for causing ague and fever. In Sind I derided the "native nonsense," passed the night under an "Indian date-tree" and awoke with a fine specimen of ague which lasted me a week.

the ground before her. Quoth she, "Where didst thou leave the owner of these olives?" Quoth he, "O King of the age, we left him in the land of the Magians and he is a gardener there." She rejoined, "Except thou bring him to me, thou knowest not the harm which awaiteth thee and thy ship." Then she bade them seal up the magazines of the merchants and said to them, "Verily the owner of these olives hath borrowed of me and I have a claim upon him for debt and, unless ye bring him to me, I will without fail do you all die and seize your goods." So they went to the captain and promised him the hire of the ship, if he would go and return a second time, saying, "Deliver us from this masterful tyrant.' Accordingly the skipper embarked and set sail and Allah decreed him a prosperous voyage, till he came to the Island of the Magians and, landing by night, went up to the garden. Now the night was long upon Kamar al-Zaman, and he sat, bethinking him of his beloved, and bewailing what had befallen him and versifying:—

A night whose stars refused to run their course, * A night of those which never seem outworn:
Like Resurrection-day, of longsome length[1] * To him that watched and waited for the morn.

Now at this moment, the captain knocked at the garden-gate, and Kamar al-Zaman opened and went out to him, whereupon the crew seized him and went down with him on board the ship and set sail forthright; and they ceased not voyaging days and nights, whilst Kamar al-Zaman knew not why they dealt thus with him; but when he questioned them they replied, "Thou hast offended against the Lord of the Ebony Islands, the son-in-law of King Armanus, and thou hast stolen his monies, miserable that thou art!" Said he, "By Allah! I never entered that country nor do I know where it is!" However, they sailed on with him, till they made the Ebony Islands and landing, carried him up to the Lady Budur, who knew him at sight and said, "Leave him with the eunuchs, that they may take him to the bath." Then she relieved the merchants of the embargo and gave the captain a robe of honour worth ten thousand pieces of gold; and, after returning to the palace, she went in that night to the Princess Hayat al-Nufus and told her what had passed, saying, "Keep thou my counsel, till

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[1] Moslems are not agreed upon the length of the Day of Doom when all created things, marshalled by the angels, await final judgment; the different periods named are 40 years, 70, 300 and 50,000. Yet the trial will last no longer than while one may milk an ewe, or than "the space between two milkings of a she-camel."

I accomplish my purpose, and do a deed which shall be recorded and shall be read by Kings and commoners after we be dead and gone." And when she gave orders that they bear Kamar al-Zaman to the bath, they did so and clad him in a royal habit so that, when he came forth, he resembled a willow-bough or a star which shamed the greater and lesser light[1] and its glow, and his life and soul returned to his frame. Then he repaired to the palace and went in to the Princess Budur; and when she saw him she schooled her heart to patience, till she should have accomplished her purpose; and she bestowed on him Mamelukes and eunuchs, camels and mules. Moreover, she gave him a treasury of money and she ceased not advancing him from dignity to dignity, till she made him Lord High Treasurer and committed to his charge all the treasures of the state; and she admitted him to familiar favour and acquainted the Emirs with his rank and dignity. And all loved him, for Queen Budur did not cease day by day to increase his allowances. As for Kamar al-Zaman, he was at a loss anent the reason of her thus honouring him; and he gave gifts and largesse out of the abundance of the wealth; and he devoted himself to the service of King Armanus; so that the King and all the Emirs and people, great and small, adored him and were wont to swear by his life. Nevertheless, he ever marvelled at the honour and favour shown him by Queen Budur and said to himself, "By Allah, great is this King's affection; nevertheless, I must seek my beloved, so there is no help but that I crave leave of him to depart his realm." So he went in to Queen Budur and said to her, "O King, thou hast overwhelmed me with favours, but it will fulfil the measure of thy bounties if thou take from me all thou hast been pleased to bestow upon me, and permit me to depart." She smiled and asked, "What maketh thee seek to depart and plunge into new perils, whenas thou art in the enjoyment of the highest favour and greatest prosperity?" Answered Kamar al-Zaman, O King I must needs wander in search of my beloved till the lost be found. Then loudly laughed Queen Budur till she fell on her back,[2] and said, "O my dearling, how quickly thou hast forgotten me!" Then she made herself known to him, and he knew her for his wife, the Lady Budur, daughter of King al-Ghayur, Lord of the Isles and the Seas. So he embraced her and she embraced him, repeating the words of the poet :—

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[1] Arab. "Al-Kamarâni," lit. "the two moons." Arab rhetoric prefers it to "Shamsâni," or "two suns," because lighter (akhaff), to pronounce. So, albeit Omar was less worthy than Abu-Bakr the two are called "Al-Omarâni," in vulgar parlance, Omarayn.

[2] This is a mere phrase for our "dying of laughter": the queen *was* on her back. And as Easterns sit on carpets, their falling back is very different from the same movement off a chair.

Girt with his glances' scymitar which seemed athirst for blood, * And clad in mail of dusky curls that show the sheeniest shine,
His fragrance wafted happy news of footstep coming nigh, * And to him like a bird uncaged I flew in straightest line :
I spread my cheek upon his path, beneath his sandal-shoon, * And lo! the stibium[1] of their dust healed all my hurt of eyne.
Then bade I make high festival, and straight came flocking in * Pure joys that know not grizzled age[2] nor aught of pain and pine :
The full moon dotted with the stars the lips and pearly teeth * That dance right joyously upon the bubbling face of wine :
I swear by all the signs[3] of those glories in his face * I'll ne'er forget the Chapter entituled Al-Ikhlas.[4]

Then Queen Budur told Kamar al-Zaman all that had befallen her from beginning to end and he did likewise; after which he began to upbraid her, saying, "What moved thee to deal with me thus strangely?" She replied, "Pardon me! for I did this by way of jest, and that pleasure and gladness might be increased." And when dawned the morn and day arose with its sheen and shone, she sent to King Armanus, sire of the Lady Hayat al-Nufus, and acquainted him with the truth of the case and that she was wife to Kamar al-Zaman. Moreover, she told him their tale and the cause of their separation. He marvelled at their story with exceeding marvel and bade them chronicle it in letters of gold. Then he turned to Kamar al-Zaman and said, "O King's son, art thou minded to become my son-in-law by marrying my daughter?" Replied he, "I must consult the Queen Budur, as she hath a claim upon me for benefits without stint." And when he took counsel with her, she said, "Right is thy recking; marry her and I will be her handmaid; for I am her debtor for kindness and favour and good offices, and obligations manifold, especially as we are here in her place and as the King her father hath whelmed us with benefits." Now when he saw that she inclined to this and was not jealous of Hayat al-Nufus, he agreed with her upon this matter——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Ismid," the eye-powder before noticed.
[2] Arab. "Sháib al-ingház" = lit. a gray-beard who shakes head in disapproval.
[3] Arab. "Ayát" = the Hebr. "Ototh," signs, wonders or Koranic verses.
[4] The Chapter "Al-Ikhlás," *i.e.* clearing (oneself from any faith but that of Unity) is No. cxii. and runs thus :—

Say, He is the One God!
The sempiternal God,
He begetteth not, nor is He begot,
And unto Him the like is not.

It is held to be equal in value to one-third of the Koran, and is daily used in prayer. Mr. Rodwell makes it the tenth.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventeenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Kamar al-Zaman agreed with his wife, Queen Budur, upon this matter and told King Armanus what she had said; whereat he rejoiced with great joy. Then he went out and, seating himself upon his chair of estate, assembled all the Wazirs, Emirs, Chamberlains and Grandees, to whom he related the whole story of Kamar al-Zaman and his wife, Queen Budur, from first to last; and acquainted them with his desire to marry his daughter Hayat al-Nufus to the Prince and make him King in the stead of Queen Budur. Whereupon said they all, "Since he is the husband of Queen Budur, who hath been our King till now, whilst we deemed her son-in-law to King Armanus, we are all content to have him to Sultan over us; and we will be his servants, nor will we swerve from his allegiance." So Armanus rejoiced hereat and, summoning Kazis and witnesses and the chief officers of state, bade draw up the contract of marriage between Kamar al-Zaman and his daughter, the Princess Hayat al-Nufus. Then he held high festival, giving sumptuous marriage-feasts and bestowing costly dresses of honour upon all the Emirs and Captains of the host; moreover he distributed alms to the poor and needy and set free all the prisoners. The whole world rejoiced in the coming of Kamar al-Zaman to the throne, blessing him and wishing him endurance of glory and prosperity, renown and felicity; and, as soon as he became King, he remitted the customs-dues and released all men who remained in gaol. Thus he abode a long while, ordering himself worthily towards his lieges; and he lived with his two wives in peace, happiness, constancy and content. He ceased not after this fashion during many years, for indeed all his troubles and afflictions were blotted out from him and he forgot his father King Shahriman and his former estate of honour and favour with him. After a while Almighty Allah blessed him with two boy children, as they were two shining moons, through his two wives; the elder whose name was Prince Amjad,[1] by Queen Budur, and the younger whose name was Prince As'ad by Queen Hayat al-Nufus; and this one was comelier than his brother. They were reared in splendour and tender affection, in respectful bearing and in the perfection of training; and they were instructed in penmanship and science and the arts of government and horsemanship, till they attained the extreme of accomplishments and the utmost limit of beauty and loveliness; both men and women being ravished by their charms. They grew up side by side till they reached the age of seventeen, eating and drinking together and sleeping in one bed, nor ever parting at any time or tide; wherefore all the people envied them. Now when they came to man's estate and were endowed with every perfection, their father was wont, as often as he went on a journey, to make them sit in his stead by turns in the hall of judgment; and each did justice among the folk one day at a time. But it came to pass, by confirmed fate and determined lot, that evil entered the minds of the two Queens, and they sought to make their sons deal unjustly instead of justly. Presently, the King went forth to course and chase, bidding his two sons sit to deal judgment in his stead, each one day in turn, as was their wont.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Lane preserves the article "El-Amjad" and "El-As'ad;" which is as necessary as to say "the John" or "the James," because neo-Latins have "il Giovanni" or "il Giacomo." In this matter of the article, however, it is impossible to lay

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Eighteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the King fared forth to sport and hunt, bidding his two sons sit to do justice in his stead, each one day by turn, as was their wont. Now Prince Amjad sat in judgment the first day, bidding and forbidding, appointing and deposing, giving and refusing; and Queen Hayat al-Nufus, mother of As'ad, wrote to him a letter suing for his favour that he should act unjustly instead of justly. Then Queen Hayat al-Nufus wrapped up her letter in a piece of costly silk scented with musk and ambergris; and folded it up with her silken hair-strings whose cost swallowed down treasures; laid it in a handkerchief and gave it to a eunuch bidding him bear it to Prince Amjad.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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down a universal rule: in some cases it must be preserved and only practice in the language can teach its use. For instance, it is always present in Al-Bahrayn and Al-Yaman; and generally but not necessarily so with Irak and Najd.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Nineteenth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that she gave her missive to the Eunuch in waiting and bade him bear it to Prince Amjad. And that Eunuch went forth ignoring what the future hid for him (for the Omniscient ordereth events even as He willeth); and, going in to the Prince, kissed the ground between his hands and handed to him the letter. On receiving the kerchief he opened it and, reading the epistle and recognising its gist, he was ware that his father's wife was asking an ill thing. So he waxed wroth with exceeding wrath and railed at women and their works, saying, "Allah curse women, the traitresses, the imperfect in reason and religion!" Then he drew his sword and said to the Eunuch, "Out on thee, thou wicked slave! Dost thou carry messages of injustice for thy lord's wife? By Allah, there is no good in thee, O black of hue and heart, O foul of face and Nature's forming!" So he smote him on the neck and severed his head from his body; then, folding the kerchief over its contents he thrust it into his breast-pocket and went in to his own mother and told her what had passed, reviling and reproaching her, and saying, "Each one of you is viler than the other; and, by Allah the Great and Glorious, did I not fear ill-manneredly to transgress against the rights of my father, Kamar al-Zaman, and my brother, Prince As'ad, I would assuredly go in to her and cut off her head, even as I cut off that of her Eunuch!" Then he went forth from his mother in a mighty rage; and when the news reached Queen Hayat al-Nufus of what he had done with her Eunuch, she abused him and cursed him and plotted perfidy against him. He passed the night, sick with rage, wrath and concern; nor found he pleasure in meat, drink or sleep. And when the next morning dawned Prince As'ad went forth in his turn to rule the folk in his father's stead, whilst his mother, Hayat al-Nufus, awoke in feeble plight because of what she had heard from Prince Amjad concerning the slaughter of her Eunuch. So Prince As'ad sat in the audience-chamber that day, judging and administering justice, appointing and deposing, bidding and forbidding, giving and bestowing. And he ceased not thus till near the time of afternoon-prayer, when Queen Budur sent for a crafty old woman and wrote a letter to Prince As'ad, beseeching that he should act unjustly instead of justly. Then Queen Budur perfumed the letter-paper with a profusion of odoriferous musk and, winding it in her hairstrings which were of Iráki silk, with pendants of oblong emeralds, set with pearls and stones of price, delivered it to the old woman, bidding her carry it to Prince As'ad.[1] She did so in order to pleasure her, and going in to the Prince, straightway and without stay, found him in his own rooms and delivered to him the letter in privacy; after which she stood waiting an hour or so for the answer. When As'ad had read the paper and knew its purport, he wrapped it up again in the ribbons and put it in his bosom-pocket: then (for he was wroth beyond all measure of wrath) he cursed evil women and sprang up and drawing his sword, smote the old trot on the neck and cut off her pate. Thereupon he went in to his mother, Queen Hayat al-Nufus, whom he found lying on her bed in feeble case, for that which had betided her with Prince Amjad, and railed at her and cursed her; after which he left her and foregathered with his brother, to whom he related all that had befallen him with Queen Budur, adding, "By Allah, O my brother, but that I was ashamed before thee, I had gone in to her forthright and had smitten her head off her shoulders!" Replied Prince Amjad, "By Allah, O my brother, yesterday when I was sitting upon the seat of judgment, the like of what hath befallen thee this day befel me also with thy mother who sent me a letter of similar purport." And he told him all that had passed, adding, "By Allah, O my brother, naught but respect for thee withheld me from going in to her and dealing with her even as I dealt with the Eunuch!" They passed the rest of the night conversing and cursing false womankind, and agreed to keep the matter secret, lest their father should hear of it and kill the two women. Yet they ceased not to suffer trouble and foresee affliction. And when the morrow dawned, the King returned with his suite from hunting and sat awhile in his chair of estate; after which he sent the Emirs about their business and went up to his palace, where he found his two wives lying abed and both exceeding sick and weak. Now they had made a plot against their two sons and concerted to do away their lives, for that they had exposed themselves before the youths and feared to be at their mercy and dependent upon their forbearance. When Kamar al-Zaman saw them on this wise, he said to them, "What aileth you?" Whereupon they rose to him and kissing his hands answered, perverting the case and saying, "Know, O King, that thy two sons, who have been reared in thy bounty, have plotted to slay thee and seize upon thy crown." Now when he heard this, the light became darkness in his sight, and he raged with such wrath that his reason fled.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The reader will note in the narration concerning the two Queens the parallelism of the Arab's style which recalls that of the Hebrew poets. Strings of black silk are plaited into the long locks (an "idiot-fringe" being worn over the brow), because a woman is cursed "who joineth her own hair to the hair of another" (especially human hair). Sending the bands is a sign of affectionate submission; and, in extremest cases the hair itself is sent.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twentieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Kamar al-Zaman saw their tears and heard their words, he concluded that their story was true and, waxing wroth beyond measure of wrath, went forth thinking to fall upon his two sons and put them to death. On his way he met his father-in-law, King Armanus who, hearing of his return from the chase, had come to salute him at that very hour; and, seeing him with naked brand in hand and blood dripping from his nostrils, for excess of rage, asked what ailed him. So Kamar al-Zamar told him what his sons Amjad and As'ad had plotted to do and added, "And here I am now going in to them to slay them in the foulest way and make of them the most shameful of examples." Quoth the King Armanus (and indeed he too was wroth with them), "Thou dost well, O my son, and may Allah not bless them nor any sons that plan such deeds against their father's throne. But, O my son, the sayer of the old saw saith:—Whoso looketh not to the end hath not Fortune to friend. In any case, they are thy sons, and it befitteth not that thou kill them with thine own hand, lest thou drink of their death-agony,[1] and anon repent of having slain them when repentance availeth thee naught. Rather do thou send them with one of thy Mamelukes into the the desert and let him kill them there out of thy sight, for, as saith the adage:—Out of sight of my friend is better and pleasanter.[2] And when Kamar al-Zaman heard his father-in-law's words, he knew them to be just; so he sheathed his sword and turning back, sat down upon the throne of his realm. There he summoned his Treasurer, a very old man, versed in affairs and in fortune's vicissitudes, to whom he said, "Go in to my sons, Amjad and As'ad; bind their hands behind them with strong bonds, lay them in two chests and load them upon a mule. Then take horse thou and carry them into mid-desert, where do thou kill them both and fill two vials with their blood and bring the same to me in haste." Replied the Treasurer, "I hear and I obey," and he rose up hurriedly and went out forthright to seek the Princes; and on his road, he met them coming out of the palace-vestibule, for they had donned their best dresses and their richest; and they were on their way to salute their sire and give him joy of his safe return from his going forth to hunt. Now when he saw them, he laid hands on them, saying, "O my sons, know ye that I am but a slave commanded, and that your father hath laid a commandment on me; will ye obey his commandment?" They said, "Yes;" whereupon he went up to them and, after pinioning their arms, laid them in the chests which he loaded on the back of a mule he had taken from the city. And he ceased not carrying them into the open country till near noon, when he halted in a waste and desolate place and, dismounting from his mare, let down the two chests from the mule's back. Then he opened them and took out Amjad and As'ad; and when he looked upon them he wept sore for their beauty and loveliness; then drawing his sword he said to them, "By Allah, O my lords, indeed 'tis hard for me to deal so evilly by you; but I am to be excused in this matter, being but a slave commanded, for that your father King Kamar al-Zaman hath bidden me strike off your heads." They replied, "O Emir, do the King's bidding, for we bear with patience that which Allah (to Whom be Honour, Might and Glory!) hath decreed to us; and thou art quit of our blood." Then they embraced and bade each other farewell, and As'ad said to the Treasurer, "Allah upon thee, O uncle, spare me the sight of my brother's death-agony and make me not drink of his anguish, but kill me first, for that were the easier for me." And Amjad said the like and entreated the Treasurer to kill him before As'ad, saying, "My brother is younger than I; so make me not taste of his anguish." And they both wept bitter tears whilst the Treasurer wept for their weeping;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] *i.e.* suffer similar pain at the spectacle, a phrase often occurring.
[2] *i.e.* when the eye sees not, the heart grieves not.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Treasurer wept for their weeping; then the two brothers embraced and bade farewell and one said to the other, "All this cometh of the malice of those traitresses, my mother and thy mother; and this is the reward of my forbearance towards thy mother and of thy forbearance towards my mother! But there is no Might and there is no Majesty save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Verily, we are Allah's and unto Him we are returning."[1] And As'ad embraced his brother, sobbing and repeating these couplets:—

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[1] *i.e.* unto Him we shall return, a sentence recurring in almost every longer chapter of the Koran.

O Thou to whom sad trembling wights in fear complain! * O ever ready whatso cometh to sustain!
The sole resource for me is at Thy door to knock; * At whose door knock an Thou to open wilt not deign?
O Thou whose grace is treasured in the one word, Be![1] * Favour me, I beseech, in Thee all weals contain.

Now when Amjad heard his brother's weeping he wept also and pressing him to his bosom repeated these two couplets:—

O Thou whose boons to me are more than one! * Whose gifts and favours have nor count nor bound!
No stroke of all Fate's strokes e'er fell on me, * But Thee to take me by the hand I found.

Then said Amjad to the Treasurer, "I conjure thee by the One Omnipotent, the Lord of Mercy, the Beneficent! slay me before my brother As'ad, so haply shall the fire be quencht in my heart's core and in this life burn no more." But As'ad wept and exclaimed, "Not so: I will die first;" whereupon quoth Amjad, "It were best that I embrace thee and thou embrace me, so the sword may fall upon us and slay us both at a single stroke." Thereupon they embraced, face to face and clung to each other straitly, whilst the Treasurer tied up the twain and bound them fast with cords, weeping the while. Then he drew his blade and said to them, "By Allah, O my lords, it is indeed hard to me to slay you! But have ye no last wishes that I may fulfil or charges which I may carry out, or message which I may deliver?" Replied Amjad, "We have no wish; and my only charge to thee is that thou set my brother below and me above him, that the blow may fall on me first; and when thou hast killed us and returnest to the King and he asketh thee:— What heardest thou from them before their death? do thou answer: —Verily thy sons salute thee and say to thee, Thou knewest not if we were innocent or guilty, yet hast thou put us to death and hast not certified thyself of our sin nor looked into our case. Then do thou repeat to him these two couplets:—

Women are Satans made for woe o' men; * I fly to Allah from their devilish scathe:
Source of whatever bale befel our kind * In worldly matters and in things of Faith."

Continued Amjad, "We desire of thee naught but that thou repeat to our sire these two couplets"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Kun," the creative Word (which, by the by, proves the Koran to be an uncreated Logos); the full sentence being "Kun fa kána" = Be! and it became.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Amjad added, speaking to the treasurer, "We desire of thee naught but that thou repeat to our sire these two couplets which thou hast just now heard; and I conjure thee by Allah to have patience with us, whilst I cite to my brother this other pair of couplets." Then he wept with sore weeping and began:—

"The Kings who fared before us showed * Of instances full many a show:
Of great and small and high and low * How many this one road have trod!"

Now when the Treasurer heard these words from Amjad, he wept till his beard was wet, whilst As'ad's eyes brimmed with tears and he in turn repeated these couplets:—

Fate frights us when the thing is past and gone; * Weeping is not for form or face alone:[1]
What ails the Nights?[2] Allah blot out our sin, * And be the Nights by other hand undone!
Ere this Zubayr-son[3] felt their spiteful hate, * Who fled for refuge to the House and Stone:
Would that when Khárijah was for Amru slain[4] * They had ransomed Ali with all men they own.

Then, with cheeks stained by tears down railing he recited also these verses:—

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[1] *i.e.* but also for the life and the soul.

[2] Arab. "Layáli" = lit. nights which, I have said, is often applied to the whole twenty-four hours. Here it is used in the sense of "fortune" or "fate;" like "days" and "days and nights."

[3] Abdullah ibn al-Zubayr, a nephew of Ayishah, who had rebuilt the Ka'abah A.H. 64 (A.D. 683), revolted (A.D. 680) against Yezid and was proclaimed Caliph at Meccah. He was afterwards killed (A.D. 692) by the famous or infamous Hajjáj, general of Abd al-Malik bin Marwan, the fifth Ommiade, surnamed "Sweat of a stone" (skin-flint). See my Pilgrimage, etc., iii. 192–194, where are explained the allusions to the Ka'abah and the Holy Black Stone.

[4] These lines are part of an elegy on the downfall of one of the Moslem dynasties in Spain, composed in the twelfth century by Ibn Abdun al-Andalúsi. The allusion is to the famous conspiracy of the Khárijites (the first sectarians in Mohammedanism) to kill Ali, Mu'awiyah and Amru (so written but pronounced "Amr") al-As, in order to abate intestine feuds in Al-Islam. Ali was slain with a sword-cut by Ibn Muljam, a name ever damnable amongst the Persians; Mu'awiyah escaped with a wound and Kharijah, the Chief of Police at Fustat or old Cairo, was murdered by mistake for Amru. After this the sectarian wars began.

In sooth the Nights and Days are charactered * By traitor falsehood and as knaves they lie ;
The Desert-reek[1] recalls their teeth that shine ; * All horrid blackness is their Kohl of eye :
My sin anent the world which I abhor, * Is sin of sword when sworders fighting hie.

Then his sobs waxed louder and he said :—

O thou who woo'st a World[2] unworthy, learn * 'Tis house of evils, 'tis Perdition's net :
A house where whoso laughs this day shall weep * The next : then perish house of fume and fret !
Endless its frays and forays, and its thralls * Are ne'er redeemed, while endless risks beset.
How many gloried in its pomps and pride, * Till proud and pompous did all bounds forget,
Then showing back of shield she made them swill[3] * Full draught, and claimèd all her vengeance debt.
For know her strokes fall swift and sure, altho' * Long bide she and forslow the course of Fate :
So look thou to thy days lest life go by * Idly, and meet thou more than thou hast met ;
And cut all chains of world-love and desire * And save thy soul and rise to secrets higher.

Now when As'ad made an end of these verses, he strained his brother Amjad in his arms, till they twain were one body, and the Treasurer, drawing his sword, was about to strike them, when behold, his steed took fright at the wind of his upraised hand, and breaking its tether, fled into the desert. Now the horse had cost a thousand gold pieces and on its back was a splendid saddle worth much money ; so the Treasurer threw down his sword, and ran after his beast.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Saráb" = (Koran, chapt. xxiv.) the reek of the Desert, before explained. It is called "Lama," the shine, the loom, in Al-Hariri. The world is compared with the mirage, the painted eye and the sword that breaks in the sworder's hand.

[2] Arab. "Dunyá," with the common alliteration "dániyah" (= Pers. "dún"), in prose as well as poetry means the things or fortune of this life opp. to "Akhirah" = future life.

[3] Arab. "Walgh," a strong expression primarily denoting the lapping of dogs : here and elsewhere "to swill, *saufen*."

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when his horse ran away, the Treasurer ran after it in huge concern, and ceased not running to catch the runaway till it entered a thicket. He followed it whilst it dashed through the wood, smiting the earth with its hoofs till it raised a dust-cloud which towered high in air; and snorting and puffing and neighing and waxing fierce and furious. Now there happened to be in this thicket a lion of terrible might; hideous to sight, with eyes sparkling light: his look was grim and his aspect struck fright into man's sprite. Presently the Treasurer turned and saw the lion making towards him; but found no way of escape nor had he his sword with him. So he said in himself, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! This strait is come upon me for no other cause but because of Amjad and As'ad; and indeed this journey was unblest from the first!" Meanwhile the two Princes were grievously oppressed by the heat and grew sore athirst, so that their tongues hung out and they cried for succour, but none came to their relief and they said, "Would to Heaven we had been slain and were at peace from this pain! But we know not whither the horse hath fled, that the Treasurer is gone and hath left us thus pinioned. If he would but come back and do us die, 'twere easier to us than this torture to aby." Said As'ad, "O my brother, be patient, and the relief of Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) shall assuredly come to us; for the horse started not away save of His favour towards us, and naught irketh us but this thirst." Upon this he stretched and shook himself and strained right and left, till he burst his pinion-bonds; then he rose and unbound his brother and catching up the Emir's sword, said, "By Allah, we will not go hence, till we look after him and learn what is become of him." Then they took to following on the trail till it led them to the thicket and they said each to other, "Of a surety, the horse and the Treasurer have not passed out of this wood." Quoth As'ad, "Stay thou here, whilst I enter the thicket and search it;" and Amjad replied, "I will not let thee go in alone: nor will we enter it but together; so if we escape, we shall escape together and if we perish, we shall perish together." Accordingly both entered and found that the lion had sprung upon the Treasurer, who lay like a sparrow in his grip calling upon Allah for aid and signing with his hands to Heaven. Now when Amjad saw this, he took the sword and, rushing upon the lion, smote him between the eyes and laid him dead on the ground. The Emir sprang up, marvelling at this escape and seeing Amjad and As'ad, his master's sons, standing there, cast himself at their feet and exclaimed, "By Allah, O my lords, it were intolerable wrong in me to do you to death. May the man never be who would kill you! Indeed, with my very life, I will ransom you."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that quoth the Treasurer to Amjad and As'ad, "With my life will I ransom you both!" Then he hastily rose and, at once embracing them, enquired how they had loosed their bonds and come thither; whereupon they told him how the bonds of one of them had fallen loose and he had unbound the other, whereto they were helped by the purity of their intentions, and how they had tracked his trail till they came upon him. So he thanked them for their deed and went with them forth of the thicket; and, when they were in the open country, they said to him, "O uncle, do our father's bidding." He replied, "Allah forbid that I should draw near to you with hurt! But know ye that I mean to take your clothes and clothe you with mine: then will I fill two vials with the lion's blood and go back to the King and tell him I have put you to death. But as for you two, go ye forth into the lands, for Allah's earth is wide; and know, O my lords, that it paineth me to part from you." At this, they all fell a-weeping; then the two youths put off their clothes and the Treasurer habited them with his own. Moreover he made two parcels of their dress and, filling vials twain with the lion's blood, set the parcels before him on his horse's back. Presently he took leave of them and, making his way to the city, ceased not riding till he went in to King Kamar al-Zaman and kissed the ground between his hands. The King saw him changed in face and troubled (which arose from his adventure with the lion); and, deeming this came of the slaughter of his two sons, rejoiced and said to him, "Hast thou done the work?" "Yes, O our Lord," replied the Treasurer and gave him the two parcels of clothes and the two vials full of blood. Asked the King, "What didst thou observe in them; and did they give thee any charge?" Answered the Treasurer, "I found them patient and resigned to what came down upon them and they said to me:—Verily, our father is excusable; bear him our salutation and say to him, Thou art quit of our killing. But we charge thee repeat to him these couplets:—

Verily woman are devils created for us. We seek refuge with God from the artifice of the devils.
They are the source of all the misfortunes that have appeared among mankind in the affairs of the world and of religion.[1]

When the King heard these words of the Treasurer, he bowed his head groundwards, a long while and knew his sons' words to mean that they had been wrongfully put to death. Then he bethought himself of the perfidy of women and the calamities brought about by them; and he took the two parcels and opened them and fell to turning over his sons' clothes and weeping,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when King Kamar al-Zaman opened the two bundles and fell to turning over his sons' clothes and weeping, it so came to pass that he found, in the pocket of his son As'ad's raiment, a letter in the hand of his wife enclosing her hair-strings; so he opened and read it and understanding the contents knew that the Prince had been falsely accused and wrongously. Then he searched Amjad's parcel of dress and found in his pocket a letter in the handwriting of Queen Hayat al-Nufus enclosing also her hair-strings; so he opened and read it and knew that Amjad too had been wronged: whereupon he beat hand upon hand and exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! I have slain my sons unjustly." And he buffeted his face, crying out, "Alas, my sons! Alas, my long grief!" Then he bade them build two tombs in one house, which he styled "House of Lamentations," and had graved thereon his sons' names; and he threw himself on Amjad's tomb, weeping and groaning and lamenting, and improvised these couplets:—

O moon for ever set this earth below, * Whose loss bewail the stars which stud the sky!
O wand, which broken, ne'er with bend and wave * Shall fascinate the ravisht gazer's eye;
These eyne for jealousy I 'reft of thee, * Nor shall they till next life thy sight descry:

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[1] The lines are repeated from Night ccxxi. I give Lane's version (ii. 162) by way of contrast and warning.

I'm drowned in sea of tears for insomny * Wherefore, indeed in Sáhirah-stead[1]
I lie.

Then he threw himself on As'ad's tomb, groaning and weeping and lamenting and versifying with these couplets :—

Indeed I longed to share unweal with thee, * But Allah than my will willed
otherwise :
My grief all blackens 'twixt mine eyes and space, * Yet whitens all the blackness from mine eyes :[2]
Of tears they weep these eyne run never dry, * And ulcerous flow in vitals never
dries :
Right sore it irks me seeing thee in stead[3] * Where slave with sovran for once
levelled lies.

And his weeping and wailing redoubled ; and, after he had ended his lamentations and his verse, he forsook his friends and intimates, and denying himself to his women and his family, cut himself off from the world in the House of Lamentations, where he passed his time in weeping for his sons. Such was his case ; but as regards Amjad and As'ad they fared on into the desert eating of the fruits of the earth and drinking of the remnants of the rain for a full month, till their travel brought them to a mountain of black flint[4] whose further end was unknown ; and here the road forked, one line lying along the midway height and the other leading to its head. They took the way trending to the top and gave not over following it five days, but saw no end to it and were overcome with weariness, being unused to walking upon the mountains[5] or elsewhere. At last, despairing of coming to the last of the road, they retraced their steps and, taking the other, that led over the midway heights,—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] "Sáhirah" is the place where human souls will be gathered on Doom-day : some understand by it the Hell Sa'ír (No. iv.) intended for the Sabians or the Devils generally.

[2] His eyes are faded like Jacob's which, after weeping for Joseph, "became white with mourning" (Koran, chapt. xxi.). It is a stock comparison.

[3] The grave.

[4] Arab. "Sawwán" (popularly pronounced Suwán) = "Syenite" from Syene ; generally applied to silex, granite or any hard stone.

[5] A proceeding fit only for thieves and paupers : "Alpinism" was then unknown. "You come from the mountain" (al-Jabal) means, "You are a clodhopper"; and "I will sit upon the mountain" = turn anchorite or magician. (Pilgrimage i. 106).

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Princes Amjad and As'ad returned from the path leading to the mountain-head and took that which ran along the midway heights, and walked through all that day till nightfall, when As'ad weary with much travel, said to Amjad, "O my brother, I can walk no farther, for I am exceeding weak." Replied Amjad, "O my brother, take courage! May be Allah will send us relief." So they walked on part of the night, till the darkness closed in upon them, when As'ad became weary beyond measure of weariness and cried out, "O my brother, I am worn out and spent with walking," and threw himself upon the ground and wept. Amjad took him in his arms and walked on with him, bytimes sitting down to rest till break of day, when they came to the mountain-top and found there a stream of running water and by it a pomegranate tree and a prayer-niche.[1] They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw it; but, sitting down by that spring, drank of its water and ate of the fruit of that granado-tree; after which they lay on the ground and slept till sunrise, when they washed and bathed in the spring and, eating of the pomegranates, slept again till the time of mid-afternoon prayer. Then they thought to continue their journey, but As'ad could not walk, for both his feet were swollen. So they abode there three days till they were rested, after which they set out again and walked on over the mountain days and nights, tortured by and like to die of thirst, till they sighted a city gleaming afar off, at which they rejoiced and made towards it. When they drew near it, they thanked Allah (be His Name exalted!) and Amjad said to As'ad, "O my brother, sit here, whilst I go to yonder city and see what it is and whose it is and where we are in Allah's wide world, that we may know through what lands we have passed in crossing this mountain, whose skirts had we followed, we had not reached this city in a whole year. So praised be Allah for safety!" Replied As'ad, "By Allah, O my brother, none shall go down into that city save myself, and may I be thy ransom! If thou leave me alone, be it only for an hour, I shall imagine a thousand things and be drowned in a torrent of anxiety on thine account, for I cannot brook thine absence from me." Amjad rejoined, "Go then and tarry not." So As'ad took some gold pieces, and leaving his brother to await him, descended the mountain and ceased not faring on till he entered the city. As he threaded the streets he was met by an old man age-decrepit, whose beard flowed down upon his breast and forked in twain;[1] he bore a walking-staff in his hand and was richly clad, with a great red turband on his head. When As'ad saw him, he wondered at his dress and his mien; nevertheless, he went up to him and saluting him said, "Where be the way to the market, O my master?" Hearing these words the Shaykh smiled in his face and replied, "O my son, meseemeth thou art a stranger?" As'ad rejoined, "Yes, I am a stranger."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Corresponding with wayside chapels in Catholic countries. The Moslem form would be either a wall with a prayer-niche (Mihráb) fronting Meccah-wards or a small domed room. These little oratories are often found near fountains, streams or tree-clumps where travellers would be likely to alight. I have described one in Sind ("Scinde or the Unhappy Valley" i. 79); and have noted that scrawling on the walls is even more common in the East than in the West; witness the monuments of old Egypt bescribbled by the Greeks and Romans. Even the paws of the Sphinx are covered with such *graffiti;* and those of Ipsambul or Abu Simbal have proved treasures to epigraphists.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Shaykh who met As'ad smiled in his face and said to him, "O my son, meseemeth thou art a stranger?" and As'ad replied, "Yes, I am a stranger." Then rejoined the old man, "Verily thou gladdenest our country with thy presence, O my son, and thou desolatest thine own land by reason of thine absence. What wantest thou of the market?" Quoth Asad, "O uncle, I have a brother, with whom I have come from a far land and with whom I have journeyed these three months; and, when we sighted this city, I left him, who is my elder brother, upon the mountain and came hither, purposing to buy victual and what else, and return therewith to him, that we might feed thereon." Said the old man, "Rejoice in all good, O my son, and know thou that to-day I give a marriage-feast, to which I have bidden many guests, and I have made ready plenty of meats, the best and most delicious that heart can desire. So if thou will come with me to my place, I will give thee freely all thou lackest without asking thee a price or aught else. Moreover I will teach thee the ways of this city; and praised be Allah, O my son, that I and none other have happened upon thee." "As thou willest," answered As'ad; "do as thou art disposed, but make haste, for indeed my brother awaiteth me and his whole heart is with me." The old man took As'ad by the hand and carried him to a narrow lane, smiling in his face and saying, "Glory be to Him who hath delivered thee from the people of this city." And he ceased not walking till he entered a spacious house, wherein was a saloon and behold, in the middle of it were forty old men, well stricken in years, collected together and forming a single ring as they sat round about a lighted fire, to which they were doing worship and prostrating themselves.[1] When As'ad saw this, he was confounded and the hair of his body stood on end though he knew not what they were; and the Shaykh said to them, "O Elders of the Fire, how blessed is this day!" Then he called aloud, saying, "Hallo, Ghazbán!" Whereupon there came out to him a tall black slave of frightful aspect, grim-visaged and flat-nosed as an ape who, when the old man made a sign to him, bent As'ad's arms behind his back and pinioned them; after which the Shaykh said to him, "Let him down into the vault under the earth and there leave him and say to my slave-girl Such-an-one:—Torture him night and day and give him a cake of bread to eat morning and evening against the time come of the voyage to the Blue Sea and the Mountain of Fire, whereon we will slaughter him as a sacrifice." So the black carried him out at another door and, raising a flag in the floor, discovered a flight of twenty steps leading to a chamber[2] under the earth, into which he descended with him and, laying his feet in irons, gave him over to the slave-girl and went away. Meanwhile, the old men said one to another, "When the day of the Festival of the Fire cometh, we will sacrifice him on the mountain, as a propitiatory offering whereby we shall pleasure the Fire." Presently the damsel went down to him and beat him a grievous beating, till streams of blood flowed from his sides and he fainted; after which she set at his head a scone of bread and a cruse of brackish water and went away and left him. In the middle of the night, he revived and found himself bound and beaten and sore with beating: so he wept bitter tears; and recalling his former condition of honour and prosperity, lordship and dominion, and his separation from his sire and his exile from his native land. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] In tales this characterises a Persian; and Hero Rustam is always so pictured.

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[1] The Parsis, who are the representatives of the old Guebres, turn towards the sun and the fire as their Kiblah or point of prayer; all deny that they worship it. But while the educated would pray before them for edification (Latria), the ignorant would adore them (Dulia); and would make scanty difference between the "reverence of a servant" and the "reverence of a slave." The human sacrifice was quite contrary to Guebre, although not to Hindu, custom; although hate and vengeance might prompt an occasional murder.

[2] These *oubliettes* are common in old eastern houses as in the medieval castles of Europe, and many a stranger has met his death in them. They are often so well concealed that even the modern inmates are not aware of their existence.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when As'ad found himself bound and beaten and sore with beating he recalled his whilome condition of honour and prosperity and dominion and lordship, and he wept and groaned aloud and recited these couplets :—

Stand by the ruined stead and ask of us ; * Nor deem we dwell there as was
    state of us :
The World, that parter, hath departed us ; * Yet soothes not hate-full hearts
    the fate of us :
With whips a cursèd slave-girl scourges us, * And teems her breast with rancorous hate of us :
Allah shall haply deign to unpart our lives, * Chastise our foes, and end this
    strait of us.

And when As'ad had spoken his poetry, he put out his hand towards his head and finding there the crust and the cruse full of brackish water he ate a bittock, just enough to keep life in him, and drank a little water, but could get no sleep till morning. As soon as it was day, the slave-girl came down to him and changed his clothes, which were drenched with blood and stuck to him, so that his skin came off with the shirt ; wherefor he shrieked aloud and cried, "Alas !" and said, " O my God, if this be Thy pleasure, increase it upon me ! O Lord, verily Thou art not unmindful of him that oppresseth me ; do Thou then avenge me upon him !" And he groaned and repeated the following verses :—

Patient, O Allah ! to Thy destiny * I bow, suffice me what Thou deign decree :
Patient to bear Thy will, O Lord of me, * Patient to burn on coals of Ghazátree :
They wrong me, visit me with hurt and harm ; * Haply Thy grace from them
    shall set me free :
Far be 't, O Lord, from thee to spare the wronger, * O Lord of Destiny my hope's
    in Thee !

And what another saith :—

Bethink thee not of worldly state, * Leave everything to course of Fate ;
For oft a thing that irketh thee * Shall in content eventuate ;
And oft what strait is shall expand, * And what expanded is wax strait.
Allah will do what wills His will, * So be not thou importunate !
But 'joy the view of coming weal * Shall make forget past bale and bate.

And when he had ended his verse, the slave-girl came down upon him with blows till he fainted again; and, throwing him a flap of bread and a gugglet of saltish water, went away and left him sad and lonely, bound in chains of iron, with the blood streaming from his sides and far from those he loved. So he wept and called to mind his brother and the honours he erst enjoyed;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Twenty-ninth Night,

She said, it hath reached me, O auspicious King, that As'ad called to mind his brother and the honours he erst enjoyed; so he wept and groaned and complained and poured forth tears in floods and improvised these couplets:—

Easy, O Fate! how long this wrong, this injury, * Robbing each morn and eve my brotherhood fro' me?
Now is't not time thou deem this length sufficiency * Of woes and, O thou Heart of Rock, show clemency?
My friends thou wrongedst when thou madst each enemy * Mock and exult me for thy wrongs, thy tyranny:
My foeman's heart is solaced by the things he saw * In me, of strangerhood and lonely misery:
Suffice thee not what came upon my head of dole, * Friends lost for evermore, eyes wan and pale of blee?
But must in prison cast so narrow there is naught * Save hand to bite, with bitten hand for company;
And tears that tempest down like goodly gift of cloud, * And longing thirst whose fires weet no satiety.
Regretful yearnings, singulfs and unceasing sighs, * Repine, remembrance and pain's very ecstasy:
Desire I suffer sore and melancholy deep, * And I must bide a prey to endless phrenesy:
I find me ne'er a friend who looks with piteous eye, * And seeks my presence to allay my misery:
Say, liveth any intimate with trusty love * Who for mine ills will groan, my sleepless malady?
To whom moan I can make and, peradventure, he * Shall pity eyes that sight of sleep can never see?
My home's a sepulchre that measures cubits three, * Where pass I morn and eve in chainèd agony:
My wines are tears, my clank of chains takes music's stead; * Cares my dessert of fruit and sorrows are my bed.

And when he had versed his verse and had prosed his prose, he again groaned and complained and remembered what he had been and how he had been parted from his brother. Thus far concerning him; but as regards his brother Amjad, he awaited As'ad till mid-day yet he returned not to him: whereupon Amjad's vitals fluttered, the pangs of parting were sore upon him and he poured forth abundant tears,——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Amjad awaited his brother As'ad till mid-day and he returned not to him, Amjad's vitals fluttered; the pangs of parting were sore upon him and he poured forth abundant tears, exclaiming, "Alas, my brother! Alas, my friend! Alas my grief! How I feared me we should be separated!" Then he descended from the mountain-top with the tears running down his cheeks; and, entering the city, ceased not walking till he made the market. He asked the folk the name of the place and concerning its people and they said, "This is called the City of the Magians, and its citizens are mostly given to Fire-worshipping in lieu of the Omnipotent King." Then he enquired of the City of Ebony and they answered, "Of a truth it is a year's journey thither by land and six months by sea: it was governed erst by a King called Armanus; but he took to son-in-law and made King in his stead a Prince called Kamar al-Zaman distinguished for justice and munificence, equity and benevolence." When Amjad heard tell of his father, he groaned and wept and lamented and knew not whither to go. However, he bought a something of food and carried it to a retired spot where he sat down thinking to eat; but, recalling his brother, he fell a-weeping and swallowed but a morsel to keep breath and body together, and that against his will. Then he rose and walked about the city, seeking news of his brother, till he saw a Moslem tailor sitting in his shop; so he sat down by him and told him his story; whereupon quoth the tailor, "If he have fallen into the hands of the Magians, thou shalt hardly see him again: yet it may be Allah will reunite you twain. But thou, O my brother," he continued, "wilt thou lodge with me?" Amjad answered, "Yes;" and the tailor rejoiced at this. So he abode with him many days, what while the tailor comforted him and exhorted him to patience and taught him tailoring, till he became expert in the craft. Now one day he went forth to the sea-shore and washed his clothes; after which he entered the bath and put on clean raiment; then he walked about the city, to divert himself with its sights and presently there met him on the way a woman of passing beauty and loveliness, without peer for grace and comeliness. When she saw him she raised her face-veil and signed to him by moving her eyebrows and her eyes with luring glances, and versified these couplets :—

I drooped my glance when seen thee on the way * As though, O slim-waist! felled by Sol's hot ray:
Thou art the fairest fair that e'er appeared, * Fairer to-day than fair of yesterday :[1]
Were Beauty parted, a fifth part of it * With Joseph or a part of fifth would stay;
The rest would fly to thee, thine ownest own; * Be every soul thy sacrifice, I pray!

When Amjad heard these her words, they gladdened his heart which inclined to her; so he sighed to her in reply and spoke these couplets :—

Above the rose of cheek is thorn of lance;[2] * Who dareth pluck it, rashest chevisance?
Stretch not thy hand towards it, for night long * Those lances marred because we snatched a glance!
Say her who tyrant is and tempter too * (Though justice might her tempting power enhance) :—
Thy face would add to errors were it veiled; * Unveiled I see its guard hath best of chance!
Eye cannot look upon Sol's naked face; * But can, when mist-cloud dims his countenance:
The honey-hive is held by honey-bee;[3] * Ask the tribe-guards what wants their vigilance?
An they would slay me, let them end their ire * Rancorous, and grant us freely to advance:
They're not more murderous, an charge the whole * Than charging glance of her who wears the mole.

And hearing these lines from Amjad she sighed with the deepest sighs and, signing to him again, repeated the words of Him whose Name be exalted, "Men shall have the pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein Allah hath caused the one of them to excel the other."[4] Upon this Amjad took the hint——And

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[1] *i.e.* thy beauty is ever increasing.

[2] Alluding, as usual, to the eye-lashes, *e.g.*

An eyelash arrow from an eyebrow bow.

[3] Lane (ii. 168) reads:—"The niggardly female is protected by her niggardness;" a change of "Nahílah" (bee-hive) into "Bakhílah" (she skin-flint).

[4] Koran iv. 38. The advantages are bodily strength, understanding and the high privilege of Holy War.

Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Amjad took the woman's hint and understood that she wished to go with him whither he was going; but he was ashamed to carry her to the house of his host, the tailor. So he walked on and she walked after him, and the two ceased not walking from street to street and place to place, till she was tired and said to him, "O my lord, where is thy house?" Answered he, "Before us a little way." Then he turned aside into a handsome by-street, followed by the young woman, and walked on till he came to the end, when he found it was no thoroughfare and exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" Then raising his eyes, he saw, at the upper end of the lane a great door with two stone benches; but it was locked. So Amjad sat down on one of the benches and she on the other; and she said to him, "O my lord, wherefore waitest thou?" He bowed his head awhile to the ground then raised it and answered, "I am awaiting my Mameluke who hath the key; for I bade him make me ready meat and drink and flowers, to deck the wine-service against my return from the bath." But he said to himself, "Haply the time will be tedious to her and she will go about her business, leaving me here, when I will wend my own way." However, as soon as she was weary of long waiting, she said, "O my lord, thy Mameluke delayeth; and here are we sitting in the street;" and she arose and took a stone and went up to the lock. Said Amjad, "Be not in haste, but have patience till the servant come." However, she hearkened not to him, but smote the wooden bolt with the stone and broke it in half, whereupon the door opened. Quoth he, "What possessed thee to do this deed?" Quoth she, "Pooh, pooh, my lord! what mattereth it? Is not the house thy house and thy place?" He said, "There was no need to break the bolt." Then the damsel entered, to the confusion of Amjad, who knew not what to do for fear of the people of the house; but she said to him, "Why dost thou not enter, O light of mine eyes and core of my heart?" Replied he, "I hear and obey; but my servant tarrieth long and I know not if he have done aught of what I bade him and specially enjoined upon him, or not." Hereupon he entered, sore in fear of the people of the house, and found himself in a handsome saloon with four daïs'd recesses, each facing other, and containing closets and raised seats, all bespread with stuffs of silk and brocade; and in the midst was a jetting fountain of costly fashion, on whose margin rested a covered tray of meats, with a leather tablecloth hanging up and gem-encrusted dishes, full of fruits and sweet-scented flowers. Hard by stood drinking vessels and a candlestick with a single wax-candle therein; and the place was full of precious stuffs and was ranged with chests and stools, and on each seat lay a parcel of clothes upon which was a purse full of monies, gold and silver. The floor was paved with marble and the house bore witness in every part to its owner's fortune. When Amjad saw all this, he was confounded at his case and said to himself, "I am a lost man! Verily we are Allah's and to Allah we are returning!" As for the damsel, when she sighted the place she rejoiced indeed with a joy nothing could exceed, and said to him, "By Allah, O my lord, thy servant hath not failed of his duty; for see, he hath swept the place and cooked the meat and set on the fruit; and indeed I come at the best of times." But he paid no heed to her, his heart being taken up with fear of the house-folk; and she said, "Fie, O my lord, O my heart! What aileth thee to stand thus?" Then she sighed; and said, "O my lord, an thou have made an appointment with other than with me, I will gird my middle and serve her and thee." Amjad laughed from a heart full of rage and wrath and came forwards and sat down, panting and saying to himself, "Alack, mine ill death and doom when the owner of the place shall return!" Then she seated herself by him and fell to talking and laughing, whilst Amjad sat careful and frowning, thinking a thousand thoughts and communing with himself, "Assuredly the master of the house cannot but come, and then what shall I say to him? he needs must kill me and my life will be lost thus foolishly." Presently she rose and, tucking up her sleeves, took a tray of food on which she laid the cloth and then set it before Amjad and began to eat, saying, "Eat, O my lord." So he came forward and ate; but the food was not pleasant to him; on the contrary he ceased not to look towards the door, till the damsel had eaten her fill, when she took away the tray of the meats and, setting on the dessert, fell to eating of the dried fruits. Then she brought the wine-service and opening the jar, filled a cup and handed it to Amjad, who took it from her hand saying to himself, "Ah, ah! and well-away, when the master of the house cometh and seeth me!" and he kept his eyes fixed on the threshold, even with cup in hand. While he was in this case, lo! in came the master of the house, who was a white slave, one of the chief men of the city, being Master of the Horse[1] to the King. He had fitted up this saloon for his pleasures, that he might make merry therein and be private with whom he would, and he had that day bidden a friend and had made this entertainment for him. Now the name of this slave was Bahádur,[2] and he was open of hand generous, munificent and fain of alms-giving and charitable works. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Bahadur, the Master of the Horse and the owner of the house, came to the door of the saloon and found it open, he entered slowly and softly and looking in, with head advanced and outstretched neck, saw Amjad and the girl sitting before the dish of fruit and the wine-jar in front of them. Now Amjad at that moment had the cup in his hand and his face turned to the door; and when his glance met Bahadur's eyes his hue turned pale yellow and his side-muscles quivered, so seeing his trouble Bahadur signed to him with his finger on his lips, as much as to say, "Be silent and come hither to me." Whereupon he set down the cup and rose and the damsel cried, "Whither away?" He shook his head and, signing to her to wait, went out into the passage barefoot. Now when he saw Bahadur he knew him for the master of the house; so he hastened to him and, kissing his hands, said to him, "Allah upon thee, O my lord, ere thou do me a hurt, hear what I have to say." Then he told him who he was from first to last and acquainted him with what caused him to quit his native land and royal state, and how he had not entered his house of his free will, but that it was the girl who had broken the lock-bolt and done all this.[3] When Bahadur heard his story and knew that he was a King's son, he felt for him and, taking compassion on him, said, "Hearken to me, O Amjad, and do what I bid thee and I will guarantee thy safety from that thou fearest; but, if thou cross me, I will kill thee." Amjad replied, "Command me as thou wilt; I will not gainsay thee in aught; no, never, for I am the freedman of thy bounty." Rejoined Bahadur, "Then go back forthwith into the saloon, sit down in thy place and be at peace and at thine ease; I will presently come in to thee, and when thou seest me (remember my name is Bahadur) do thou revile me and rail at me, saying:—What made thee tarry till so late? And accept no excuse from me; nay, so far from it, rise and beat me; and, if thou spare me, I will do away thy life. Enter now and make merry and whatsoever thou seekest of me at this time I will bring thee forthwith; and do thou spend this night as thou willest and on the morrow wend thy way. This I do in honour of thy strangerhood, for I love the stranger and hold myself bounden to do him service." So Amjad kissed his hand, and, returning to the saloon with his face clad in its natural white and red, at once said to the damsel, "O my mistress, thy presence hath gladdened this thine own place and ours is indeed a blessed night." Quoth the girl, "Verily I see a wonderful change in thee, that thou now welcomest me so cordially!" So Amjad answered, "By Allah, O my lady, methought my servant Bahadur had robbed me of some necklaces of jewels, worth ten thousand dinars each; however, when I went out but now in concern for this, I sought for them and found them in their place. I know not why the slave tarrieth so long and needs must I punish him for it." She was satisfied with his answer; and they sported and drank and made merry and ceased not to be so till near sundown, when Bahadur came in to them, having changed his clothes and girt his middle and put on shoes, such as are worn of Mamelukes. He saluted and kissed the ground; then held his hands behind him and stood, with his head hanging down, as one who confesseth to a fault. So Amjad looked at him with angry eyes and asked, "Why hast thou tarried till now, O most pestilent of slaves?" Answered Bahadur, "O my lord, I was busy washing my clothes and knew not of thy being here; for our appointed time was nightfall and not daytide." But Amjad cried out at him, saying, "Thou liest, O vilest of slaves! By Allah, I must needs beat thee." So he rose and, throwing Bahadur prone on the ground, took a stick and beat him gently; but the damsel sprang up and, snatching the stick from his hand, came down upon Bahadur so lustily, that in extreme pain the tears ran from his eyes and he ground his teeth together and called out for succour; whilst Amjad cried out to the girl "Don't;" and she cried out, "Let me satisfy my anger upon him!" till at last he pulled the stick out of her hand and pushed her away. So Bahadur rose and, wiping away his tears from his cheeks, waited upon them the while; after which he swept the hall and lighted the lamps; but as often as he went in and out, the lady abused him and cursed him till Amjad was wroth with her and said, "For Almighty Allah's sake leave my Mameluke; he is not used to this." Then they sat and ceased not eating and drinking (and Bahadur waiting upon them) till midnight, when, being weary with service and beating, he fell asleep in the midst of the hall and snored and snorted; whereupon the damsel, who was drunken with wine, said to Amjad, "Arise, take the sword hanging yonder and cut me off this slave's head; and, if thou do it not, I will be the death of thee!" "What possesseth thee to slay my slave?" asked Amjad; and she answered, "Our joyaunce will not be complete but by his death. If thou wilt not kill him, I will do it myself." Quoth Amjad, "By Allah's rights to thee, do not this thing!" Quoth she, "It must perforce be;" and, taking down the sword, drew it and made at Bahadur to kill him; but Amjad said in his mind, "This man hath entreated us courteously and sheltered us and done us kindness and made himself my slave: shall we requite him by slaughtering him? This shall never be!" Then he said to the woman, "If my Mameluke must be killed, better I should kill him than thou." So saying, he took the sword from her and, raising his hand smote her on the neck and made her head fly from her body. It fell upon Bahadur who awoke and sat up and opened his eyes, when he saw Amjad standing by him and in his hand the sword dyed with blood, and the damsel lying dead. He enquired what had passed, and Amjad told him all she had said, adding, "Nothing would satisfy her but she must slay thee; and this is her reward." Then Bahadur rose and, kissing the Prince's hand, said to him, "Would to Heaven thou hadst spared her; but now there is nothing for it but to rid us of her without stay or delay, before the day break." Then he girded his loins and took the body, wrapped it in an Abá-cloak and, laying it in a large basket of palm-leaves, he shouldered it saying, "Thou art a stranger here and knowest no one: so sit thou in this place and await my return till daybreak. If I come back to thee, I will assuredly do thee great good service and use my endeavours to have news of thy brother; but if by sunrise I return not, know that all is over with me; and peace be on thee, and the house and all it containeth of stuffs and money are thine." Then he went forth from the saloon bearing the basket; and, threading the streets, he made for the salt sea, thinking to throw it therein: but as he drew near the shore, he turned and saw that the Chief of Police and his officers had ranged themselves around him; and, on recognising him, they wondered and opened the basket, wherein they found the slain woman So they seized him and laid him in bilboes all that night till the morning, when they carried him and the basket, as it was, to the King and reported the case. The King was sore enraged when he looked upon the slain and said to Bahadur, "Woe to thee! Thou art always so doing; thou killest folk and castest them into the sea and takest their goods. How many murders hast thou done ere this?" Thereupon Bahadur hung his head——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Amír Yákhúr," a corruption of "Akhor" = stable (Persian).

[2] A servile name in Persian, meaning "the brave," and a title of honour at the Court of Delhi when following the name. Many English officers have made themselves ridiculous (myself amongst the number) by having it engraved on their seal-rings, *e.g.* Brown Sáhib Bahádur. To write the word "Behadir" or "Bahâdir" is to adopt the wretched Turkish corruption.

[3] "Jerry Sneak" would be the English reader's comment; but in the East all charges are laid upon women.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-third Night,

She said it hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Bahadur hung down his head groundwards before the King, who cried out at him, saying, "Woe to thee! Who killed this girl?" He replied, "O my lord! I killed her, and there is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!"[1] So the King in his anger commanded to hang him; and the hangman went down with him by the King's commandment, and the Chief of Police accompanied him with a crier who called upon all the folk to witness the execution of Bahadur, the King's Master of the Horse; and on this wise they paraded him through the main streets and the market-streets. This is how it fared with Bahadur; but as regards Amjad, he awaited his host's return till the day broke and the sun rose, and when he saw that he came not, he exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Would I knew what is become of him?" And, as he sat musing behold, he heard the crier proclaiming Bahadur's sentence and bidding the people to see the spectacle of his hanging at midday; whereat he wept and exclaimed, "Verily, we are Allah's and to Him we are returning! He meaneth to sacrifice himself unjustly for my sake, when I it was who slew her. By Allah, this shall never be!" Then he went from the saloon and, shutting the door after him, hurriedly threaded the streets till he overtook Bahadur, when he stood before the Chief of Police and said to him, "O my lord, put not Bahadur to death, for he is innocent. By Allah, none killed her but I." Now when the Chief of Police heard these words, he took them both and, carrying them before the King, acquainted him with what Amjad had said; whereupon he looked at the Prince and asked him, "Didst thou kill the damsel?" He answered, "Yes," and the

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[1] Here the formula means "I am sorry for it, but I couldn't help it."

King said, "Tell me why thou killedst her, and speak the truth." Replied Amjad, "O King, it is indeed a marvellous event and a wondrous matter that hath befallen me: were it graven with needles on the eye-corners, it would serve as a warner to whoso would be warned!" Then he told him his whole story and informed him of all that had befallen him and his brother, first and last; whereat the King was much startled and surprised and said to him, "Know that now I find thee to be excusable; but list, O youth! Wilt thou be my Wazír?" "Hearkening and obedience," answered Amjad; whereupon the King bestowed magnificent dresses of honour on him and Bahadur and gave him a handsome house, with eunuchs and officers and all things needful, appointing him stipends and allowances and bidding him make search for his brother As'ad. So Amjad sat down in the seat of the Wazirate and governed and did justice and invested and deposed and took and gave. Moreover, he sent out a crier to cry his brother throughout the city, and for many days made proclamation in the main streets and market-streets, but heard no news of As'ad nor happened on any trace of him. Such was his case; but as regards his brother, the Magi ceased not to torture As'ad night and day and eve and morn for a whole year's space, till their festival drew near, when the old man Bahrám[1] made ready for the voyage and fitted out a ship for himself.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Bahram, the Magian, having fitted out a ship for the voyage, took As'ad and put him into a chest which he locked and had it transported on board. Now it so came to pass that, at the very time of shipping it, Amjad was standing to divert himself by looking upon the sea; and when he saw the men carrying the gear and shipping it, his heart throbbed and he called to his pages to bring him his beast. Then, mounting with a company of his officers, he rode down to the sea-side and halted before the Magian's ship, which he commanded his men to board and search. They did his bidding, and boarded the vessel and rummaged in every part, but found nothing; so they returned and told Amjad, who mounted again and rode back. But he felt troubled in mind; and when he reached his place and entered his palace, he cast his eyes on the wall and saw written thereon two lines which were these couplets :—

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[1] A noble name of the Persian Kings (meaning the planet Mars) corrupted in Europe to Varanes.

My friends ! if ye are banisht from mine eyes, * From heart and mind ye ne'er go wandering :
But ye have left me in my woe, and rob * Rest from my eyelids while ye are slumbering.

And seeing them Amjad thought of his brother and wept. Such was his case; but as for Bahram, the Magian, he embarked and shouted and bawled to his crew to make sail in all haste. So they shook out the sails and departed and ceased not to sail on many days and nights; and, every other day, Bahram took out As'ad and gave him a bit of bread and made him drink a sup of water, till they drew near the Mountain of Fire. Then there came out on them a storm-wind and the sea rose against them, so that the ship was driven out of her course till she took a wrong line and fell into strange waters; and at last they came in sight of a city builded upon the shore, with a castle whose windows overlooked the main. Now the ruler of this city was a Queen called Marjánah, and the captain said to Bahram, "O my lord, we have strayed from our course and come to the island of Queen Marjanah, who is a devout Moslemah; and, if she know that we are Magians, she will take our ship and slay us to the last man. Yet needs must we put in here to rest and refit." Quoth Bahram, "Right is thy recking, and whatever thou seest fit that will I do!" Said the ship-master, "If the Queen summon us and question us, how shall we answer her?" and Bahram replied, "Let us clothe this Moslem we have with us in a Mameluke's habit and carry him ashore with us, so that when the Queen sees him, she will suppose and say, This is a slave. As for me I will tell her that I am a slave-dealer[1] who buys and sells white slaves, and that I had with me many but have sold all save this one, whom I retained to keep my accounts for he can read and write." And the captain said, "This device should serve." Presently they reached the city and slackened sail and cast the anchors; and the ship lay still, when behold, Queen Marjanah came down to them, attended by her guards and, halting before the vessel, called out to the captain, who landed and kissed the ground before her. Quoth she, "What is the lading of this thy ship and whom hast thou with thee?" Quoth he, "O Queen of the Age, I have with me a merchant who dealeth in slaves." And she said, "Hither with him to me;" whereupon Bahram came ashore to her, with As'ad walking behind him in a slave's habit, and kissed the earth before her. She asked, "What is thy condition?" and he answered, "I am a dealer in chattels." Then she looked at As'ad and, taking him for a Mameluke, asked him, "What is thy name, O youth?" He answered, "Dost thou ask my present or my former name?" "Hast thou then two names?" enquired she, and he replied (and indeed his voice was choked with tears), "Yes; my name aforetime was Al-As'ad, the most happy; but now it is Al-Mu'tarr, the most unhappy." Her heart inclined to him and she said, "Canst thou write?" "Yes," answered he, and she gave him ink-case and reed-pen and paper and said to him, "Write somewhat that I may see it." So he wrote these two couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Jalláb," one of the three Muharramát or forbiddens; the Hárik al-hajar (burner of stone), the Káti' al-shajar (cutter of trees, without reference to Hawarden, N.B.) and the Báyi' al-bashar (seller of men, vulg. Jalláb). The two former worked, like the Italian Carbonari, in desert places where they had especial opportunities for crime. (Pilgrimage iii. 140). None of these things must be practised during Pilgrimage on the holy soil of Al-Hijaz—not including Jeddah.

What can the slave do when pursued by Fate, * O justest Judge! whatever be his state?[1]
Whom God throws hand-bound in the depths and says, * Beware lest water should thy body wet?[2]

Now when she read these lines, she had ruth upon him and said to Bahram, "Sell me this slave." He replied, "O my lady, I cannot sell him, for I have parted with all the rest and none is left with me but he." Quoth the Queen, "I must need have him of thee, either by sale or way of gift." But quoth Bahram, "I will neither sell him nor give him." Whereat she was wroth and, taking As'ad by the hand, carried him up to the castle and sent to Bahram, saying, "Except thou set sail and depart our city this very night, I will seize all thy goods and break up thy ship." Now when the message reached the Magian, he grieved with sore grief and cried, "Verily this voyage is on no wise to be commended." Then he arose and made ready and took all he needed and awaited the coming of the night to resume his voyage, saying to the sailors, "Provide yourselves with your things and fill your water-skins, that we may set sail at the last of the night." So the sailors did their business and awaited the coming of darkness. Such was their case; but as regards Queen Marjanah, when she had brought As'ad into the castle, she opened the casements overlooking the sea and bade her handmaids bring food. They set food before As'ad and herself and both ate, after which the Queen called for wine——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The verses contain the tenets of the Murjiy sect which attaches infinite importance to faith and little or none to works. Sale (sect. viii.) derives his "Morgians" from the "Jabrians" (Jabari), who are the direct opponents of the "Kadarians" (Kadari), denying free will and free agency to man and ascribing his actions wholly to Allah. Lane (ii. 243) gives the orthodox answer to the heretical question:—

Water could wet him not if God please guard His own; * Nor need man care though bound of hands in sea he's thrown:
But if His Lord decree that he in sea be drowned; * He'll drown albeit in the wild and wold he wone.

[2] Our proverb says: Give a man luck and throw him into the sea.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Queen Marjanah bade her handmaids bring wine and they set it before her, she fell to drinking with As'ad. Now, Allah (be He extolled and exalted!) filled her heart with love for the Prince and she kept filling his cup and handing it to him till his reason fled; and presently he rose and left the hall to cool his brows. As he passed out of the saloon he saw an open door through which he went and walked on till his walk brought him to a vast garden full of all manner of fruits and flowers; and, sitting down under a tree, by a jetting fountain in the garden he made the lesser ablution and washed his hands and face, after which he would have risen to go away; but the air smote him and he fell back and slept, and night overcame him thus. So far concerning him; but as concerns Bahram, the night being come, he cried out to his crew, saying, "Set sail and let us away!" and they answered, "We hear and obey, but wait till we fill our water-skins and then we will set sail." So they landed with their water-skins and went round about the castle, and found nothing but garden-walls: whereupon they climbed over into the garden and followed the track of feet, which led them to the fountain; and there they found As'ad lying on his back. They knew him and were glad to find him; and, after filling their water-skins, they bore him off and climbed the wall again with him and carried him back in haste to Bahram to whom they said, "Hear the good tidings of thy winning thy wish; and gladden thy heart and beat thy drums and sound thy pipes; for thy prisoner, whom Queen Marjanah took from thee by force, we have found and brought back to thee;" and they threw As'ad down before him. When Bahram saw him, his heart leapt for joy and his breast swelled with gladness.

Then he bestowed largesse on the sailors and bade them set sail in haste. So they sailed forthright, intending to make the Mountain of Fire and stayed not their course till the morning. This is how it fared with them; but as regards Queen Marjanah, she abode awhile, after As'ad went down from her, awaiting his return in vain, for he came not; thereupon she rose and sought him, yet found no trace of him. Then she bade her women light flambeaux and look for him, whilst she went forth in person and, seeing the garden-door open, knew that he had gone thither. So she went out into the garden and finding his sandals lying by the fountain, searched the place in every part, but came upon no sign of him; and yet she gave not over the search till morning. Then she enquired for the ship and they told her, "The vessel set sail in the first watch of the night;" wherefor she knew that they had taken As'ad with them, and this was grievous to her and she was sore an-angered. She bade equip ten great ships forthwith and, making ready for fight, embarked in one of the ten with her Mamelukes and slave-women and men-at-arms, all splendidly accoutred and weaponed for war. They spread the sails and she said to the captain, "If you overtake the Magian's ship, ye shall have of me dresses of honour and largesse of money; but if you fail so to do, I will slay you to the last man." Whereat fear and great hope animated the crews and they sailed all that day and the night and the second day and the third day till, on the fourth they sighted the ship of Bahram, the Magian, and before evening fell the Queen's squadron had surrounded it on all sides, just as Bahram had taken As'ad forth of the chest and was beating and torturing him, whilst the Prince cried out for help and deliverance, but found neither helper nor deliverer; and the grievous bastinado sorely tormented him. Now, while so occupied, Bahram chanced to look up and seeing himself encompassed by the Queen's ships, as the white of the eye encompasseth the black, he gave himself up for lost and groaned and said, "Woe to thee, O As'ad! This is all out of thy head." Then taking him by the hand he bade his men throw him overboard and cried, "By Allah I will slay thee before I die myself!" So they carried him along by the hands and feet and cast him into the sea and he sank; but Allah (be He extolled and exalted!) willed that his life be saved and that his doom be deferred; so He caused him to sink and rise again and he struck out with his hands and feet, till the Almighty gave him relief, and sent him deliverance; and the waves bore him far from the Magian's ship and threw him ashore. He landed, scarce crediting his escape, and once more on land he doffed his clothes and wrung them and spread them out to dry; whilst he sat naked and weeping over his condition, and bewailing his calamities and mortal dangers, and captivity and strangerhood. And presently he repeated these two couplets:—

Allah, my patience fails: I have no ward; * My breast is straitened and clean cut my cord:
To whom shall wretched slave of case complain, * Save to his Lord? O Thou of lords the Lord.

Then, having ended his verse, he rose and donned his clothes but he knew not whither to go or whence to come; so he fed on the herbs of the earth and the fruits of the trees and he drank of the streams, and walked on night and day till he came in sight of a city; whereupon he rejoiced and hastened his pace; but when he reached it——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when he reached the city the shades of evening closed around him and the gates were shut. Now by the decrees of Fate and man's lot this was the very city wherein he had been a prisoner and to whose King his brother Amjad was Minister. When As'ad saw the gate was locked, he turned back and made for the burial-ground, where finding a tomb without a door, he entered therein and lay down and fell asleep, with his face covered by his long sleeve.[1] Meanwhile, Queen Marjanah, coming up with Bahram's ship, questioned him of As'ad. Now the Magian, when Queen Marjanah overtook him with her ships, baffled her by his artifice and gramarye; swearing to her that he was not with him and that he knew nothing of him. She searched the ship, but found no trace of her friend, so she took Bahram and, carrying him back to her castle, would have put him to death, but he ransomed himself from her with all his goods and his ship; and she released him and his men. They went forth from her hardly believing in their deliverance, and fared on ten days' journey till they came to their own city and found the gate shut, it being eventide. So they made for the burial-ground, thinking to lie the night there and, going round about the tombs, as Fate and Fortune would have it, saw the building wherein As'ad lay wide open; whereat Bahram marvelled and said, "I must look into this sepulchre." Then he entered and found As'ad lying in a corner fast asleep, with his head covered by his sleeve; so he raised his head, and looking in his face, knew him for the man on whose account he had lost his goods and his ship, and cried, "What! art thou yet alive?" Then he bound him and gagged him without further parley, and carried him to his house, where he clapped heavy shackles on his feet and lowered him into the underground dungeon aforesaid prepared for the tormenting of Moslems, and he bade his daughter, by name Bostán,[1] torture him night and day, till the next year, when they would again visit the Mountain of Fire and there offer him up as a sacrifice. Presently he beat him grievously and locking the dungeon door upon him, gave the keys to his daughter. By and by, Bostan opened the door and went down to beat him, but finding him a comely youth and a sweet-faced with arched brows and eyes black with nature's Kohl,[2] she fell in love with him and asked him, "What is thy name?" "My name is As'ad," answered he; whereat she cried, "Mayst thou indeed be happy as thy name,[3] and happy be thy days! Thou deservest not torture and blows, and I see thou hast been injuriously entreated." And she comforted him with kind words and loosed his bonds. Then she questioned him of the religion of Al-Islam and he told her that it was the true and right Faith and that our lord Mohammed had approved himself by surpassing miracles and signs manifest, and that fire-worship is harmful and not profitable; and he went on to expound to her the tenets of Al-Islam till she was persuaded and the love of the True Faith entered her heart. Then, as Almighty Allah had mixed up with her being a fond affection for As'ad, she pronounced the Two Testimonies[4] of the Faith and became of the people of felicity. After this, she brought him meat and drink and talked with him and they prayed together: moreover, she made him chicken stews and fed him therewith, till he regained strength and his sickness left him and he was restored to his former health. Such things befel him with the daughter of Bahram, the Magian; and so it happened that one day she left him and stood at the house-door when behold, she heard the crier crying aloud and saying, "Whoever hath with him a handsome young man, whose favour is thus and thus, and bringeth him forth, shall have all he seeketh of money; but if any have him and deny it, he shall be hanged over his own door and his property shall be plundered and his blood go for naught." Now As'ad had acquainted Bostan the daughter of Bahram with his whole history: so, when she heard the crier, she knew that it was he who was sought for and, going down to him, told him the news. Then he went forth and made for the mansion of the Wazir, whom when As'ad saw he exclaimed, "By Allah, this Minister is my brother Amjad!" Then he went up (and the damsel walking behind him) to the Palace, where he again saw his brother, and threw himself upon him; whereupon Amjad also knew him and fell upon his neck and they embraced each other, whilst the Wazir's Mamelukes dismounted and stood round them. They lay awhile insensible and, when they came to themselves, Amjad took his brother and carried him to the Sultan, to whom he related the whole story, and the Sultan charged him to plunder Bahram's house.—— And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] As a rule Easterns, I repeat, cover head and face when sleeping especially in the open air and moonlight. Europeans find the practice difficult, and can learn it only by long habit.

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[1] Pers. = a flower-garden. In Galland Bahram has two daughters, Bostama and Cavama. In the Bres. Edit. the daughter is "Bostán" and the slave-girl "Kawám."

[2] Arab. "Kahíl" = eyes which look as if darkened with antimony: hence the name of the noble Arab breed of horses "Kuhaylat" (Al-Ajuz, etc.)

[3] "As'ad" = more (or most) fortunate.

Arab. "Al-Shahádatáni"; testifying the Unity and the Apostleship.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Sultan ordered Amjad to plunder Bahram's house and to hang its owner. So Amjad despatched thither for that purpose a company of men, who sacked the house and took Bahram and brought his daughter to the Wazir by whom she was received with all honour, for As'ad had told his brother the torments he had suffered and the kindness she had done him. Thereupon Amjad related in his turn to As'ad all that had passed between himself and the damsel; and how he had escaped hanging and had become Wazir; and they made moan, each to other, of the anguish they had suffered for separation. Then the Sultan summoned Bahram and bade strike off his head; but he said, "O most mighty King, art thou indeed resolved to put me to death?" Replied the King, "Yes, except thou save thyself by becoming a Moslem." Quoth Bahram, "O King, bear with me a little while!" Then he bowed his head groundwards and presently raising it again, made profession of The Faith and islamised at the hands of the Sultan. They all rejoiced at his conversion and Amjad and As'ad told him everything that had befallen them, whereat he wondered and said, "O my lords, make ready for the journey and I will depart with you and bear you back to your father's court in a ship." At this they rejoiced and wept with sore weeping; but he said, "O my lords, weep not for your departure, for it shall unite you with those you love, even as were Ni'amah and Naomi." "And what befel Ni'amah and Naomi?" asked they. "They tell," replied Bahram "(but Allah alone is All-knowing), the following tale of

NI'AMAH BIN AL-RABI'A AND NAOMI HIS SLAVE-GIRL."

THERE lived once in the city of Cufa[1] a man called Al-Rabí'a bin Hátim, who was one of the chief men of the town, a wealthy and a healthy, and Heaven had vouchsafed him a son, whom he named Ni'amat Allah.[2] One day, being in the slave-brokers' mart, he saw a woman exposed for sale with a little maid of wonderful beauty and grace on her arm. So he beckoned to the broker and asked him, "How much for this woman and her daughter?" He answered, "Fifty dinars." Quoth Al-Rabi'a "Write the contract of sale and take the money and give it to her owner." Then he gave the broker the price and his brokerage and taking the woman and her child, carried them to his house. Now when the daughter of his uncle who was his wife saw the slave, she said to her husband, "O my cousin, what is this damsel?" He replied, "Of a truth, I bought her for the sake of the little one on her arm; for know that, when she groweth up, there will not be her like for beauty, either in the land of the Arabs or the Ajams." His wife remarked, "Right was thy deed;" and said to the woman, "What is thy name?" She replied, "O my lady, my name is Taufík.[3]" "And what is thy daughter's name?" asked she. Answered the slave, "Sa'ad, the happy." Rejoined her mistress, "Thou sayest sooth, thou art indeed happy, and happy is he who hath bought thee." Then quoth she to her husband, "O my cousin, what wilt thou call her?" and quoth he, "Whatever thou choosest"; so she, "Then let us call her Naomi;" and he rejoined, "Good is thy device." The little Naomi was reared with Al-Rabi'a's son Ni'amah in one cradle, so to speak, till the twain reached the age of ten and each grew handsomer than the other; and the boy used to address her, "O my sister!" and she, "O my brother!" till they came to that age when Al-Rabi'a said to Ni'amah, "O my son, Naomi is not thy sister but thy slave. I bought her in thy name whilst thou wast yet in the cradle; so call her no more sister from this day forth." Quoth Ni'amah, "If that be so, I will take her to wife." Then he went to his mother and told her of this, and she said to him, "O my son, she is thy handmaid." So he wedded Naomi and loved her; and two[1] years passed over them whilst in this condition, nor was there in all Cufa a fairer girl than Naomi, or a sweeter or a more graceful. As she grew up she learnt the Koran and read works of science and excelled in music and playing upon all kinds of instruments; and in the beauty of her singing she surpassed all the folk of her time. Now one day, as she sat with her husband in the wine-chamber, she took the lute, tightened the strings, and sang these two couplets:—

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[1] The name is indifferently derived from the red sand about the town or the reeds and mud with which it was originally built. It was founded by the Caliph Omar, when the old Capital Madáin (Ctesiphon) opposite was held unwholesome, on the West bank of the Euphrates, four days' march from Baghdad; and it has now disappeared. Al-Saffáh, the first Abbaside, made it his Capital and it became a famous seat of Moslem learning; the Kufi school of Arab Grammarians being as renowned as their opponents, the Basri (of Bassorah). It gave a name to the "Cufic" characters which are, however, of much older date.

[2] "Ni'amat" = a blessing; and the word is perpetually occurring in Moslem conversation. "Ni'amatu 'lláh" (as pronounced) is also a favourite P. N. and few Anglo-Indians of the Mutiny date will forget the scandalous disclosures of Munshi Ni'amatu 'llah, who had been sent to England by Nana Sahib. Nu'm = prosperity, good fortune, and a P. N. like the Heb. "Naomi."

[3] *i.e.* "causing to be prosperous"; the name, corrupted by the Turks to "Tevfik," is given to either sex, *e.g.* Taufik Pasha of Egypt, to whose unprosperous rule and miserable career the signification certainly does not apply.

While thou'rt my lord whose bounty's my estate, * A sword whereby my woes to annihilate,
Recourse I never need to Amru or Zayd,[2] * Nor aught save thee if way to me grow strait!

Ni'amah was charmed with these verses and said to her, "By my life, O Naomi, sing to us with the tambourine and other instruments!" So she sang these couplets to a lively measure:—

By His life who holds my guiding-rein, I swear * I'll meet on strife-ground parlous foe nor care:
Good sooth I'll vex revilers, thee obey * And quit my slumbers and all joy forswear:
And for thy love I'll dig in bosom mine * A grave, nor shall my bosom weet 'tis there!

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[1] Lane (ii. 187) alters the two to four years.

[2] *i.e.* "to Tom, Dick or Harry:" the names like John Doe and Richard Roe are used indefinitely in Arab. Grammar and Syntax. I have noted that Amru is written and pronounced Amr: hence Amru, the Conqueror of Egypt, when told by an astrologer that Jerusalem would be taken only by a *trium literarum homo*, with three letters in his name, sent for the Caliph Omar (Omr), to whom the so-called Holy City at once capitulated. Hence also most probably, the tale of Bhurtpore and the Lord Alligator (Kumbhir), who however did not change from Cotton to Combermore for some time after the successful siege.

And Ni'amah exclaimed, "Heaven-favoured art thou, O Naomi!" But whilst they led thus the most joyous life behold, Al-Hajjáj,[1] the Viceroy of Cufa, said to himself, "Needs must I contrive to take this girl named Naomi and send her to the Commander of the Faithful, Abd al-Malik bin Marwán, for he hath not in his palace her like for beauty and sweet singing." Accordingly, he summoned an old woman of the duennas of his wives and said to her, "Go to the house of Al-Rabi'a and foregather with the girl Naomi and combine means to carry her off; for her like is not to be found on the face of the earth." She promised to do his bidding; so next morning she donned the woollen clothes of a devotee and hung around her neck a rosary of beads by the thousand; and, hending in hand a staff and a leather water-bottle of Yamani manufacture——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the old woman promised to do the bidding of Al-Hajjaj, and when it was morning she donned the woollen clothes of a devotee and hung around her neck a rosary of beads by the thousand and hent in hand a staff and a leather water-bottle of Yamani manufacture and went forth crying, "Glory be to Allah! Praised be Allah! There is no god but *the* God! Allah is Most Great! There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" Nor did she leave off her lauds and her groaning in prayer whilst her heart was full of guile and wiles, till she came to the house of

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[1] Bin Yúsuf al-Sakafi, a statesman and soldier of the seventh and eighth centuries (A.D.). He was Governor of Al-Hijaz and Al-Irak under the fifth and sixth Ommiades. and I have noticed his vigorous rule of the Moslem's Holy Land in my Pilgrimage (iii. 194, etc.). He pulled down the Ka'abah and restored it to the condition in which it now is. Al-Siyuti (p. 219) accuses him of having suborned a man to murder Ibn Omar with a poisoned javelin, and of humiliating the Prophet's companions by "sealing them in the necks and hands," that is he tied a thong upon the neck of each and sealed the knot with lead. In Irak he showed himself equally masterful; but an iron hand was required by the revolutionists of Kufah and Basrah. He behaved like a good Knight in rescuing the Moslem women who called upon his name when taken prisoners by Dahir of Debal (Tathá in Sind). Al-Hajjaj was not the kind of man the Caliph would have chosen for a go-between; but the Shi'ahs hated him and have given him a lasting bad name. When Ziyád bin Abihi was sent by Caliph Mu'awiyah to reform Bassorah, a den of thieves, he informed the lieges that he intended to rule by the sword and advised all evil-doers to quit the city The people were forbidden, under pain of death, to walk the streets after prayers: on the first night two hundred suffered; on the second five and none afterwards.

Ni'amah bin al-Rabi'a at the hour of noon-prayer, and knocked at the door. The doorkeeper opened and said to her, "What dost thou want?" Quoth she, "I am a poor pious woman, whom the time of noon-prayer hath overtaken, and lief would I pray in this blessed place." Answered the porter, "O old woman, this is no mosque nor oratory, but the house of Ni'amah son of al-Rabi'a." She replied, "I know there is neither cathedral-mosque nor oratory like the house of Ni'amah bin al-Rabi'a. I am a chamberwoman of the palace of the Prince of True Believers and am come out for worship and the visitation of Holy Places." But the porter rejoined, "Thou canst not enter;" and many words passed between them, till at last she caught hold and hung to him, saying, "Shall the like of me be denied admission to the house of Ni'amah bin al-Rabi'a—I who have free access to the houses of Emirs and Grandees?" Anon out came Ni'amah and, hearing their loud language, laughed and bade the old woman enter after him. So she followed him into the presence of Naomi, whom she saluted after the godliest and goodliest fashion, and, when she looked on her, she was confounded at her exceeding beauty and said to her, "O my lady, I commend thee to the safeguard of Allah, who made thee and my lord fellows in beauty and loveliness!" Then she stood up in the prayer-niche and betook herself to inclination and prostration and prayer, till day departed and night darkened and starkened, when Naomi said to her, "O my mother, rest thy legs and feet awhile." Replied the old woman, "O my lady, whoso seeketh the world to come let him weary him in this world, and whoso wearieth not himself in this world shall not attain the dwellings of the just in the world to come." Then Naomi brought her food and said to her, "Eat of my bread and pray Heaven to accept my penitence and to have mercy on me." But she cried, "O my lady, I am fasting. As for thee, thou art but a girl and it besitteth thee to eat and drink and make merry; Allah be indulgent to thee! for the Almighty saith:—All shall be punished except him who shall repent and believe and shall work a righteous work."[1] So Naomi continued sitting with the old woman in talk and presently said to Ni'amah, "O my lord, conjure this ancient dame to sojourn with us awhile, for piety and devotion are imprinted on her countenance." Quoth he, "Set apart for her a chamber where she may say her prayers; and suffer no one to go in to her: peradventure, Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) shall prosper us by the blessing of her presence and never separate us."

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[1] Koran xxv. 70. I give Sale's version.

So the old woman passed her night in praying and reciting the Koran; and when Allah caused the morn to dawn, she went in to Ni'amah and Naomi and, giving them good morning, said to them, "I pray Allah have you in His holy keeping!" Quoth Naomi, "Whither away, O my mother? My lord hath bidden me set apart for thee a chamber, where thou mayst seclude thee for thy devotions." Replied the old woman, "Allah give him long life, and continue His favour to you both! But I would have you charge the doorkeeper not to stay my coming in to you; and, Inshallah! I will go the round of the Holy Places and pray for you two at the end of my devotions every day and night." Then she went out (whilst Naomi wept for parting with her, knowing not the cause of her coming), and returned to Al-Hajjaj who said to her, "An thou do my bidding soon, thou shalt have of me abundant good." Quoth she, "I ask of thee a full month;" and quoth he "Take the month." Thereupon the old hag fell to daily visiting Ni'amah's house and frequented his slave-wife, Naomi;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Thirty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the old hag fell to visiting daily Ni'amah's house and frequenting his slave-wife, Naomi; and both ceased not to honour her, and she used to go in to them morning and evening and all in the house respected her till, one day, being alone with Naomi, she said to her, "O my lady! by Allah, when I go to the Holy Places, I will pray for thee; and I only wish thou wert with me, that thou mightest look on the Elders of the Faith who resort thither, and they should pray for thee, according to thy desire." Naomi cried, "I conjure thee by Allah take me with thee!" and she replied, "Ask leave of thy mother-in-law, and I will take thee." So Naomi said to her husband's mother "O my lady, ask my master to let us go forth, me and thee, one day, with this my old mother, to prayer and worship with the Fakirs in the Holy Places." Now when Ni'amah came in and sat down, the old woman went up to him and would have kissed his hand, but he forbade her; so she invoked blessings[1] on him and left the house.

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[1] Easterns, I have observed, have no way of saying "Thank you;" they express it by a blessing or a short prayer. They have a right to your surplus: daily bread is divided, they say and, eating yours, they consider it their own. I have discussed this matter in Pilgrimage i. 75-77, in opposition to those who declare that "gratitude" is unknown to Moslems.

Next day she came again, in the absence of Ni'amah, and she addressed Naomi, saying, "We prayed for thee yesterday; but arise now and divert thyself and return ere thy lord come home." So Naomi said to her mother-in law, "I beseech thee, for Allah's sake, give me leave to go with this pious woman, that I may sight the saints of Allah in the Holy Places, and return speedily ere my lord come back." Quoth Ni'amah's mother, "I fear lest thy lord know;" but said the old woman, "By Allah, I will not let her take seat on the floor; no, she shall look, standing on her feet, and not tarry." So she took the damsel by guile and, carrying her to Al-Hajjaj's palace, told him of her coming, after placing her in a lonely chamber; whereupon he went in to her and, looking upon her, saw her to be the loveliest of the people of the day, never had he beheld her like. Now when Naomi caught sight of him she veiled her face from him; but he left her not till he had called his Chamberlain, whom he commanded to take fifty horsemen; and he bade him mount the damsel on a swift dromedary, and bear her to Damascus and there deliver her to the Commander of the Faithful, Abd al-Malik bin Marwan. Moreover, he gave him a letter for the Caliph, saying, "Bear him this letter and bring me his answer and hasten thy return to me." The Chamberlain, without losing time, took the damsel (and she tearful for separation from her lord) and, setting out with her on a dromedary, gave not over journeying till he reached Damascus. There he sought audience of the Commander of the Faithful and, when it was granted, the Chamberlain delivered the damsel and reported the circumstance. The Caliph appointed her a separate apartment and going into his Harim, said to his wife, "Al-Hajjaj hath bought me a slave-girl of the daughters of the Kings of Cufa[1] for ten thousand dinars, and hath sent me this letter."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fortieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Caliph acquainted his wife with the story of the slave-girl, she said to him, "Allah increase to thee His favour!" Then the Caliph's sister went in to the supposed slave-girl and, when she saw her, she said, "By Allah, not unlucky is the man who hath thee in his house, were thy cost an hundred thousand dinars!" And Naomi replied, "O fair of face, "what King's palace is this, and what is the city?" She answered, "This is the city of Damascus, and this is the palace of my brother, the Commander of the Faithful, Abd al-Malik bin Marwan.[1]" Then she resumed, "Didst thou not know all this?" Naomi said, "By Allah, O my lady, I had no knowledge of it!" when the other asked, "And he who sold thee and took thy price did he not tell thee that the Caliph had bought thee?" Now when Naomi heard these words, she shed tears and said to herself, "Verily I have been tricked and the trick hath succeeded," adding to herself, "If I speak, none will credit me; so I will hold my peace and take patience, for I know that the relief of Allah is near." Then she bent her head for shame, and indeed her cheeks were tanned by the journey and the sun. So the Caliph's sister left her that day and returned to her on the morrow with clothes and necklaces of jewels, and dressed her; after which the Caliph came in to her and sat down by her side, and his sister said to him, "Look on this handmaid in whom Allah hath conjoined every perfection of beauty and loveliness." So he said to Naomi, "Draw back the veil from thy face;" but she would not unveil, and he beheld not her face. However, he saw her wrists and love of her entered his heart; and he said to his sister, "I will not see her for three days, till she be cheered by thy converse." Then he arose and left her, but Naomi ceased not to brood over her case and sigh for her separation from her master, Ni'amah, till she fell sick of a fever during the night and ate not nor drank; and her favour faded and her charms were changed. They told the Caliph of this and her condition grieved him; so he visited her with physicians and men of skill, but none could come at a cure for her. This is how it fared with her; but as regards Ni'amah, when he returned home he sat down on his bed and cried, "Ho, Naomi!" But she answered not; so he rose in haste and called out, yet none came to him, as all the women in the house had hidden themselves for fear of him. Then he went out to his mother, whom he found sitting with her cheek on her hand, and said to her, "O my mother, where is Naomi?" She answered, "O my son, she is with one who is worthier than I to be trusted with her, namely, the devout old woman; she went forth with her to visit devotionally the Fakirs and return." Quoth Ni'amah, "Since when hath this been her habit and at what hour went she forth?" Quoth his mother, "She went out early in the morning." He asked, "And how camest thou to give her leave for this?" and she answered, "O my son 'twas she persuaded me!" "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great!" exclaimed Ni'amah and, going forth from his home in a state of distraction, he repaired to the Captain of the Watch to whom said he, "Dost thou play tricks upon me and steal my slave-girl away from my house? I will assuredly complain of thee to the Commander of the Faithful." Said the Chief of Police, "Who hath taken her?" and Ni'amah replied, "An old woman of such and such a mien, clad in woollen raiment and carrying a rosary of beads numbered by thousands." Rejoined the other, "Find me the old woman and I will get thee back thy slave-girl." "And who knows the old woman?" retorted Ni'amah. "And who knows the hidden things save Allah (may He be extolled and exalted!)?" cried the Chief, who knew her for Al-Hajjaj's slave. Cried Ni'amah, "I look to thee for my slave-girl, and Al-Hajjaj shall judge between thee and me;" and the Master of Police answered, "Go to whom thou willest." So Ni'amah went to the palace of Al-Hajjaj, for his father was one of the chief men of Cufa; and, when he arrived there, the Chamberlain went into the Governor and told him the case; whereupon Al-Hajjaj said, "Hither with him!" and when he stood before him enquired, "What be thy business?" Said Ni'amah, "Such and such things have befallen me;" and the Governor said, "Bring me the Chief of Police, and we will command him to seek for the old woman." Now he knew that the Chief of Police was acquainted with her; so, when he came, he said to him, "I wish thee to make search for the slave-girl of Ni'amah son Al-Rabi'a." And he answered, "None knoweth the hidden things save Almighty Allah." Rejoined Al-Hajjaj, "There is no help for it but thou send out horsemen and look for the damsel in all the roads, and seek for her in the towns."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Cufa (Kufah) being a modern place never had a "King," but as the Hindu says, "Delhi is far"—it is a far cry to Loch Awe. Here we can hardly understand "Malik" as Governor or Viceroy: can it be syn. with Zú-mál (moneyed)?

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[1] Abd al Malik has been before mentioned as the "Sweat of a Stone," etc. He died recommending Al-Hajjaj to his son Al-Walid.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Al-Hajjaj said to the Captain of the Watch, "There is no help for it but thou send out horsemen and look for the damsel on all the roads and seek for her in the towns." Then he turned to Ni'amah and said to him, "An thy slave-girl return not, I will give thee ten slave-girls from my house and ten from that of the Chief of Police." And he again bade the Captain of the Watch, "Go and seek for the girl." So he went out, and Ni'amah returned home full of trouble and despairing of life; for he had now reached the age of fourteen and there was yet no hair on his side-cheeks. So he wept and lamented and shut himself up from his household; and ceased not to weep and lament, he and his mother, till the morning, when his father came in to him and said, "O my son, of a truth, Al-Hajjaj hath put a cheat upon the damsel and hath taken her; but from hour to hour Allah giveth relief." However grief redoubled on Ni'amah, so that he knew not what he said nor knew he who came into him, and he fell sick for three months; his charms were changed, his father despaired of him and the physicians visited him and said, "There is no remedy for him save the damsel." Now as his father was sitting one day, behold, he heard tell of a skilful Persian physician, whom the folk gave out for perfect in medicine and astrology and geomancy. So Al-Rabi'a sent for him and, seating him by his side, entreated him with honour and said to him, "Look into my son's case." Thereupon quoth he to Ni'amah, "Give me thy hand." The young man gave him his hand and he felt his pulse and his joints and looked in his face; then he laughed and, turning to his father, said, "Thy son's sole ailment is one of the heart."[1] He replied, "Thou sayest sooth, O sage, but apply thy skill to his state and case, and acquaint me with the whole thereof and hide naught from me of his condition." Quoth the Persian, "Of a truth he is enamoured of a slave-girl and this slave-girl is either in Bassorah or Damascus; and there is no remedy for him but reunion with her." Said Al-Rabi'a, "An thou bring them together, thou shalt live all thy life in wealth and delight." Answered the Persian, "In good sooth this be an easy matter and soon brought about;" and he turned to Ni'amah and said to him, "No hurt shall befal thee; so be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear." Then quoth he to Al-Rabi'a, "Bring me out four thousand dinars of your money;" so he gave them to him, and he added, "I wish to carry thy son with me to Damascus; and Almighty Allah willing, I will not return thence but with the damsel." Then he turned to the youth and asked, "What is thy name?" and he answered, "Ni'amah." Quoth the Persian, "O Ni'amah, sit up and be of good heart, for Allah will reunite thee with the damsel." And when he sat up the leach continued, "Be of good cheer for we set out for Damascus this very day: put thy trust in the Lord, and eat and drink and be cheerful so as to fortify thyself for travel." Upon this the Persian began making preparation of all things needed, such as presents and rarities; and he took of Al-Rabi'a in all the sum of ten thousand dinars, together with horses and camels and beasts of burden and other requisites. Then Ni'amah farewelled his father and mother and journeyed with the physician to Aleppo. They could find no news of Naomi there, so they fared on to Damascus, where they abode three days, after which the Persian took a shop and he adorned even the shelves with vessels of costly porcelain, with covers of silver, and with gildings and stuffs of price. Moreover, he set before himself vases and flagons of glass full of all manner of ointments and syrups, and he surrounded them with cups of crystal and, placing astrolabe and geomantic tablet facing him, he donned a physician's habit and took his seat in the shop. Then he set Ni'amah standing before him clad in a shirt and gown of silk and, girding his middle with a silken kerchief gold-embroidered, said to him, "O Ni'amah, henceforth thou art my son; so call me naught but sire, and I will call thee naught but son." And he replied, "I hear and I obey." Thereupon the people of Damascus flocked to the Persian's shop that they might gaze on the youth's goodliness and the beauty of the shop and its contents, whilst the physician spoke to Ni'amah in Persian and he answered him in the same tongue, for he knew the language, after the wont of the sons of the notables. So that Persian doctor soon became known among the townsfolk and they began to acquaint him with their ailments, and he to prescribe for them remedies, till his fame spread throughout the city and into the houses of the great. Now, one day as he sat in his shop, behold, there came up an old woman riding on an ass with a stuffed saddle of brocade embroidered with jewels; and, stopping before the Persian's shop, drew rein and beckoned him, saying, "Take my hand." He took her hand, and she alighted and asked him, "Art thou the Persian physician from Irak?" "Yes," answered he, and she said, "Know that I have a sick daughter." Then the Persian said to her, "O my mistress, tell me thy daughter's name, that I may calculate her horoscope and learn the hour in which it will befit her to drink medicine." She replied, "O my brother the Persian,[1] her name is Naomi."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Probably suggested by the history of Antiochus and Stratonice, with an addition of Eastern mystery such as geomancy.

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[1] Lane makes this phrase "O brother of the Persians!" synonymous with "O Persian!" I think it means more, a Persian being generally considered "too clever by half."

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Persian heard the name of Naomi, he fell to calculating and writing on his hand and presently said, "O my lady, I cannot prescribe a medicine for her till I know what country woman she is, because of the difference of climate: so tell me in what land she was brought up and what is her age?" The old woman replied, "She is fourteen years old and she was brought up in Cufa of Irak." He asked, "And how long hath she sojourned in this country?" "But a few months," answered she. Now when Ni'amah heard the old woman's words and recognised the name of his slave-girl, his heart fluttered and he was like to faint. Then said the Persian, "Such and such medicines will suit her case;" and the old woman rejoined, "Then make them up and give me what thou hast mentioned, with the blessing of Almighty Allah." So saying, she threw upon the shop-board ten gold pieces; and he looked at Ni'amah and bade him prepare the necessary drugs; whereupon she also looked at the youth and exclaimed, "Allah have thee in his keeping, O my son! Verily, she favoureth thee in age and mien." Then said she to the physician, "O my brother the Persian, is this thy slave or thy son?" "He is my son," answered he. So Ni'amah put up the medicine and, placing it in a little box, took a piece of paper and wrote thereon these two couplets[1]:—

If Naomi bless me with a single glance, * Let Su'adá sue and Juml joy to pet;
They said, "Forget her: twenty such thou'lt find." * But none is like her—I will *not* forget!

He pressed the paper into the box and, sealing it up, wrote upon the cover the following words in Cufic character, "I am Ni'amah son of al-Rabi'a of Cufa." Then he set it before the old woman who took it and bade them farewell and returned to the Caliph's palace; and when she went up with the drugs to the damsel she placed the little box of medicine at her feet, saying, "O my lady, know that there is lately come to our town a Persian physician, than whom I never saw a more skilful nor a better versed in matters of malady. I told him thy name, after telling him the state of the case, and forthwith he knew thine ailment and prescribed a remedy. Then he bade his son make thee up this medicine; and there is not in Damascus a comelier or a seemlier youth than this lad of his, nor hath anyone a shop the like of his shop." So Naomi took the box and, seeing the names of her lord and his father written on the cover, changed colour and said to herself, "Doubtless, the owner of this shop is come in search of me." So she said to the old woman, "Describe to me this youth." Answered the old woman, "His name is Ni'amah, he hath a mole on his right eyebrow, is richly clad and is perfectly handsome." Cried Naomi, "Give me the medicine, whereon be the blessing and help of Almighty Allah!" So she drank off the potion (and she laughing) and said, "Indeed 'tis a blessed medicine!" Then she sought in the box and, finding the paper, opened it, read it, understood it and knew that this was indeed her lord, whereat her heart was solaced and she rejoiced. Now when the old woman saw her laughing, she exclaimed, "This is indeed a blessed day!" and Naomi said, "O nurse, I have a mind for something to eat and drink." The old woman said to the serving-women, "Bring a tray of dainty viands for your mistress; whereupon they set food before her and she sat down to eat. And behold in came the Caliph, who seeing her sitting at meat, rejoiced; and the old woman said to him, "O Commander of the Faithful, I give thee joy of thy handmaid Naomi's recovery! And the cause is that there is lately come to this our city a physician than whom I never saw a better versed in diseases and their remedies. I fetched her medicine from him and she hath drunken of it but once and is restored to health." Quoth he, "Take a thousand dinars and apply thyself to her treatment, till she be completely recovered." And he went away, rejoicing in the damsel's recovery, whilst the old woman betook herself to the Persian's house and delivered the thousand dinars, giving him to know that she was become the Caliph's slave and also handing him a letter which Naomi had written. He took it and gave the letter to Ni'amah, who at first sight knew her hand and fell down in a swoon. When he revived he opened the letter and found these words written therein: "From the slave despoiled of her Ni'amah, her delight; her whose reason hath been beguiled and who is parted from the core of her heart. But afterwards. Of a truth thy letter hath reached me and hath broadened my breast, and solaced my soul, even as saith the poet:—

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[1] The verses deal in untranslatable word-plays upon women's names, Naomi (the blessing) Su'adá or Su'ád (the happy, which Mr. Redhouse, in Ka'ab's Mantle-poem, happily renders Beatrice); and Juml (a sum or total) the two latter, moreover, being here fictitious.

Thy note came: long lost fingers wrote that note, * Till drop they sweetest
scents for what they wrote:

'Twas Moses to his mother's arms restored ; * 'Twas Jacob's eye-sight cured by Joseph's coat ![1]

When Ni'amah read these verses, his eyes ran over with tears and the old woman said to him, " What maketh thee to weep, O my son? Allah never cause thine eye to shed tears ! " Cried the Persian, " O my lady, how should my son not weep, seeing that this is his slave-girl and he her lord, Ni'amah son of al-Rabi'a of Cufa; and her health dependeth on her seeing him, for naught aileth her but loving him."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Persian cried out to the old woman, " How shall my son not weep, seeing that this is his slave-girl and he her lord, Ni'amah son of al-Rabi'a of Cufa ; and the health of this damsel dependeth on her seeing him and naught aileth her but loving him. So, do thou, O my lady, take these thousand dinars to thyself and thou shalt have of me yet more than this ; only look on us with eyes of ruth ; for we know not how to bring this affair to a happy end save through thee." Then she said to Ni'amah, " Say, art thou indeed her lord?" He replied, " Yes," and she rejoined, " Thou sayest sooth ; for she ceaseth not continually to name thee." Then he told her all that had passed from first to last, and she said, " O youth, thou shalt owe thy reunion with her to none but myself." So she mounted and, at once returning to Naomi, looked in her face and laughed saying, " It is just, O my daughter, that thou weep and fall sick for thy separation from thy master, Ni'amah son of al-Rabi'a of Cufa." Quoth Naomi, " Verily, the veil hath been withdrawn for thee and the truth revealed to thee." Rejoined the old woman, " Be of good cheer and take heart, for I will assuredly bring you together, though it cost me my life." Then she returned to Ni'amah and said to him, "I went to thy slave-girl and conversed with her, and I find that she longeth for thee yet more than thou for her; for although the Commander of the Faithful is minded to become intimate with her, she refuseth herself to him. But if thou be stout of purpose and firm of heart, I will bring you together and venture my life for you, and play some trick and make shift to carry thee into the Caliph's palace where thou shalt meet her, for she cannot come forth." And Ni'amah answered, "Allah requite thee with good!" Then she took leave of him and went back to Naomi and said, "Thy lord is indeed dying of love for thee and would fain see thee and foregather with thee. What sayest thou?" Naomi replied, "And I too am longing for his sight and dying for his love." Whereupon the old woman took a parcel of women's clothes and ornaments and, repairing to Ni'amah, said to him, "Come with me into some place apart." So he brought her into the room behind the shop where she stained his hands and decked his wrists and plaited his hair, after which she clad him in a slave-girl's habit and adorned him after the fairest fashion of woman's adornment, till he was as one of the Houris of the Garden of Heaven, and when she saw him thus she exclaimed, "Blessed be Allah, best of Creators! By Allah, thou art handsomer than the damsel. Now, walk with thy left shoulder forwards and thy right well behind, and sway thy body from side to side."[1] So he walked before her, as she bade him; and, when she saw he had caught the trick of woman's gait, she said to him, "Expect me to-morrow night, and Allah willing, I will take and carry thee to the palace. But when thou seest the Chamberlains and the Eunuchs be bold, and bow thy head and speak not with any, for I will prevent their speech; and with Allah is success!" Accordingly, when the morning dawned, she returned and, carrying him to the palace, entered before him and he after her step by step. The Chamberlain would have stopped his entering, but the old woman said to him, "O most ill-omened of slaves, this is the handmaid of Naomi, the Caliph's favourite. How durst thou stay her when she would enter?" Then said she, "Come in, O damsel!" and the old woman went in and they ceased not walking on, till they drew near the door leading to the inner piazza of the palace, when she said to him, "O Ni'amah, hearten thyself and take courage and enter and turn to the left: then count five doors and pass through the sixth, for it is that of the place prepared for thee. Fear nothing, and if any speak to thee, answer not neither stop." Then she went up with him to the door, and the Chamberlain there on guard accosted her, saying, "What damsel is this?"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] " And he (Jacob) turned from them, and said, ' O how I am grieved for Joseph ! ' And his eyes became white with mourning. . . . (Quoth Joseph to his brethren), ' Take this my inner garment and throw it on my father's face and he shall recover his sight.' . . . So, when the messenger of good tidings came (to Jacob) he threw it (the shirt) over his face and he recovered his eye-sight."—Koran, xii. 84, 93, 96. The commentators, by way of improvement, assure us that the shirt was that worn by Abraham when thrown into the fire (Koran, chapt. xvi.) by Nimrod (!). We know little concerning "Jacob's daughters" who named the only bridge spanning the upper Jordan, and who have a curious shrine-tomb near Jewish " Safed " (North of Tiberias), one of the four " Holy Cities." The Jews ignore these " daughters of Jacob " and travellers neglect them.

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[1] The Badawi (who is nothing if not horsey) compares the gait of a woman who walks well (in Europe rarely seen out of Spain) with the slightly swinging walk of a thoroughbred mare, bending her graceful neck and looking from side to side at objects as she passes.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Chamberlain accosted the old woman, saying, "What damsel is this?" quoth the ancient dame, "Our lady hath a mind to buy her;" and he rejoined, "None may enter save by leave of the Commander of the Faithful; so do thou go back with her. I cannot let her pass for thus am I commanded." Replied the old woman, "O Chief Chamberlain, use thy reason. Thou knowest that Naomi, the Caliph's slave-girl, of whom he is enamoured, is but now restored to health and the Commander of the Faithful hardly yet crediteth her recovery. She is minded to buy this handmaid; so oppose thou not her entrance, lest haply it come to Naomi's knowledge and she be wroth with thee and suffer a relapse and this cause thy head to be cut off." Then said she to Ni'amah, "Enter, O damsel; pay no heed to what he saith and tell not the Queen-consort that her Chamberlain opposed thine entrance." So Ni'amah bowed his head and entered the palace, and would have turned to the left, but mistook the direction and walked to his right; and, meaning to count five doors and enter the sixth, he counted six and entering the seventh, found himself in a place whose floor was carpeted with brocade and whose walls were hung with curtains of gold-embroidered silk. And therein stood censers of aloes-wood and ambergris and strong-scented musk, and at the upper end was a couch bespread with cloth of gold on which he seated himself, marvelling at the magnificence he saw and knowing not what was written for him in the Secret Purpose. As he sat musing on his case, the Caliph's sister, followed by her handmaid, came in upon him; and, seeing the youth seated there took him for a slave-girl and accosted him and said, "Who art thou, O damsel? and what is thy case and who brought thee hither?" He made no reply, and was silent, when she continued, "O damsel! if thou be one of my brother's favourites and he be wroth with thee, I will intercede with him for thee and get thee grace." But he answered her not a word;

so she said to her slave-girl, "Stand at the door and let none enter." Then she went up to Ni'amah and looking at him was amazed at his beauty and said to him, "O lady, tell me who thou art and what is thy name and how thou camest here; for I have never seen thee in our palace." Still he answered not, whereat she was angered and, looking closer saw that he was a man and would have unveiled him, that she might know who he was; but he said to her, "O my lady, I am thy slave and I cast myself on thy protection: do thou protect me." She said, "No harm shall come to thee, but tell me who thou art and who brought thee into this my apartment." Answered he, "O Princess, I am known as Ni'amah bin al-Rabi'a of Cufa and I have ventured my life for the sake of my slave-girl Naomi, whom Al-Hajjaj took by sleight and sent hither." Said she, "Fear not: no harm shall befal thee;" then, calling her maid, she said to her, "Go to Naomi's chamber and send her to me." Meanwhile the old woman went to Naomi's bedroom and said to her, "Hath thy lord come to thee?" "No, by Allah!" answered Naomi, and the other said, "Belike he hath gone astray and entered some chamber other than thine and lost himself." So Naomi cried, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Our last hour is come and we are all lost." And while they were sitting and sadly enough pondering their case, in came the Princess's handmaid and saluting Naomi said to her, "My lady biddeth thee to her banquet." "I hear and I obey," answered the damsel and the old woman said, "Belike thy lord is with the Caliph's sister and the veil of secrecy hath been rent." So Naomi at once sprang up and betook herself to the Princess, who said to her, "Here is thy lord sitting with me; it seemeth he hath mistaken the place; but, please Allah, neither thou nor he has any cause for fear." When Naomi heard these words, she took heart of grace and went up to Ni'amah; and her lord when he saw her——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-fifth Night,

She said:—It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Ni'amah saw his handmaid Naomi, he rose to meet her and strained her to his bosom and both fell to the ground fainting. As soon as they came to themselves, the Caliph's sister said to them, "Sit ye down and take we counsel for your deliverance from this your strait." And they answered, "O our lady, we hear and obey: it is thine to command." Quoth she, "By Allah, no harm shall befal you from us!" Then she bade her handmaids bring meat and drink which was done, and they sat down and ate till they had enough, after which they sat drinking. Then the cup went round amongst them and their cares ceased from them; but Ni'amah said, "Would I knew how this will end." The Princess asked, "O Ni'amah, dost thou love thy slave Naomi?" And he answered, "Of a truth it is my passion for her which hath brought me to this state of peril for my life." Then said she to the damsel, "O Naomi, dost thou love thy lord Ni'amah?" And she replied, "O my lady, it is the love of him which hath wasted my body and brought me to evil case." Rejoined the Princess, "By Allah, since ye love each other thus, may he not be who would part you! Be of good cheer and keep your eyes cool and clear." At this they both rejoiced and Naomi called for a lute and, when they brought it, she took it and tuned it and played a lively measure which enchanted the hearers, and after the prelude sang these couplets:—

When the slanderers cared but to part us twain, * We owed no blood-debt could
 raise their ire;
And they poured in our ears all the din of war, * And aid failed and friends,
 when my want was dire:
I fought them hard with mine eyes and tears; * With breath and sword with the
 stream and fire!

Then Naomi gave the lute to her master, Ni'amah, saying, "Sing thou to us some verse." So he took it and playing a lively measure, intoned these couplets:—

Full Moon if unfreckled would favour thee, * And Sun uneclipsed would reflect
 thy blee:
I wonder (but love is of wonders full * And ardour and passion and
 ecstacy)
How short the way to my love I fare, * Which, from her faring, so long
 I see.

Now when he had made an end of his song, Naomi filled the cup and gave it to him, and he took it and drank it off; then she filled again and gave the cup to the Caliph's sister who also emptied it; after which the Princess in her turn took the lute and tightened the strings and tuned it and sang these two couplets:—

Grief, cark and care in my heart reside, * And the fires of love in my breast
 abide;
My wasted form to all eyes shows clear; * For sorrow my body hath mortified.

Then she filled the cup and gave it to Naomi, who drank it off and taking the lute, sang these two couplets:—

O to whom I gave soul which thou torturest, * And in vain I'd recover from fair Unfaith,
Do grant thy favours my care to cure * Ere I die, for this be my latest breath.

And they ceased not to sing verses and drink to the sweet sound of the strings, full of mirth and merriment and joy and jollity till behold, in came the Commander of the Faithful. Now when they saw him, they rose and kissed the ground before him; and he, seeing Naomi with the lute in her hand, said to her, "O Naomi, praised be Allah who hath done away from thee sickness and suffering!" Then he looked at Ni'amah (who was still disguised as a woman), and said to the Princess, "O my sister, what damsel is this by Naomi's side?" She replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, thou hast here a handmaid, one of thy slaves and the bosom friend of Naomi who will neither eat nor drink without her." And she repeated the words of the poet:—

Two contraries, and both concur in opposite charms, * And charms so contraried by contrast lovelier show.

Quoth the Caliph, "By Allah Omnipotent, verily she is as handsome as Naomi, and to-morrow I will appoint her a separate chamber beside that of her friend and send her furniture and stuffs and all that befitteth her, in honour of Naomi." Then the Princess called for food and set it before her brother, who ate and made himself at home in their place and company. Then filling a cup he signed to Naomi to sing; so she took the lute, after draining two of them, and sang these two couplets:—

Since my toper-friend in my hand hath given * Three cups that brim and bubble, e'er since
I've trailed my skirts throughout night for pride, * As tho,' Prince of the Faithful, I were thy Prince!

The Prince of True Believers was delighted and filling another cup, gave it to Naomi and bade her sing again; so after draining the cup and sweeping the strings, she sang as follows:—

O most noble of men in this time and stound, * Of whom none may boast he is equal found!
O matchless in greatness of soul and gifts, * O thou Chief, O thou King amongst all renowned:
Lord, who dealest large boons to the Lords of Earth, * Whom thou vexest not nor dost hold them bound;
The Lord preserve thee, and spoil thy foes, * And ne'er cease thy lot with good Fortune crowned!

Now when the Caliph heard these couplets, he exclaimed, "By Allah, good! By Allah, excellent! Verily the Lord hath been copious[1] to thee, O Naomi! How clever is thy tongue and how clear is thy speech!" And they ceased not their mirth and good cheer till midnight, when the Caliph's sister said to him, "Give ear, O Commander of the Faithful to a tale I have read in books of a certain man of rank." "And what is this tale?" quoth he. Quoth she, "Know, O Prince of the Faithful that there lived once in the city of Cufa a youth called Ni'amah, son of Al-Rabi'a, and he had a slave-girl whom he loved and who loved him. They had been reared together; but when they grew up and mutual love gat hold of them, Fortune smote them with her calamities and Time, the tyrant, brought upon them his adversity and decreed separation unto them. Thereupon designing and slanderous folk enticed her by sleight forth of his house and, stealing her away from his home, sold her to one of the Kings for ten thousand dinars. Now the girl loved her lord even as he loved her; so he left kith and kin and house and home and the gifts of fortune, and set out to search for her and when she was found he devised means to gain access to her,"——— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Caliph's sister said, "And Ni'amah ceased not absenting himself from his kith and kin and patrial stead, that he might gain access to his handmaid, and he incurred every peril and lavished his life till he gained access to her, and her name was Naomi, like this slave-girl. But the interview was short; they had not been long in company when in came the King, who had bought her of her kidnapper, and hastily ordered them to be slain, without doing justice by his own soul and delaying to enquire into the matter before the command was carried out. Now what sayest thou, O Commander of the Faithful, of this King's wrongous conduct?" Answered the Caliph; "This was indeed a strange thing: it behoved that King to pardon when he had the power to punish; and he ought to have regarded three things in their favour. The first was that they loved each other; the second that they were in his house and in his grasp; and the third that it befitteth a King to be deliberate in judging and ordering between folk, and how much more so in cases where he himself is concerned! Wherefore this King thus did an unkingly deed." Then said his sister, "O my brother, by the King of the heavens and the earth, I conjure thee, bid Naomi sing and hearken to that she shall sing!" So he said, "O Naomi, sing to me;" whereupon she played a lively measure and sang these couplets:—

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[1] Li 'llâhi (darr') al-kâil, a characteristic idiom. "Darr" = giving (rich) milk copiously; and the phrase expresses admiration, "To Allah be ascribed (or Allah be praised for) his rich eloquence who said," etc. Some Hebraists would render it, "Divinely (well) did he speak who said," etc., holding "Allah" to express a superlative like "Yah" (Jah) in Gen. iv. 1; x. 9. Nimrod was a hunter to the person (or presence) of Yah, *i.e.* a mighty hunter.

Beguiled us Fortune who her guile displays, * Smiting the heart, bequeathing thoughts that craze,
And parting lovers whom she made to meet, * Till tears in torrent either cheek displays:
They were and I was and my life was glad, * While Fortune often joyed to join our ways;
I *will* pour tear-flood, *will* rain gouts of blood, * Thy loss bemoaning through the nights and days!

Now when the Commander of the Faithful heard this verse, he was moved to great delight and his sister said to him, "O my brother, whoso decideth in aught against himself, him it behoveth to abide by it and do according to his word; and thou hast judged against thyself by this judgment." Then said she, "O Ni'amah, stand up and do thou likewise up stand, O Naomi!" So they stood up and she continued, "O Prince of True Believers, she who standeth before thee is Naomi the stolen, whom Al-Hajjaj bin Yusuf al-Sakafi kidnapped and sent to thee, falsely pretending in his letter to thee that he had bought her for ten thousand gold pieces. And this other who standeth before thee is her lord, Ni'amah, son of Al-Rabi'a; and I beseech thee, by the honour of thy pious forbears and by Hamzah and Ukayl and Abbas,[1] to pardon them both and overlook their offence and bestow them one on the other, that thou mayst win rich reward in the next world of thy just dealing with them; for they are under thy hand and verily they have eaten of thy meat and drunken of thy drink; and behold, I make intercession for them and beg of thee the boon of their blood." Thereupon quoth the Caliph, "Thou speakest sooth: I did indeed give judgment as thou sayst, and I am not one to pass sentence and to revoke it." Then said he, "O Naomi, say, be this thy lord?" And she answered, "Even so, O Commander of the Faithful." Then quoth he, "No harm shall befal you, I give you to each other;" adding to the young man, "O Ni'amah, who told thee where she was and taught thee how to get at this place." He replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, hearken to my tale and give ear to my history; for, by the virtue of thy pious forefathers, I will hide nothing from thee!" And he told him all that had passed between himself and the Persian physician and the old nurse, and how she had brought him into the palace and he had mistaken the doors; whereat the Caliph wondered with exceeding wonder and said, "Fetch me the Persian." So they brought him into the presence and he was made one of his chief officers. Moreover the King bestowed on him robes of honour and ordered him a handsome present, saying, "When a man hath shown like this man such artful management, it behoveth us to make him one of our chief officers." The Caliph also loaded Ni'amah and Naomi with gifts and honours and rewarded the old nurse; and they abode with him seven days in joy and content and all delight of life, when Ni'amah craved leave to return to Cufa with his slave-girl. The Caliph gave them permission and they departed and arrived in due course at Cufa, where Ni'amah was restored to his father and mother, and they abode in all the joys and jollities of life, till there came to them the Destroyer of delights and the Sunderer of societies. Now when Amjad and As'ad heard from Bahram this story, they marvelled with extreme marvel and said, "By Allah, this is indeed a rare tale!"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Hamzah and Abbás were the famous uncles of Mohammed often noticed: Ukayl is not known; possibly it may be Akíl, a son of the fourth Caliph, Ali.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Amjad and As'ad heard this story from Bahram the Magian who had become a Moslem, they marvelled with extreme marvel and thus passed that night; and when the next morning dawned, they mounted and riding to the palace, sought an audience of the King who granted it and received them with high honour. Now as they were sitting together talking, of a sudden they heard the townsfolk crying aloud and shouting to one another and calling for help; and the Chamberlain came in to the King and said to him, "Some King hath encamped before the city, he and his host, with arms and weapons displayed, and we know not their object and aim." The King took counsel with his Wazir Amjad and his brother As'ad; and Amjad said, "I will go out to him and learn the cause of his coming." So he took horse and, riding forth from the city, repaired to the stranger's camp where he found the King and with him a mighty many and mounted Mamelukes. When the guards saw him, they knew him for an envoy from the King of the city; so they took him and brought him before their Sultan. Then Amjad kissed the ground before him; but lo! the King was a Queen, who was veiled with a mouth-veil, and she said to Amjad, "Know that I have no design on this your city and that I am come hither only in quest of a beardless slave of mine, whom if I find with you, I will do you no harm; but if I find him not, then shall there befal sore onslaught between me and you." Asked Amjad, "O Queen, what like is thy slave and what is his story and what may be his name?" Said she, "His name is As'ad and my name is Marjanah, and this slave came to my town in company of Bahram, a Magian, who refused to sell him to me; so I took him by force, but his master fell upon him by night and bore him away by stealth and he is of such and such a favour." When Amjad heard that, he knew it was indeed his brother As'ad whom she sought and said to her, "O Queen of the age, Alhamdolillah, praised be Allah, who hath brought us relief! Verily this slave whom thou seekest is my brother." Then he told her their story and all that had befallen them in the land of exile, and acquainted her with the cause of their departure from the Islands of Ebony, whereat she marvelled and rejoiced to have found As'ad. So she bestowed a dress of honour upon Amjad, and he returned forthright to the King and told him what had passed, at which they all rejoiced and the King went forth with Amjad and As'ad to meet Queen Marjanah. When they were admitted to her presence and sat down to converse with her and were thus pleasantly engaged, behold, a dust-cloud rose and flew and grew, till it walled the view. And after a while it lifted and showed beneath it an army dight for victory, in numbers like the swelling sea, armed and armoured cap-à-pie who, making for the city, encompassed it around as the ring encompasseth the little finger;[1] and a bared brand was in every hand. When Amjad and As'ad saw this, they exclaimed, "Verily to Allah we belong and to Him we shall return! What is this mighty host? Doubtless these are enemies, and except we agree with this Queen Marjanah to fight them, they will take the town from us and slay us. There is no resource for us but to go out to them and see who they are." So Amjad arose and took horse and passed through the city-gate to Queen Marjanah's camp; but when he reached the approaching army he found it to be that of his grandsire, King Ghayur, father of his mother Queen Budur.——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The Eastern ring is rarely plain; and, its use being that of a signet, it is always in intaglio: the Egyptians invented engraving hieroglyphics on wooden stamps for marking bricks and applied the process to the ring. Moses, B.C. 1491 (Exod. xxviii. 9), took two onyx-stones, and graved on them the names of the children of Israel. From this the signet ring was but a step. Herodotus mentions an emerald seal set in gold, that of Polycrates, the work of Theodorus son of Telecles the Samian (iii. 141). The Egyptians also were perfectly acquainted with working in cameo (anaglyph) and rilievo, as may be seen in the cavo rilievo of the finest of their hieroglyphs. The Greeks borrowed from them the cameo and applied it to gems (*e.g.* Tryphon's in the Marlborough collection), and they bequeathed the art to the Romans. We read in a modern book "Cameo means an onyx, and the most famous cameo in the world is the onyx containing the

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Amjad reached the approaching host, he found it to be that of his grandsire, Lord of the Isles and the Seas and the Seven Castles; and when he went into the presence, he kissed the ground between his hands and delivered to him the message. Quoth the King, "My name is King Ghayur and I come wayfaring in quest of my daughter Budur whom fortune hath taken from me; for she left me and returned not to me, nor have I heard any tidings of her or of her husband Kamar al-Zaman. Have ye any news of them?" When Amjad heard this, he hung his head towards the ground for a while in thought till he felt assured that this King was none other than his grandfather, his mother's father; whereupon he raised his head and, kissing ground before him, told him that he was the son of his daughter Budur; on hearing which Ghayur threw himself upon him and they both fell a-weeping.[1] Then said Ghayur, "Praised be Allah, O my son, for safety, since I have foregathered with thee," and Amjad told him that his

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Apotheosis of Augustus." The ring is given in marriage because it was a seal by which orders were signed (Gen. xxxviii. 18 and Esther iii. 10-12). I may note that the seal-ring of Cheops (Khufu), found in the Greatest Pyramid, was in the possession of my old friend, Doctor Abbott, of Auburn (U.S.), and was sold with his collection. It is the oldest ring in the world, and settles the Cheops-question.

[1] This habit of weeping when friends meet after long parting is customary, I have noted, amongst the American "Indians," the Badawin of the New World; they shed tears thinking of the friends they have lost. Like most primitive people they are ever ready to weep as was Æneas or Shakespeare's saline personage:—

This would make a man, a man of salt
To use his eyes for garden waterpots.
(King Lear, iv. 6).

daughter Budur was safe and sound, and her husband Kamar al-Zaman likewise, and acquainted him that both abode in a city called the City of Ebony. Moreover, he related to him how his father, being wroth with him and his brother, had commanded that both be put to death, but that his Treasurer had taken pity on them and let them go with their lives. Quoth King Ghayur, "I will go back with thee and thy brother to your father and make your peace with him." So Amjad kissed the ground before him in huge delight and the King bestowed a dress of honour upon him, after which he returned, smiling, to the King of the City of the Magians and told him what he had learnt from King Ghayur, whereat he wondered with exceeding wonder. Then he despatched guest-gifts of sheep and horses and camels and forage and so forth to King Ghayur, and did the like by Queen Marjanah; and both of them told her what chanced; whereupon quoth she, "I too will accompany you with my troops and will do my endeavour to make this peace." Meanwhile behold, there arose another dust-cloud and flew and grew till it walled the view and blackened the day's bright hue; and under it they heard shouts and cries and neighing of steeds and beheld sword glance and the glint of levelled lance. When this new host drew near the city and saw the two other armies, they beat their drums and the King of the Magians exclaimed, "This is indeed naught but a blessed day. Praised be Allah who hath made us of accord with these two armies; and if it be His will, He shall give us peace with yon other as well." Then said he to Amjad and As'ad, "Fare forth and fetch us news of these troops, for they are a mighty host, never saw I a mightier." So they opened the city gates, which the King had shut for fear of the beleaguering armies, and Amjad and As'ad went forth and, coming to the new host, found that it was indeed a mighty many. But as soon as they came to it behold, they knew that it was the army of the King of the Ebony Islands, wherein was their father, King Kamar al-Zaman in person. Now when they looked upon him they kissed ground and wept; but, when he beheld them, he threw himself upon them weeping with sore weeping, and strained them to his breast for a full hour. Then he excused himself to them and told them what desolation he had suffered for their loss and exile; and they acquainted him with King Ghayur's arrival, whereupon he mounted with his chief officers and taking with him his two sons, proceeded to that King's camp. As they drew near, one of the Princes rode forward and informed King Ghayur of Kamar al-Zaman's coming, whereupon he came out to meet him and they joined company, marvelling at these things and how they had chanced to foregather in that place. Then the townsfolk made them banquets of all manner meats and sweetmeats and presented to them horses and camels and fodder and other guest-gifts and all that the troops needed. And while this was doing, behold, yet another cloud of dust arose and flew till it walled the view, whilst earth trembled with the tramp of steed and tabors sounded like stormy winds. After a while, the dust lifted and discovered an army clad in coats of mail and armed cap-à-pie; but all were in black garb, and in their midst rode a very old man whose beard flowed down over his breast and he also was clad in black. When the King in the city and the city-folk saw this great host, he said to the other Kings, "Praised be Allah by whose omnipotent command ye are met here, all in one day, and have proved all known one to the other! But what vast and victorious army is this which hemmeth in the whole land like a wall? They answered, "Have no fear of them; we are three Kings, each with a great army, and if they be enemies, we will join thee in doing battle with them, were they three times as many as they now are." Meanwhile, up came an envoy from the approaching host, making for the city. So they brought him before Kamar al-Zaman, King Ghayur, Queen Marjanah and the King of the city; and he kissed the ground and said, "My liege lord cometh from Persia-land; for many years ago he lost his son and he is seeking him in all countries. If he find him with you, well and good; but if he find him not, there will be war between him and you and he will waste your city." Rejoined Kamar al-Zaman, "It shall not come to that; but how is thy master called in Ajam-land?" Answered the envoy, "He is called King Shahriman, lord of the Khalidan Islands; and he hath levied these troops in the lands traversed by him, whilst seeking his son." Now when Kamar al-Zaman heard these words, he cried out with a great cry and fell down in a fainting fit which lasted a long while; and anon coming to himself he wept bitter tears and said to Amjad and As'ad, "Go ye, O my sons, with the herald; salute your grandfather and my father, King Shahriman, and give him glad tidings of me, for he mourneth my loss and even to the present time he weareth black raiment for my sake." Then he told the other Kings all that had befallen him in the days of his youth, at which they wondered and, going down with him from the city, repaired to his father, whom he saluted, and they embraced and fell to the ground senseless for excess of joy. And when they revived after a while, Kamar al-Zaman acquainted his father with all his adventures and the other Kings saluted Shahriman. Then, after having married Marjanah to As'ad, they sent her back to her kingdom, charging her not to cease correspondence with them; so she took leave and went her way. Moreover they married Amjad to Bostan, Bahram's daughter, and they all set out for the City of Ebony. And when they arrived there, Kamar al-Zaman went in to his father-in-law, King Armanus, and told him all that had befallen him and how he had found his sons; whereat Armanus rejoiced and gave him joy of his safe return. Then King Ghayur went in to his daughter, Queen Budur,[1] and saluted her and quenched his longing for her company, and they all abode a full month's space in the City of Ebony; after which the King and his daughter returned to their own country.——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Forty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that King Ghayur set out with his daughter and his host for his own land, and they took with them Amjad and returned home by easy marches. And when Ghayur was settled again in his kingdom, he made his grandson King in his stead; and as to Kamar al-Zaman he also made As'ad king in his room over the capital of the Ebony Islands, with the consent of his grandfather King Armanus, and set out himself, with his father, King Shahriman, till the two made the Islands of Khalidan. Then the lieges decorated the city in their honour and they ceased not to beat the drums for glad tidings a whole month; nor did Kamar al-Zaman leave to govern in his father's place, till there overtook them the Destroyer of delights and the Sunderer of societies; and Allah knoweth all things! Quoth King Shahryar, "O Shahrazad, this is indeed a most wonderful tale!" And she answered, "O King, it is not more wonderful than that of

ALA AL-DIN ABU AL-SHAMAT."[2]

"WHAT is that?" asked he, and she said, It hath reached me that there lived, in times of yore and years and ages long gone before, a merchant of Cairo[3] named Shams al-Din, who was of the best and truest-spoken of the traders of the city; and he had eunuchs and servants and negro-slaves and handmaids and Mamelukes and great store of money. Moreover, he was Consul[1] of the Merchants of Cairo and owned a wife, whom he loved and who loved him; except that he had lived with her forty years, yet had not been blessed with a son or even a daughter. One day, as he sat in his shop, he noted that the merchants, each and every, had a son or two sons or more sitting in their shops like their sires. Now the day being Friday, he entered the Hamman-bath and made the total ablution; after which he came out and took the barber's glass and looked in it, saying, "I testify that there is no god but *the* God and I testify that Mohammed is the Messenger of God!" Then he considered his beard and, seeing that the white hairs in it covered the black, bethought himself that hoariness is the harbinger of death. Now his wife knew the time of his coming home and had washed and made herself ready for him, so when he came in to her, she said, "Good evening," but he replied "I see no good." Then she called to the handmaid, "Spread the supper-tray;" and when this was done quoth she to her husband, "Sup, O my lord." Quoth he, "I will eat nothing," and pushing the tray away with his foot, turned his back upon her. She asked, "Why dost thou thus? and what hath vexed thee?" and he answered, "Thou art the cause of my vexation."——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Here poetical justice is not done; in most Arab tales the two unjust Queens would have been put to death.

[2] Pronounce Aladdin Abush-Shámát.

[3] Arab. "Misr," vulg. Masr: a close connection of Misraim—the "two Misrs," Egypt, Upper and Lower.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Shams al-Din said to his wife, "Thou art the cause of my vexation." She asked, "Wherefore?" and he answered, "When I opened my shop this morning, I saw that each and every of the merchants had with him a son or two sons or more, sitting in their shops like their fathers; and I said to myself:—He who took thy sire will not spare thee." Then she besought him to pray to Allah yet again and he did so and Allah heard him and his wife bore him a babe of surpassing beauty, the handiwork of the Orderer who is ever present and, when he was but seven days old, those who saw him would have deemed him a yearling child. So the merchant looked on his face and, seeing it like a shining full moon, with moles on either cheek, said he to his wife, "What hast thou named him?" Answered she, "If it were a girl I had named her; but this is a boy, so none shall name him but thou." Now the people of that time used to name their children by omens; and, whilst the merchant and his wife were taking counsel of the name, behold, one said to his friend, "Ho my lord, Ala al-Din!" So the merchant said, "We will call him Ala al-Din Abú al-Shámát."[1] Then he committed the child to the nurse, and he drank milk two years, after which they weaned him and he grew up and throve and walked upon the floor. When he came to seven years old, they put him in a chamber under a trap-door, for fear of the evil eye, and his father said, "He shall not come out till his beard grow." So he gave him in charge to a handmaid and a blackamoor; the girl dressed him his meals and the slave carried them to him. Then his father brought him a doctor of the law, who taught him to write and read and repeat the Koran, and other arts and sciences, till he became a good scholar and an accomplished. One day it so came to pass that the slave, after bringing him the tray of food went away and left the trap-door open: so Ala al-Din came forth from the vault and went in to his mother, with whom was a company of women of rank. As they sat talking, behold, in came upon them the youth as he were a white slave drunken[2] for the excess of his beauty; and when they saw him, they veiled their faces and said to his mother, "Allah requite thee, O Such-an-one! How canst thou let this strange Mameluke in upon us? Knowest thou not that modesty is a point of the Faith?" She replied, "Pronounce Allah's name[3] and cry Bismillah! this is my son, the fruit of my vitals and the heir of Consul Shams al-Din, the child of the nurse and the collar and the crust and the crumb."[4] Quoth they, "Never in our days knew we that thou hadst a son;" and quoth she, "Verily his father feared for him the evil eye and reared him in an under-ground chamber;"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] The Persians still call their Consuls "Shah-bandar," lit. king of the Bandar or port.

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[1] Alá al-Din (our old friend Aladdin) = Glory of the Faith, a name of which Mohammed, who preferred the simplest, like his own, would have highly disapproved. The most grateful names to Allah are Abdallah (Allah's Slave) and Abd al-Rahmán (Slave of the Compassionate); the truest are Al-Hárith (the gainer, "bread-winner") and Al-Hammám (the griever); and the hatefullest are Al-Harb (battle) and Al-Murrah (bitterness, Abu Murrah being a kunyat or by-name of the Devil). Abu al-Shámát (pronounced Abush-Shámát) = Father of Moles, concerning which I have already given details. These names ending in -Din (faith) began with the Caliph Al-Muktadi bi-Amri 'llah (regn. A. H. 467 = 1075), who entitled his Wazir "Zahír al-Din (Backer or Defender of the Faith) and this gave rise to the practice. It may be observed that the superstition of naming by omens is in no way obsolete.

[2] Meaning that he appeared intoxicated by the pride of his beauty as though it had been strong wine.

[3] *i.e.* against the evil eye.

[4] Implying that he had been delicately reared.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din's mother said to her lady friends, "Verily his father feared for him the evil eye and reared him in an under-ground chamber; and haply the slave forgot to shut the door and he came forth; but we did not mean that he should come out before his beard was grown." The women gave her joy of him, and the youth went out from them into the court yard where he seated himself in the open sitting-room; and behold, in came the slaves with his father's she-mule, and he said to them, "Whence cometh this mule?" Quoth they, "We escorted thy father when riding her to the shop, and we have brought her back." He asked, "What may be my father's trade?" and they answered, "Thy father is Consul of the merchants in the land of Egypt and Sultan of the Sons of the Arabs." Then he went in to his mother and said to her, "O my mother, what is my father's trade?" Said she, "O my son, thy sire is a merchant and Consul of the merchants in the land of Egypt and Sultan of the Sons of the Arabs. His slaves consult him not in selling aught whose price is less than one thousand gold pieces, but merchandise worth but an hundred and less they sell at their own discretion; nor doth any merchandise whatever, little or much, leave the country without passing through his hands and he disposeth of it as he pleaseth; nor is a bale packed and sent abroad amongst folk but what is under his disposal. And Almighty Allah, O my son, hath given thy father monies past compt." He rejoined, "O my mother, praised be Allah, that I am son of the Sultan of the Sons of the Arabs and that my father is Consul of the merchants! But why, O my mother, do ye put me in the under-ground chamber and leave me prisoner there?" Quoth she, "O my son, we imprisoned thee not save for fear of folks' eyes: 'the evil eye is a truth,'[1] and most of those in their long homes are its victims." Quoth he, "O my mother, and where is a refuge-place against Fate? Verily care never made Destiny forbear, nor is there flight from what is written for every wight. He who took my grandfather will not spare myself nor my father; for, though he live to-day he shall not live to-morrow. And when my father dieth and I come forth and say :—I am Ala al-Din, son of Shams al-Din the merchant, none of the people will believe me, but men of years and standing will say :—In our lives never saw we a son or a daughter of Shams al-Din. Then the public Treasury will come down and take my father's estate, and Allah have mercy on him who said :—The noble dieth and his wealth passeth away, and the meanest of men take his women. Therefore, O my mother, speak thou to my father, that he carry me with him to the bazar and open for me a shop; so may I sit there with my merchandise and teach me to buy and sell and take and give." Answered his mother, "O my son, as soon as thy sire returneth I will tell him this." So when the merchant came home, he found his son Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat sitting with his mother and said to her, "Why hast thou brought him forth of the under-ground chamber?" She replied, "O son of my uncle, it was not I that brought him out; but the servants forgot to shut the door and left it open; so, as I sat with a company of women of rank, behold, he came forth and walked in to me." Then she went on to repeat to him his son's words; so he said, "O my son, to-morrow, Inshallah! I will take thee with me to the bazar; but, my boy, sitting in markets and shops demandeth good manners and courteous carriage in all conditions." Ala al-Din passed the night rejoicing in his father's promise and, when the morrow came, the merchant carried him to the Hammam and clad him in a suit worth a mint of money. As soon as they had broken their fast and drunk their sherbets, Shams al-Din mounted his she-mule and putting his son upon another, rode to the market, followed by his boy. But when the market-folk saw their Consul making towards them, foregoing a youth as he were a slice of the full moon on the fourteenth night, they said, "What boy is this that sitteth by thy side?" Thereupon the Consul cried out, "This is my son." Rejoined the folk, "Never in our born days have we seen thee with a son," and Shams al-Din answered, "When my wife bare this youth I reared him in a souterrain for fear of the evil eye, nor was it my purpose that he should come forth, till he could take his beard in his hand.[1] However, his mother would not agree to this, and he on his part begged I would stock him a shop and teach him to sell and buy." Then all the traders stood before him and recited the "Opener" of the Koran;[2] after which they gave him joy of his son and said to him, "The Lord prosper root and branch! But even the poorest of us, when son or daughter is born to him, needs must cook a pan-full of custard[1] and bid his friends and kith and kin; yet hast thou not done this." Quoth he, "This I owe you; be our meeting in the garden."—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] A traditional saying of Mohammed.

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[1] *i.e.* when the evil eye has less effect than upon children. Strangers in Cairo often wonder to see a woman richly dressed leading by the hand a filthy little boy (rarely a girl) in rags, which at home will be changed to cloth of gold.

[2] The opening chapter is known as the "Mother of the Book," (as opposed to Yá Sín, the "heart of the Koran,") the "Surat (chapter) of Praise," and the "Surat of repetition," (because twice revealed ?) or thanksgiving, or laudation

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-second Night,

Her sister Dunyazad said to her, "Pray continue thy story for us, an thou be awake and not inclined to sleep." Quoth she:—With pleasure and goodwill: it hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Consul of the merchants promised them a banquet and said, "Be our meeting in the garden." So when morning dawned he despatched the carpet-layer to the saloon of the garden-pavilion and bade him furnish the two. Moreover, he sent thither all that was needful for cooking, such as sheep and clarified butter and so forth, according to the requirements of the case; and spread two tables, one in the pavilion and another in the saloon. Then Shams al-Din and his boy girded themselves, and he said to Ala al-Din "O my son, when a greybeard entereth, I will meet him and seat him at the table in the pavilion; and do thou, in like manner, receive the beardless youths and seat them at the table in the saloon." He asked, "O my father, why dost thou spread two tables, one for men and another for youths?" and he answered, "O my son, the beardless is ashamed to sit with the bearded." And the son thought this his answer full and sufficient. So when the merchants arrived, Shams al-Din received the men and seated them in the pavilion,

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(Al-Masáni) and by a host of other names for which see Mr. Rodwell who, however, should not write "Fatthah" (p. xxv.) nor "Fathah" (xxvii.). The Fátihah, which is to Al-Islam much what the "Paternoster" is to Christendom, consists of seven verses, in the usual Saj'a or rhymed prose, and I have rendered it as follows:—

In the name of the Compassionating, the Compassionate! * Praise be to Allah who all the Worlds made * The Compassionating, the Compassionate * King of the Day of Faith! * Thee only do we adore and of Thee only do we crave aid * Guide us to the path which is strait * The path of those for whom Thy love is great, not those on whom is hate, nor they that deviate * Amen! O Lord of the World's trine.

My Pilgrimage (i. 285; ii. 78 and *passim*) will supply instances of its application; how it is recited with open hands to catch the blessing from Heaven and the palms are drawn down the face (Ibid. i. 286), and other details.

[1] Arab. "Asídah" flour made consistent by boiling in water with the addition of "Samn" (clarified butter) and honey: more like pap than custard.

whilst Ala al-Din received the youths and seated them in the saloon. Then the food was set on and the guests ate and drank and made merry and sat over their wine, whilst the attendants perfumed them with the smoke of scented woods, and the elders fell to conversing of matters of science and traditions of the Prophet. Now there was amongst them a merchant called Mahmúd of Balkh, a professing Moslem but at heart a Magian, a man of mischievous life. And when he saw Ala al-Din from whose father he used to buy stuffs and merchandise, he envied his parent and sought in his heart to injure him. Presently he arose and made for the youths, who stood up to receive him; and at this moment Ala al-Din was absent; whereupon Mahmud turned to the other youths and said to them, "If ye will incline Ala al-Din's mind to journeying with me, I will give each of you a dress worth a power of money." Then he returned from them to the men's party; and, as the youths were sitting, Ala al-Din suddenly came back, when all rose to receive him and seated him in the place of highest honour. Presently, one of them said to his neighbour, "O my lord Hasan, tell me whence came to thee the capital whereon thou tradest." He replied, "When I grew up and came to man's estate, I said to my sire:—O my father, give me merchandise. Quoth he:—O my son, I have none by me; but go thou to some merchant and take of him money and traffic with it; and so learn to buy and sell, give and take. So I went to one of the traders and borrowed of him a thousand dinars, wherewith I bought stuffs and carrying them to Damascus, sold them there at a profit of two for one. Then I bought Syrian stuffs and carrying them to Aleppo, made a similar gain of them; after which I bought stuffs of Aleppo and repaired with them to Baghdad, where I sold them with like result, two for one; nor did I cease trading upon my capital till I was worth nigh ten thousand ducats." Then each of the others told his friend some such tale, till it came to Ala al-Din's turn to speak, when they said to him, "And thou, O my lord Ala al-Din?" Quoth he, "I was brought up in a chamber under ground and came forth from it only this week; and I do but go to the shop and return home from the shop." They remarked, "Thou art used to wone at home and wottest not the joys of travel, for travel is for men only." He replied, "I reck not of voyaging and wayfaring doth not tempt me." Whereupon quoth one to the other, "This one is like the fish: when he leaveth the water he dieth." Then they said to him, "O Ala al-Din, the glory of the sons of the merchants is not but in travel for the sake of gain." Their talk angered him; so he left them weeping-eyed and heavy-hearted and mounting his mule returned home. Now his mother saw him in tears and in bad temper and asked him, "What hath made thee weep, O my son?" and he answered, "Of a truth, all the sons of the merchants put me to shame and said:—Naught is more glorious for a merchant's son than travel for gain and to get him gold."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din said to his mother, "Of a truth all the sons of the merchants put me to shame and said:—Naught is more honourable for a merchant's son than travel for gain." "O my son, hast thou a mind to travel?" "Even so!" "And whither wilt thou go?" "To the city of Baghdad; for there folk make double the cost price on their goods." "O my son, thy father is a very rich man and, if he provide thee not with merchandise, I will supply it out of my own monies." "The best favour is that which is soonest bestowed; if this kindness is to be, now is the time." So she called the slaves and sent them for cloth-packers; then, opening a store-house, brought out ten loads of stuffs, which they made up into bales for him. Such was his case; but as regards his father, Shams al-Din, he looked about and failed to find Ala al-Din in the garden and enquiring after him, was told that he had mounted mule and gone home; so he too mounted and followed him. Now when he entered the house, he saw the bales ready bound and asked what they were; whereupon his wife told him what had chanced between Ala al-Din and the sons of the merchants; and he cried, "O my son, Allah's malison on travel and strangerhood! Verily Allah's Apostle (whom the Lord bless and preserve!) hath said:—It is of a man's happy fortune that he eat his daily bread in his own land; and it was said of the ancients:—Leave travel, though but for a mile." Then quoth he to his son, "Say, art thou indeed resolved to travel and wilt thou not turn back from it?" Quoth the other, "There is no help for it but that I journey to Baghdad with merchandise, else will I doff clothes and don dervish gear and wend a-wandering over the world." Shams al-Din rejoined, "I am no penniless pauper but have great plenty of wealth;" then he showed him all he owned of monies and stuffs and stock-in-trade and observed, "With me are stuffs and merchandise befitting every country on this earth." Then he showed him among the rest, forty bales ready bound, with the price, a thousand dinars, written on each, and said, "O my son take these forty loads, together with the ten which thy mother gave thee, and set out under the safeguard of Almighty Allah. But, O my child, I fear for thee a certain wood in thy way, called the Lion's Copse,[1] and a valley called the Vale of Dogs, for there lives are lost without mercy." He said, "How so, O my father?" and he replied, "Because of a Badawi bandit named Ajlán." Quoth Ala al-Din, "Such is Allah's luck; if any share of it be mine, no harm shall hap to me." Then they rode to the cattle-bazar, where behold, a Cameleer[2] alighted from his she-mule and kissing the Consul's hand, said to him, "O my lord, it is long, by Allah, since thou hast employed us in the way of business." He replied, "Every time hath its fortune and its men,[3] and Allah have ruth on him who said:—

And the old man crept o'er the worldly ways * So bowed, his beard o'er his knees down flow'th:
Quoth I;—What gars thee so doubled go? * Quoth he (as to me his hands he show'th),
My youth is lost, in the dust it lieth; * And see, I bend me to find my youth."[4]

Now when he had ended his verses, he said, "O Chief of the caravan, it is not I who am minded to travel, but this my son." Quoth the Cameleer, "Allah save him for thee." Then the Consul made a contract between Ala al-Din and the man, appointing that the youth should be to him as a son, and gave him into his charge, saying, "Take these hundred gold pieces for thy people." Moreover he bought his son threescore mules and a lamp and a tomb-covering for the Sayyid Abd al-Kadir of Gílán[5] and said to him, "O my son, while I am absent, this is thy sire in my stead: whatsoever he biddeth thee, do thou obey him." So saying, he returned home with the mules and servants and that night they made a Khitmah or reading of the Koran and held a festival in honour of the Shaykh Abd al-Kadir al-Jiláni. And when the morrow dawned, the Consul gave his son ten thousand dinars, saying, "O my son, when thou comest to Baghdad, if thou find stuffs easy of sale, sell them; but if they be dull, spend of these dinars." Then they loaded the mules and, taking leave of one another, all the wayfarers setting out on their journey, marched forth from the city. Now Mahmud of Balkh had made ready his own venture for Baghdad and had moved his bales and set up his tents without the walls, saying in himself, "Thou shalt not slay this youth but in the desert, where there is neither spy nor marplot to trouble thee." It chanced that he had in hand a thousand dinars which he owed to the youth's father, the balance of a business-transaction between them; so he went and bade farewell to the Consul, who charged him, "Give the thousand dinars to my son Ala al-Din;" and commended the lad to his care. saying, "He is as it were thy son." Accordingly, Ala al-Din joined company with Mahmud of Balkh——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Ghábah," I have explained as a low-lying place where the growth is thickest and consequently wild beasts haunt it during the noon-heats.

[2] Arab. "Akkám," one who loads camels and has charge of the luggage. He also corresponds with the modern Mukharrij or camel-hirer (Pilgrimage i. 339); and hence the word Moucre (Moucres) which, first used by La Brocquière (A.D. 1432), is still the only term known to the French.

[3] *i.e.* I am old and can no longer travel.

[4] Taken from Al-Asma'i, the "Romance of Antar," and the episode of the Asafir Camels.

[5] A Mystic of the twelfth century A.D. who founded the Kádirí order (the oldest and chiefest of the four universally recognised), to which I have the honour to belong, teste my diploma (Pilgrimage, Appendix i.). Visitation is still made to his tomb at Baghdad. The Arabs (who have no hard g-letter) alter to "Jílán" the name of his birth-place "Gilan," a tract between the Caspian and the Black Seas.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din joined company with Mahmud of Balkh who, before beginning the march, charged the youth's cook to dress nothing for him, but himself provided him and his company with meat and drink. Now he had four houses, one in Cairo, another in Damascus, a third in Aleppo and a fourth in Baghdad. So they set out and ceased not journeying over waste and wold till they drew near Damascus, when Mahmud sent his slave to Ala al-Din, whom he found sitting and reading. He went up to him and kissed his hands, and Ala al-Din having asked him what he wanted, he answered, "My master saluteth thee and craveth thy company to a banquet at his place." Quoth the youth, "Not till I consult my father Kamál al-Din, the Captain of the caravan." So he asked advice of the Makaddam,[1] who said, "Do not go." Then they left Damascus and journeyed on till they came to Aleppo, where Mahmud made a second entertainment and sent to invite Ala al-Din; but he consulted the chief Cameleer who again forbade him. Then they marched from Aleppo and went on, till there remained between them and Baghdad only a single stage. Here Mahmud prepared a third feast and sent to bid Ala al-Din to it: Kamal al-Din once more forbade his accepting it; but he said,

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[1] The well-known Anglo-Indian "Mucuddum;" lit. "one placed before (or over) others;" an overseer.

"I must needs go." So he rose and, slinging a sword over his shoulder, under his clothes, repaired to the tent of Mahmud of Balkh, who came to meet him and saluted him. Then he set before him a sumptuous repast and they ate and drank and washed hands. At last Mahmud bent towards Ala al-Din to stab at him, but the youth parried the stroke with the palm of his hand and said to him, "What wouldest thou be at?" Then Mahmud of Balkh would have laid hands on Ala al-Din to slay him; but he rose and baring his brand, said to him, "Shame on thy gray hairs! Hast thou no fear of Allah, and He of exceeding awe?[1] May He have mercy on him who saith:—

Preserve thy hoary hairs from soil and stain, * For whitest colours are the easiest
stained!"

And when he ended his verses he said to Mahmud of Balkh, "Verily, by Allah, O filthy villain, I will never again company with thee; no, never!" Then he returned to Kamal al-Din the guide and said to him, "Yonder man is a treacherous fellow, and I will no longer consort with him nor suffer his company by the way." He replied, "O my son, did I not say to thee:—Go not near him? But if we part company with him, I fear destruction for ourselves; so let us still make one caravan." But Ala al-Din cried, "It may not be that I ever again travel with him." So he loaded his beasts and journeyed onwards, he and his company, till they came to a valley, where Ala al-Din would have halted, but the Cameleer said to him, "Do not halt here; rather let us ride forwards and press our pace, so haply we make Baghdad before the gates are closed, for they open and shut them with the sun, in fear lest the Rejectors[2] should take the city and throw the books of religious learning into the Tigris." But Ala al-Din replied to him, "O my father, I came not forth from home with this merchandise, or travelled hither for the sake of traffic, but to divert myself with the sight of foreign lands and folks;" and he rejoined, "O my son, we fear for thee and for thy goods from the wild Arabs." Whereupon the youth answered,

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[1] Koran xiii. 14.

[2] Arab. "Ráfizi" = the Shi'ah (tribe, sect) or Persian schismatics who curse the first three Caliphs: the name is taken from their own saying "Inná rafizná-hum" = verily we have rejected them. As Al-Siyuti or any historian will show, this sect became exceedingly powerful under the later Abbaside Caliphs, many of whom conformed to it and adopted its practices and innovations (as in the Azan or prayer-call), greatly to the scandal of their co-religionists. Even in the present day the hatred between these representatives of Arab monotheism and Persian Guebrism continues unabated. I have given sundry instances in my Pilgrimage, *e.g.* how the Persians attempt to desecrate the tombs of the Caliphs they abhor.

"Harkye, fellow, art thou master or man? I will not enter Baghdad till the morning, that the sons of the city may see my merchandise and know me." "Do as thou wilt," said the other; "I have given thee the wisest advice, but thou art the best judge of thine own case." Then Ala al-Din bade them unload the mules and pitch the tent; so they did his bidding and abode there till the middle of the night, when hearing a call he went out and suddenly he espied a something that gleamed from afar. Thereupon he said to Kamal al-Din, "O captain, what is yonder glittering?" The Cameleer sat up and, considering it straitly, knew it for the glint of spear-heads and the steel of Badawi weapons and swords. And lo and behold! this was a troop of wild Arabs under a chief called Ajlán Abú Náib, Shaykh of the Arabs, and when they neared the camp and saw the bales and baggage, they said one to another, "O night of loot!" Now when Kamal al-Din heard these their words he cried, "Avaunt, O vilest of Arabs!" But Abu Naib so smote him with his throw-spear in the breast, that the point came out gleaming from his back, and he fell down dead at the tent-door. Then cried the water-carrier,[1] "Avaunt, O foulest of Arabs!" and one of them smote him with a sword upon the shoulder, that it issued shining from the tendons of the throat, and he also fell down dead. (And all this while Ala al-Din stood looking on.) Then the Badawin surrounded and charged the caravan from every side and slew all Ala al-Din's company without sparing a man: after which they loaded the mules with the spoil and made off. Quoth Ala al-Din to himself, "Nothing will slay thee save thy mule and thy dress!" so he arose and put off his gown and threw it over the back of a mule, remaining in his shirt and bag-trousers only; after which he looked towards the tent-door and, seeing there a pool of gore flowing from the slaughtered, wallowed in it with his remaining clothes till he was as a slain man drowned in his own blood. Thus it fared with him; but as regards the Shaykh of the wild Arabs, Ajlan, he said to his banditti, "O Arabs, was this caravan bound from Egypt for Baghdad or from Baghdad for Egypt?"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Sakká," the Indian "Bihishtí" (man from Heaven). Each party in a caravan has one or more.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Badawi asked his banditti, "O Arabs, was this caravan bound from Egypt for Baghdad or from Baghdad for Egypt?" they answered, "'Twas bound from Egypt for Baghdad;" and he said, "Return ye to the slain, for methinks the owner of this caravan is not dead." So they turned back to the slain and fell to prodding and slashing them with lance and sword till they came to Ala al-Din, who had thrown himself down among the corpses. And when they came to him, quoth they, "Thou dost but feign thyself dead, but we will make an end of thee," and one of the Badawin levelled his javelin and would have plunged it into his breast when he cried out, "Save me, O my lord Abd al-Kadir, O Saint of Gilan!" and behold, he saw a hand turn the lance away from his breast to that of Kamal al-Din the Cameleer, so that it pierced him and spared himself.[1] Then the Arabs made off; and, when Ala al-Din saw that the birds were flown with their god-send, he sat up and finding no one, rose and set off running; but, behold Abu Naib the Badawi looked back and said to his troop, "I see somewhat moving afar off, O Arabs!" So one of the bandits turned back and, spying Ala al-Din running, called out to him, saying, "Flight shall not forward thee and we after thee;" and he smote his mare with his heel and she hastened after him. Then Ala al-Din seeing before him a watering tank and a cistern beside it, climbed up into a niche in the cistern and, stretching himself at full length, feigned to be asleep and said, "O gracious Protector, cover me with the veil of Thy protection which may not be torn away!" And lo! the Badawi came up to the cistern and, standing in his stirrup-irons put out his hand to lay hold of Ala al-Din; but he said, "O my lady Nafísah[2] Now is thy time!" And behold, a scorpion stung the Badawi in the palm and he cried out, saying, "Help, O Arabs! I am stung!"

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[1] These "Kirámát," or Saints' miracles, are recorded in vast numbers. Most men have half a dozen to tell, each of his "Pír" or patron, including the Istidráj or prodigy of chastisement (Dabistan, iii. 274).

[2] Great-grand-daughter of the Imam Hasan, buried in Cairo and famed for "Kirámát." Her father, governor of Al-Medinah, was imprisoned by Al-Mansur and restored to power by Al-Mahdi. She was married to a son of the Imam Ja'afar al Sádik and lived a life of devotion in Cairo, dying in A.H. 218 = 824. The corpse of the Imam al-Shafi'i was carried to her house, now her mosque and mausoleum: it stood in the Darb al-Sabúa which formerly divided Old from New Cairo and is now one of the latter's suburbs. Lane (M. E. chapt. x.) gives her name but little more. The mention of her shows that the writer of the tale or the copyist was a Cairene: Abd al-Kadir is world-known; not so the "Sitt."

and he alighted from his mare's back. So his comrades came up to him and mounted him again, asking, "What hath befallen thee?" whereto he answered, "A young scorpion[1] stung me." So they departed, with the caravan. Such was their case; but as regards Ala al-Din, he tarried in the niche, and Mahmud of Balkh bade load his beasts and rode forwards till he came to the Lion's Copse where he found Ala al-Din's attendants all lying slain. At this he rejoiced and went on till he reached the cistern and the reservoir. Now his mule was athirst and turned aside to drink, but she saw Ala al-Din's shadow in the water and shied and started; whereupon Mahmud raised his eyes and, seeing Ala al-Din lying in the niche, stripped to his shirt and bag-trousers, said to him, "What man this deed to thee hath dight and left thee in this evil plight?" Answered Ala al-Din, "The Arabs," and Mahmud said, "O my son, the mules and the baggage were thy ransom; so do thou comfort thyself with his saying who said:—

If thereby man can save his head from death, * His good is worth him but a slice of nail!

But now, O my son, come down and fear no hurt." Thereupon he descended from the cistern-niche and Mahmud mounted him on a mule, and they rode on till they reached Baghdad, where he brought him to his own house and carried him to the bath, saying to him, "The goods and money were the ransom of thy life, O my son; but if thou wilt come with me, I will give thee the worth of that thou hast lost, twice told." When he came out of the bath, Mahmud carried him into a saloon decorated with gold with four raised floors, and bade them bring a tray with all manner of meats. So they ate and drank and Mahmud bent towards Ala al-Din to slay him; but he warded the stroke with his hand and said, "What, dost thou persist in thy evil designs upon me? Take back thy dress and thy mule and open the door that I may go out." So he opened the door, and Ala al-Din issued forth and walked on, with the dogs barking at his heels, and he went forwards through the dark when behold, he saw the door of a mosque standing open and, entering the vestibule, there took shelter and concealment; and suddenly a light approached him and on examining it he saw that it came from a pair of lanthorns borne by two slaves before two merchants. Now one was an old man of comely face and the other a youth; and he heard the younger say to the elder, "O my uncle, I conjure thee by Allah, give me back my cousin!" The old man replied, "Did I not forbid thee, many a time, when the oath of divorce was always in thy mouth, as it were Holy Writ?" Then he turned to his right and, seeing Ala al-Din as he were a slice of the full moon, said to him, "Peace be with thee! who art thou, O my son?" Quoth he, returning the salutation of peace, "I am Ala al-Din, son of Shams al-Din, Consul of the merchants for Egypt. I besought my father for merchandise; so he packed me fifty loads of stuffs and goods"——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Farkh 'akrab" for 'ukayrib, a vulgarism.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din continued, "So he packed me fifty loads of goods and gave me ten thousand dinars, wherewith I set out for Baghdad; but when I reached the Lion's Copse, the wild Arabs came out against me and took all my goods and monies. So I entered the city knowing not where to pass the night and, seeing this place, I took shelter here." Quoth the old man, "O my son, what sayest thou to my giving thee a thousand dinars and a suit of clothes and a mule worth other two thousand?" Ala al-Din asked, "To what end wilt thou give me these things, O my uncle?" and the other answered, "This young man who accompanieth me, is the son of my brother and an only son; and I have a daughter called Zubaydah[1] the lutist, an only child who is a model of beauty and loveliness, so I married her to him. Now he loveth her, but she loatheth him; and when he chanced to take an oath of triple divorcement and broke it, forthright she left him. Whereupon he egged on all the folk to intercede with me to restore her to him; but I told him that this could not lawfully be save by an intermediate marriage, and we have agreed to make some stranger the intermediary[2] in order that none may taunt and shame him with this affair. So, as thou art a stranger, come with us and we will marry thee to her; on the morrow thou shalt divorce her and we will give thee what I said." Quoth Ala al-Din to himself, "By Allah, to bide the night in a house is far better than sleeping in the streets and vestibules!" So he went with them to the Kazi whose heart, as soon as he saw Ala al-Din, was moved to befriend him, and who said to the old man, "What is your will?" He replied, "We wish to make this young man an intermediary husband for my daughter; but we will write a bond against him binding him to pay down by way of marriage-settlement ten thousand gold pieces. Now if he divorce her in the morning, we will give him a mule and dress each worth a thousand dinars, and a third thousand of ready money; but if he divorce her not, he shall pay down the ten thousand dinars according to contract." So they agreed to the agreement and the father of the bride to be received his bond for the marriage-settlement. Then he took Ala al-Din and, clothing him anew, carried him to his daughter's house and there he left him standing at the door, whilst he himself went in to the young lady and said, "Take the bond of thy marriage-settlement, for I have wedded thee to a handsome youth by name Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat: so do thou use him with the best of usage." Then he put the bond into her hands and left her and went to his own lodging. Now the lady's cousin had an old duenna who used to visit Zubaydah, and he had done many a kindness to this woman, so he said to her, "O my mother, if my cousin Zubaydah see this handsome young man, she will never after accept my offer; so I would fain have thee contrive some trick to keep her and him apart." She answered, "By the life of thy youth,[1] I will not suffer him to approach her!" Then she went to Ala al-Din and said to him, "O my son, I have a word of advice to give thee, for the love of Almighty Allah and do thou accept my counsel, as I fear for thee from this young woman." He asked, "Why so?" and she answered, "Because her body is full of leprosy and I dread lest she infect thy fair and seemly youth." Quoth he, "I have no need to see her." Thereupon she went to to the lady and said the like to her of Ala al-Din; and she replied, "I have no need to see him, and on the morrow he shall gang his gait." Then she called a slave-girl and said to her, "Take the tray of food and set it before him that he may sup." So the handmaid carried him the tray of food and set it before him and he ate his fill: after which he sat down and raised his charming voice and fell to reciting the chapter called Y. S.[2] The lady listened to him and found his voice as melodious as the psalms of David himself,[3] which when she heard, she exclaimed, "Allah disappoint the old hag who told me that he was affected with leprosy! Surely this is not the voice of one who hath such a disease; and all was a lie against him."[1] Then she took a lute of India-land workmanship and, tuning the strings, sang to it in a voice so sweet its music would stay the birds in the heart of heaven; and began these two couplets:—

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[1] A popular name, dim. of Zubdah, cream, fresh butter, "creamkin."

[2] Arab. "Mustahall," "Mustahill" and vulg. "Muhallil" (= one who renders lawful). It means a man hired for the purpose who marries *pro formâ* and after wedding at once divorces the woman.

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[1] This is a woman's oath, not used by men.

[2] Pronounced "Yá Sín" (chapt. xxxvi.) the "heart of the Koran" much used for edifying recitation. Some pious Moslems in Egypt repeat it as a Wazífah, or religious task, or as masses for the dead, and all educated men know its 83 versets by rote.

[3] Arab. "Ál-Dáúd" = the family of David, *i.e.* David himself, a popular idiom. The prophet's recitation of the "Mazámir" (Psalter) worked miracles.

I love a fawn with gentle white-black eyes, * Whose walk the willow-wand with envy kills:
Forbidding me he bids for rival mine, * 'Tis Allah's grace who grants to whom He wills!

And when he heard her chant these lines he ended his recitation of the chapter, and began also to sing and repeated the following couplet:—

My Salám to the Fawn in the garments concealed * And to roses in gardens of cheek revealed.

The lady rose up when she heard this, and she lifted the curtain; and Ala al-Din, seeing her, recited these two couplets:—

She shineth forth, a moon, and bends, a willow-wand, * And breathes out ambergris, and gazes, a gazelle.
Meseems as if grief loved my heart and when from her * Estrangement I abide possession to it fell.[2]

Thereupon she came forward, and each of them stole one glance of the eyes that cost them a thousand sighs. And when the shafts of the two regards which met rankled in his heart, he repeated these two couplets:—

She 'spied the moon of Heaven, reminding me * Of nights when met we in the meadows li'en:
True, both saw moons, but sooth to say, it was * Her very eyes I saw, and she my eyne.

And when she drew near him, and there remained but two paces between them, he recited these two couplets:—

She spread three tresses of unplaited hair * One night, and showed me nights not one but four;
And faced the moon of Heaven with her brow, * And showed me two-fold moons in single hour.

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[1] There is a peculiar thickening of the voice in leprosy which at once betrays the hideous disease.

[2] These lines have occurred in Night clxxxiii. I quote Mr. Payne (in loco) by way of variety.

And as she was hard by him he said to her, "Keep away from me, lest thou infect me." Whereupon she uncovered her wrist[1] to him, and he saw that it was cleft, as it were in two halves, by its veins, and sinews, and its whiteness was as the whiteness of virgin silver. Then said she, "Keep away from me, thou! for thou art stricken with leprosy, and may be thou wilt infect me." He asked, "Who told thee I was a leper?" and she answered, "The old woman so told me." Quoth he, "'Twas she told me also that thou wast afflicted with white scurvy;" and so saying, he bared his forearms and showed her that his skin was also like virgin silver. Thereupon the twain sat and conversed together. And when morning dawned he cried to her, "Alas for delight! The raven[2] taketh it and flieth away!" She asked, "What meaneth this saying?" and he answered, "O my lady, I have but this hour to abide with thee." Quoth she, "Who saith so?" and quoth he, "Thy father made me give him a written bond to pay ten thousand dinars to thy wedding-settlement; and, except I pay it this very day, they will imprison me for debt in the Kazi's house; and now my hand lacketh one half-dirham of the sum." She asked, "O my lord, is the marriage-bond in thy hand or in theirs?" and he answered, "O my lady, in mine, but I have nothing." She rejoined, "The matter is easy; fear thou nothing. Take these hundred dinars: an I had more, I would give thee what thou lackest: but of a truth my father, of his love for my cousin, hath transported all his goods, even to my jewellery, from my lodging to his. But when they send thee a serjeant of the Ecclesiastical Court," ——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Where the "Juzám" (leprosy, elephantiasis, morbus sacrum, etc. etc.) is supposed first to show: the swelling would alter the shape. Lan (ii. 267) translates "her wrist which was bipartite."

[2] Arab. "Ghuráb al-*Bayn*" = raven of the waste or the parting; hence the bird of Odin symbolises separation (which is also called Al-bayn). The Raven (Ghurab = Heb. Oreb and Lat. Corvus, one of the prehistoric words) is supposed to be seen abroad earlier than any other bird; and it is entitled "Abu Zájir," father of omens, because lucky when flying towards the right and *v.v.* It is opposed in poetry to the (white) pigeon, the emblem of union, peace and happiness. The vulgar declare that when Mohammed hid in the cave the crow kept calling to his pursuers, "Ghár! Ghár!" (cavern, cavern): hence the Prophet condemned him to wear eternal mourning and ever to repeat the traitorous words. This is the old tale of Coronis and Apollo (Ovid, lib. ii.)

—— who blacked the raven o'er
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the young lady rejoined to Ala al-Din, " And when they send thee at an early hour a serjeant of the Ecclesiastical Court, and the Kazi and my father bid thee divorce me, do thou reply, By what law is it lawful and right that I should marry at nightfall and divorce in the morning? Then kiss the Kazi's hand and give him a present, and in like manner kiss the Assessors' hands and give each of them ten gold pieces. So they will all speak with thee, and if they ask thee, Why dost thou not divorce her and take the thousand dinars and the mule and suit of clothes, according to contract duly contracted? do thou answer, Every hair of her head is worth a thousand ducats to me and I will never put her away, neither will I take a suit of clothes nor aught else. And if the Kazi say to thee, Then pay down the marriage settlement, do thou reply, I am short of cash at this present; whereupon he and the Assessors will deal in friendly fashion with thee and allow thee time to pay." Now whilst they were talking, behold, the Kazi's officer knocked at the door; so Ala al-Din went down and the man said to him, "Come, speak with the Efendi,[1] for thy father-in-law summoneth thee." So Ala al-Din gave him five dinars and said to him, " O Summoner, by what law am I bound to marry at nightfall and divorce next morning?" The sergeant answered, "By no law of ours at all, at all; and if thou be ignorant of the religious law, I will act as thine advocate." Then they went to the divorce-court and the Kazi said to Ala al-Din, " Why dost thou not put away the woman and take what falleth to thee by the contract?" Hearing this he went up to the Kazi; and, kissing his hand, put fifty dinars in it and said, " O our lord the Kazi, by what law is it lawful and right that I should marry at nightfall and divorce in the morning in my own despite?" The Kazi answered, " Divorce on compulsion and by force is sanctioned by no school of the Moslems." Then said the young lady's father, " If thou wilt not divorce, pay me the ten thousand dinars, her marriage-settlement." Quoth Ala al-Din, " Give me a delay of three days;" but the Kazi said, " Three days is not time enough; he shall give thee ten." So they agreed to this and bound him after ten days either to pay the dowry or to divorce her. And after consenting he left them and taking meat and rice and clarified butter[1] and what else of food he needed, returned to the house and told the young woman all that had passed; whereupon she said "'Twixt night and day, wonders may display; and Allah bless him for his say:—

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[1] This use of a Turkish title, "Efendi" being = our esquire, and inferior to a Bey, is a rank anachronism, probably of the copyist.

Be mild when rage shall come to afflict thy soul; * Be patient when calamity breeds ire;
Lookye, the Nights will give a child to Time, * Whose infancy bears wondrous things and dire."

Then she rose and made ready food and brought the tray, and they two ate and drank and were merry and mirthful. Presently, Ala al-Din besought her to let him hear a little music; so she took the lute and played a melody that had made the hardest stone dance for glee, and the strings cried out in present ecstacy, "O Loving One!"[2] after which she passed from the adagio into the presto and a livelier measure. As they thus spent their leisure in joy and jollity and mirth and merriment, behold, there came a knocking at the door and she said to him, "Go see who is at the door." So he went down and opened it and finding four Dervishes standing without, said to them, "What want ye?" They replied, "O my lord, we are foreign and wandering religious mendicants, the viands of whose soul are music and dainty verse, and we would fain take our pleasure with thee this night till morning doth appear, when we will wend our way, and with Almighty Allah be thy reward; for we adore music and there is not one of us but knoweth by heart store of odes and songs and ritornellos."[3] He answered, "There is one I must consult;" and he returned and told Zubaydah who said, "Open the door to them." So he brought them up and made them sit down and welcomed them; then he fetched them food, but they would not eat and said, "O our lord, our meat is to repeat Allah's name in our hearts and to hear music with our ears; and bless him who saith:—

Our aim is only converse to enjoy, * And eating joyeth only cattle-kind.[4]

And just now we heard pleasant music in thy house, but when we entered, it ceased; and fain would we know whether the player was a slave-girl, white or black, or a maiden of good family." He answered, "It was this my wife," and told them all that had befallen him, adding, "Verily my father-in-law hath bound me to pay a marriage settlement of ten thousand dinars for her, and they have given me ten days' time." Said one of the Dervishes, "Have no care and think of naught but good; for I am Shaykh of the Convent and have forty Dervishes under my orders. I will presently collect from them the ten thousand dinars and thou shalt pay thy father-in-law the wedding settlement. But now bid thy wife make us music that we may be gladdened and pleasured; for to some folk music is meat, to others medicine and to others refreshing as a fan." Now these four Dervishes were none other than the Caliph Harun al-Rashid, his Wazir Ja'afar the Barmecide, Abu al-Nowás al-Hasan son of Háni[1] and Masrur the sworder; and the reason of their coming to the house was that the Caliph, being heavy at heart, had summoned his Minister and said, "O Wazir! 'tis our will to go down to the city and pace its streets, for my breast is sore straitened." So they all four donned Dervish-dress and went down and walked about, till they came to that house where, hearing music, they were minded to know the cause. They spent the night in joyance and harmony and telling tale after tale until morning dawned, when the Caliph laid an hundred gold pieces under the prayer-carpet and all taking leave of Ala al-Din, went their way. Now when Zubaydah lifted the carpet she found beneath it the hundred dinars and she said to her husband, "Take these hundred dinars which I have found under the prayer-carpet; assuredly the Dervishes when about to leave us laid them there, without our knowledge." So Ala al-Din took the money and, repairing to the market, bought therewith meat and rice and clarified butter and all they required. And when it was night, he lit the wax-candles and said to his wife, "The mendicants, it is true, have not brought the ten thousand dinars which they promised me; but indeed they are poor men." As they were talking, behold, the Dervishes knocked at the door and she said,

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[1] Arab. "Samn" = Hind. "Ghi;" butter melted, skimmed and allowed to cool.

[2] Arab. "Ya Wadúd;" a title of the Almighty: the Mac. Edit. has "O David!"

[3] Arab. "Muwashshahah;" a complicated stanza of which specimens have occurred. Mr. Payne calls it a "ballad," which would be a "Kunyat al-Zidd."

[4] Arab. "Baháim" (plur. of Bahímah = Heb. Behemoth), applied in Egypt especially to cattle. A friend of the "Oppenheim" house, a name the Arabs cannot pronounce, was known throughout Cairo as "Jack al-baháim" (of the cows).

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[1] Lit. "The father of side-locks," a nickname of one of the Tobba Kings. This "Hasan of the ringlets" who wore two long pig-tails hanging to his shoulders, was famous for brilliant wit and extempore verse. D'Herbelot's sketch of his life is very meagre. His poetry has survived to the present day and (unhappily) we shall hear more of Abu Nowás. On the subject of these patronymics Lane (Mod. Egypt, chapt. iv.) has a strange remark that "Abu Dáúd is not the Father of Dáúd or Abu Ali the Father of Ali, but whose Father is (or was) Dáúd or Ali." Here, however, he simply confounds Abu = father of (followed by a genitive), with Abu-h (for Abu-hu) = he, whose father.

"Go down and open to them." So he did her bidding and bringing them up, said to them, "Have you brought me the ten thousand dinars you promised me?" They answered, "We have not been able to collect aught thereof as yet; but fear nothing: Inshallah, to-morrow we will compound for thee some alchemical cookery. But now bid thy wife play us her very best pieces and gladden our hearts for we love music." So she took her lute and made them such melody that had caused the hardest rocks to dance with glee; and they passed the night in mirth and merriment, converse and good cheer, till morn appeared with its sheen and shone, when the Caliph laid an hundred gold pieces under the prayer-carpet and all, after taking leave of Ala al-Din, went their way. And they ceased not to visit him thus every night for nine nights; and each morning the Caliph put an hundred dinars under the prayer-carpet, till the tenth night, when they came not. Now the reason of their failure to come was that the Caliph had sent to a great merchant, saying to him, "Bring me fifty loads of stuffs, such as come from Cairo,"—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Prince of True Believers said to that merchant, "Bring me fifty loads of stuffs such as come from Cairo, and let each one be worth a thousand dinars, and write on each bale its price; and bring me also a male Abyssinian slave." The merchant did the bidding of the Caliph who committed to the slave a basin and ewer of gold and other presents, together with the fifty loads; and wrote a letter to Ala al-Din as from his father Shams al-Din and said to him, "Take these bales and what else is with them, and go to such and such a quarter wherein dwelleth the Provost of the merchants and say:—Where be Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat? till folk direct thee to his quarter and his house." So the slave took the letter and the goods and what else and issued forth on his errand. Such was his case; but as regards Zubaydah's cousin and first husband, he went to her father and said to him, "Come let us go to Ala al-Din and make him divorce the daughter of my uncle." So they set out both together and, when they came to the street in which the house stood, they found fifty he-mules laden with bales of stuffs, and a blackamoor riding on a she-mule. So they said to him, "Whose loads are these?" He replied, "They belong to my lord Ala al-Din Abu al-

Shamat; for his father equipped him with merchandise and sent him on a journey to Baghdad-city; but the wild Arabs came forth against him and took his money and goods and all he had. So when the ill news reached his father, he despatched me to him with these loads, in lieu of those he had lost; besides a mule laden with fifty thousand dinars, a parcel of clothes worth a power of money, a robe of sables[1] and a basin and ewer of gold." Whereupon the lady's father said, "He whom thou seekest is my son-in-law and I will show thee his house." Meanwhile Ala al-Din was sitting at home in huge concern, when lo! one knocked at the door and he said, "O Zubaydah, Allah is all-knowing! but I fear thy father hath sent me an officer from the Kazi or the Chief of Police." Quoth she, "Go down and see what it is." So he went down; and, opening the door, found his father-in-law, the Provost of the merchants with an Abyssinian slave, dusky-complexioned and pleasant of favour, riding on a mule. When the slave saw him he dismounted and kissed his hands; and Ala al-Din said, "What dost thou want?" He replied, "I am the slave of my lord Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, son of Shams al-Din, Consul of the merchants for the land of Egypt, who hath sent me to him with this charge." Then he gave him the letter and Ala al-Din opening it found written what followeth:[2]—

"Ho thou my letter! when my friend shall see thee, * Kiss thou the ground and buss his sandal-shoon:
Look thou hie softly an thou hasten not; * My life and rest are in those hands so boon.

After hearty salutations and congratulations and high estimation from Shams al-Din to his son, Abu al-Shamat. Know, O my son, that news hath reached me of the slaughter of thy men and the plunder of thy monies and goods; so I send thee herewith fifty loads of Egyptian stuffs, together with a suit of clothes and a robe of sables and a basin and ewer of gold. Fear thou no evil and the goods thou hast lost were the ransom of thy life; so regret them not and may no further grief befal thee. Thy mother and the people of the house are doing well in health and happiness and all greet thee with abundant greetings. Moreover, O my son, it hath reached me that they have married thee, by way of intermediary, to the Lady Zubaydah the Lutist and they have imposed on thee a marriage settlement of ten thousand dinars; wherefore I send thee also fifty thousand dinars by the slave Salím."[1] Now when Ala al-Din had made an end of reading the letter, he took possession of the loads and, turning to the Provost, said to him, "O my father-in-law, take the ten thousand dinars, the marriage-settlement of thy daughter Zubaydah, and take also the loads of goods and dispose of them, and thine be the profit; only return me the cost-price." He answered, "Nay, by Allah, I will take nothing; and, as for thy wife's settlement, do thou settle the matter with her." Then, after the goods had been brought in, they went to Zubaydah and she said to her sire, "O my father, whose loads be these?" He said, "These belong to thy husband, Ala al-Din: his father hath sent them to him instead of those whereof the wild Arabs spoiled him. Moreover, he hath sent him fifty thousand dinars with a parcel of clothes, a robe of sables, a she-mule for riding and a basin and ewer of gold. As for the marriage-settlement that is for thy recking." Thereupon Ala al-Din rose and, opening the money-box, gave her her settlement and the lady's cousin said, "O my uncle, let him divorce to me my wife;" but the old man replied, "This may never be now; for the marriage-bond is in his hand." Thereupon the young man went out, sore afflicted and sadly vexed and, returning home, fell sick, for his heart had received its death-blow; so he presently died. But as for Ala al-Din, after taking his goods he went to the bazar and buying what meats and drinks he needed, made a banquet as usual against the night, saying to Zubaydah, "See these lying Dervishes; they promised us and broke their promises." Quoth she, "Thou art the son of a Consul of the merchants, yet was thy hand short of half a dirham; how then should it be with poor Dervishes?" Quoth he, "Almighty Allah hath enabled us to do without them; but if they come to us, never again will I open the door to them." She asked, "Why so, when their coming footsteps brought us good luck; and, moreover, they put an hundred dinars under the prayer-carpet for us every night? Perforce must thou open the door to them if they come." So when day departed with its light and in gloom came night, they lighted the wax candles and he said to her, "Rise, Zubaydah, make us music;" and behold, at this moment some one knocked at the door, and she said, "Go and look who is at the door." So he went down and opened it and seeing the Dervishes, said, "Oh, fair welcome to the liars! Come up." Accordingly they went up with him and he seated them and brought them the tray of food; and they ate and drank and became merry and mirthful, and presently said to him, "O my lord, our hearts have been troubled for thee: what hath passed between thee and thy father-in-law?" He answered, Allah compensated us beyond and above our desire." Rejoined they, "By Allah, we were in fear for thee"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Samúr," applied in slang language to cats and dogs, hence the witty Egyptians converted Admiral Seymour (Lord Alcester) into "Samúr."

[2] The home-student of Arabic may take this letter as a model even in the present day; somewhat stiff and old-fashioned, but gentlemanly and courteous.

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[1] Arab. "Salím" (not Sé-lim) meaning the "Safe and sound."

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Fifty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Dervishes thus addressed Ala al-Din, "By Allah, we were in fear for thee and naught kept us from thee but our lack of cash and coin." Quoth he, "Speedy relief hath come to me from my Lord; for my father hath sent me fifty thousand dinars and fifty loads of stuffs, each load worth a thousand dinars; besides a riding mule, a robe of sables, an Abyssinian slave and a basin and ewer of gold. Moreover, I have made my peace with my father-in-law and my wife hath become my lawful wife by my paying her settlement; so laud to Allah for that!" Presently the Caliph went aside; whereupon Ja'afar bent him towards Ala al-Din and said, "Look to thy manners, for thou art in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful." Asked he, "How have I failed in good breeding before the Commander of the Faithful, and which of you is he?" Quoth Ja'afar, "He who went out but now is the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, and I am the Wazir Ja'afar; and this is Masrur the executioner and this other is Abu Nowas Hasan bin Hani. And now, O Ala al-Din, use thy reason and bethink thee how many days' journey it is between Cairo and Baghdad." He replied, "Five-and-forty days' journey;" and Ja'afar rejoined, "Thy baggage was stolen only ten days ago; so how could the news have reached thy father, and how could he pack thee up other goods and send them to thee five-and-forty days' journey in ten days' time?" Quoth Ala al-Din, "O my lord and whence then came they?" "From the Commander of the Faithful," replied Ja'afar, of his great affection for thee." As they were speaking, lo! the Caliph entered and Ala al-Din rising, kissed the ground before him and said, "Allah keep thee, O Prince of the Faithful, and give thee long life; and may the lieges never lack thy bounty and beneficence!" Replied the Caliph, "O Ala al-Din, let Zubaydah play us an air, by way of house-warming[1] for thy deliverance." Thereupon she played him on the lute so rare a melody that the very stones shook for glee, and the strings cried out for present ecstasy, "O Loving One!" They spent the night after the merriest fashion, and in the morning the Caliph said to Ala al-Din, "Come to the Divan to-morrow." He answered, "Hearkening and obedience, O Commander of the Faithful; so Allah will and thou be well and in good case!" On the morrow he took ten trays and, putting on each a costly present, went up with them to the palace; and the Caliph was sitting on the throne when, behold, Ala al-Din appeared at the door of the Divan, repeating these two couplets:—

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[1] Arab. "Haláwah" = sweetmeat; meaning an entertainment such as men give to their friends after sickness or a journey: it is technically called as above, "The Sweetmeat of Safety."

"Honour and Glory wait on thee each morn! * Thine envier's noses in the dust be set.
Ne'er cease thy days to be as white as snow; * Thy foeman's days to be as black as jet!"

"Welcome, O Ala al-Din!" said the Caliph, and he replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, the Prophet (whom Allah bless and save!) was wont to accept presents; and these ten trays, with what is on them, are my offering to thee." The Caliph accepted his gift and, ordering him a robe of honour, made him Provost of the merchants and gave him a seat in the Divan. And as he was sitting behold, his father-in-law came in and, seeing Ala al-Din seated in his place and clad in a robe of honour, said to the Caliph, "O King of the age, why is this man sitting in my place and wearing this robe of honour?" Quoth the Caliph, "I have made him Provost of the merchants, for offices are by investiture and not in perpetuity, and thou art deposed." Answered the merchant, "Thou hast done well, O Commander of the Faithful, for he is ours and one of us. Allah make the best of us the managers of our affairs! How many a little one hath become great!" Then the Caliph wrote Ala al-Din a Firman[2] of investiture and gave it to the Governor who gave it to the crier,[3] and the crier made proclamation in the Divan saying, "None is Provost of the merchants but Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, and his word is to be heard, and he must be obeyed with due respect paid, and he meriteth homage and honour and high degree!" Moreover, when the Divan broke up, the Governor went down with the crier before Ala al-Din and the crier repeated the proclamation and they

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[1] Arab. "Salát" which from Allah means mercy; from the Angels intercession and pardon; and from mankind blessing. Concerning the specific effects of blessing the Prophet, see Pilgrimage (ii. 70). The formula is often slurred over when a man is in hurry to speak: an interrupting friend will say "Bless the Prophet!" and he does so by ejaculating "Sa'am."

[2] Persian, meaning originally a command: it is now applied to a Wazirial order as opposed to the "Irádah," the Sultan's order.

[3] Arab. "Mashá'ilí": lit. the cresset-bearer who has before appeared as hangman.

carried Ala al-Din through the thoroughfares of Baghdad, making proclamation of his dignity. Next day, Ala al-Din opened a shop for his slave Salim and set him therein, to buy and sell, whilst he himself rode to the palace and took his place in the Caliph's Divan. ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixtieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din rode to the palace and took his place in the Caliph's Divan. Now it came to pass one day, when he sat in his stead as was his wont, behold, one said to the Caliph, "O Commander of the Faithful, may thy head survive Such-an-one the cup-companion! for he is gone to the mercy of Almighty Allah, but be thy life prolonged!"[1] Quoth the Caliph, "Where is Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat?" So he went up to the Commander of the Faithful, who at once clad him in a splendid dress of honour and made him his boon-companion; appointing him a monthly pay and allowance of a thousand dinars. He continued to keep him company till, one day, as he sat in the Divan, according to his custom attending upon the Caliph, lo and behold! an Emir came up with sword and shield in hand and said, "O Commander of the Faithful, may thy head long outlive the Head of the Sixty, for he is dead this day;" whereupon the Caliph ordered Ala al-Din a dress of honour and made him Chief of the Sixty, in place of the other who had neither wife nor son nor daughter. So Ala al-Din laid hands on his estate and the Caliph said to him, "Bury him in the earth and take all he hath left of wealth and slaves and handmaids."[2] Then he shook the handkerchief[3] and dismissed the Divan, whereupon Ala al-Din went forth, attended by Ahmad al-Danaf, captain of the right, and Hasan Shúmán, captain of the left, riding at his either stirrup, each with his forty men.[4] Presently, he turned to Hasan Shuman and his men and said to them, "Plead ye for me with the Captain Ahmad al-Danaf that he please to accept me as his son by covenant before Allah." And Ahmad assented, saying, "I and my forty men will go before thee to the Divan every morning." Now after this Ala al-Din continued in the Caliph's service many days; till one day it chanced that he left the Divan and returning home, dismissed Ahmad al-Danaf and his men and sat down with his wife Zubaydah the lute-player, who lighted the wax candles and went out of the room. Suddenly he heard a loud shriek; so he rose up and running in haste to see what was the matter, found that it was his wife who had cried out. She was lying at full length on the ground, and, when he put his hand to her breast, he found her dead. Now her father's house faced that of Ala al-Din, and he, hearing the shriek, came in and said, "What is the matter, O my lord Ala al-Din?" He replied, "O my father, may thy head outlive thy daughter Zubaydah! But, O my father, honour to the dead is burying them." So when the morning dawned, they buried her in the earth and her husband and father condoled with and mutually consoled each other. Thus far concerning her; but as regards Ala al-Din, he donned mourning dress and declined the Divan, abiding tearful-eyed and heavy-hearted at home. After a while, the Caliph said to Ja'afar, "O Wazir, what is the cause of Ala al-Din's absence from the Divan?" The Minister answered, "O Commander of the Faithful, he is mourning for his wife Zubaydah; and is occupied in receiving those who come to console him;" and the Caliph said, "It behoveth us to pay him a visit of condolence." "I hear and I obey," replied Ja'afar. So they took horse, the Caliph and the Minister and a few attendants, and rode to Ala al-Din's house and, as he was sitting at home, behold, the party came in upon him; whereupon he rose to receive them and kissed the ground before the Caliph, who said to him, "Allah make good thy loss to thee!" Answered Ala al-Din, "May Allah preserve thee to us, O Commander of the Faithful!" Then said the Caliph, "O Ala al-Din, why hast thou absented thyself from the Divan?" And he replied, "Because of my mourning for my wife, Zubaydah, O Commander of the Faithful." The Caliph rejoined, "Put away grief from thee: verily she is dead and gone to the mercy of Almighty Allah and mourning will avail thee nothing; no, nothing." But Ala al-Din said "O Commander of the Faithful, I shall never leave mourning for her till I die and they bury me by her side." Quoth the Caliph, "In Allah is compensation for every decease, and neither device nor riches can deliver from death; and divinely gifted was he who said:—

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[1] Another polite formula for announcing a death.

[2] As he died heirless the property lapsed to the Treasury.

[3] This shaking the kerchief is a signal to disperse and the action suggests its meaning.

[4] The body-guard being of two divisions.

All sons of woman, albe long preserved, * Are borne upon the bulging bier[1] some day.

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[1] Arab. "Hadbá,' lit. "hump-backed;" alluding to the Badawi bier; a pole to which the corpse is slung (Lane) It seems to denote the protuberance of the

How then shall 'joy man joy or taste delight, * Upon whose cheeks shall rest the dust and clay?

When the Caliph had made an end of condoling with him, he charged him not to absent himself from the Divan and returned to his palace. And Ala al-Din, after a last sorrowful night, mounted early in the morning and, riding to the court, kissed the ground before the Commander of the Faithful who made a movement as if rising from the throne,[1] to greet and welcome him; and bade him take his appointed place in the Divan, saying, "O Ala al-Din, thou art my guest to-night." So presently he carried him into his serraglio and calling a slave-girl named Kút al-Kulúb, said to her, "Ala al-Din had a wife called Zubaydah, who used to sing to him and solace him of grief and care; but she is gone to the mercy of Almighty Allah, and now I would have thee play him an air upon the lute,"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-first Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Caliph said to the damsel Kut al-Kulub, "I would have thee play him upon the lute an air, of fashion sweet and rare, that he may be solaced of his grief and care." So she rose and made sweet music; and the Caliph said to Ala al-Din, "What sayst thou of this damsel's voice?" He replied, "Verily, O Commander of the Faithful, Zuybadah's voice was the finer; but she is skilled in touching the lute cunningly and her playing would make a rock dance with glee." The Caliph asked, "Doth she please thee?" and he answered, "She doth, O Commander of the Faithful;" whereupon the King said, "By the life of my head and the tombs of my forefathers, she is a gift from me to thee, she and her waiting-women!" Ala al-Din fancied that the Caliph was jesting with him; but, on the morrow, the King went in to Kut al-Kulub and said to her, "I have given thee to Ala al-Din;"

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corpse when placed on the bier which before was flat. The quotation is from Ka'ab's Mantle Poem (Burdah v. 37). "Every son of a female, long though his safety may be, is a day borne upon a *ridged implement*," says Mr. Redhouse, explaining the latter as a "bier with a ridged lid." Here we differ:—the Janázah with a lid is not a Badawi article: the wildlings use the simplest stretcher; and I would translate the lines:—

> The son of woman, whatso his career,
> One day is borne upon the gibbous bier.

[1] This is a high honour to any courtier.

whereat she rejoiced, for she had seen and loved him. Then the Caliph returned from his serraglio-palace to the Divan; and calling porters, said to them, "Set all the goods of Kut al-Kulub and her waiting-women in a litter, and carry them to Ala al-Din's home." So they conducted her to the house and showed her into the pavilion, whilst the Caliph sat in the hall of audience till the close of day, when the Divan broke up and he retired to his Harim. Such was his case; but as regards Kut al-Kulub, when she had taken up her lodging in Ala al-Din's mansion, she and her women, forty in all, she called two of her male slaves and said to them, "Sit ye on stools, one on the right and another on the left hand of the door; and, when Ala al-Din cometh home, both of you kiss his hands and say to him, "Our mistress Kut al-Kulub requesteth thy presence in the pavilion, for the Caliph hath given her to thee, her and her women." They answered, "We hear and obey;" and did as she bade them. So, when Ala al-Din returned, he found two of the Caliph's eunuchs sitting at the door and was amazed at the matter and said to himself, "Surely this is not my own house; or else what can have happened?" Now when the eunuchs saw him, they rose to him and, kissing his hands, said to him, "We are of the Caliph's household and slaves to Kut al-Kulub, who saluteth thee giving thee to know that the Caliph hath bestowed her on thee, her and her women, and requesteth thy presence." Quoth Ala al-Din, "Say ye to her:—Thou art welcome; but so long as thou shalt abide with me, I will not enter the pavilion wherein thou art, for what was the master's should not become the man's; and furthermore ask her:—What was the sum of thy day's expenditure in the Caliph's palace?" So they went in and did his errand to her, and she answered, "An hundred dinars a day;" whereupon quoth he to himself, "There was no need for the Caliph to give me Kut al-Kulub, that I should be put to such expense for her; but there is no help for it." So she abode with him awhile and he assigned her daily an hundred dinars for her maintenance; till, one day, he absented himself from the Divan and the Caliph said to Ja'afar, "O Wazir, I gave not Kut al-Kulub unto Ala al-Din but that she might console him for his wife; why, then, doth he still hold aloof from us?" Answered Ja'afar, "O Commander of the Faithful, he spake sooth who said:—Whoso findeth his love, forgetteth his friends." Rejoined the Caliph, "Haply he hath not absented himself without excuse, but we will pay him a visit." Now some days before this, Ala al-Din had said to Ja'afar, "I complained to the Caliph of my grief and mourning for the loss of my wife Zubaydah and he gave me Kut al-Kulub;" and the Minister replied, "Except he loved thee he had not given her to thee." Ala al-Din rejoined, "O Wazir, what befitteth the lord befitteth not the liege." Then the Caliph and Ja'afar disguised themselves and went privily to visit Ala al-Din; but he knew them and rising to them kissed the hands of the Caliph, who looked at him and saw signs of sorrow in his face. So he said to him, "O Ala al-Din, whence cometh this sorrow wherein I see thee? Hast thou not affection for Kut al-Kulub?" He replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, what befitteth the lord befitteth not the thrall; so pray quit me of her." Quoth the Caliph, "I would fain see her and question her of her case;" and quoth Ala al-Din, "I hear and I obey, O Commander of the Faithful." So the Caliph went in——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Caliph went in to Kut al-Kulub, who rose to him on sighting him and kissed the ground between his hands; when he said to her, "Hath Ala al-Din visited thee?" and she answered, "No, O Commander of the Faithful, I sent to bid him come, but he would not." So the Caliph bade carry her back to the Harim and saying to Ala al-Din, "Do not absent thyself from us," returned to his palace. Accordingly, next morning, Ala al-Din mounted and rode to the Divan, where he took his seat as Chief of the Sixty. Presently the Caliph ordered his treasurer to give the Wazir Ja'afar ten thousand dinars and said, when his order was obeyed, "I charge thee to go down to the bazar where handmaidens are sold and buy Ala al-Din a slave-girl with this sum." Accordingly in obedience to the King, Ja'afar took Ala al-Din and went down with him to the bazar. Now as chance would have it that very day, the Emir Khálid, whom the Caliph had made Governor of Baghdad, went down to the market to buy a slave-girl for his son and the cause of his going was that his wife, Khátún by name, had borne him a son called Habzalam Bazázah,[1] and the same was foul of favour and had reached the age of twenty, without learning to mount horse; albeit his father was brave and bold, a doughty rider ready to plunge into the Sea of Darkness.[1] And it happened that on a certain night his mother said to his father, "I want to find him a wife." Quoth Khalid, "The fellow is so foul of favour and withal so sordid and beastly that no woman would take him at a gift." And she answered, "We will buy him a slave-girl." So it befel, for the accomplishing of what Allah Almighty had decreed, that on the same day Ja'afar and Ala al-Din, the Governor Khalid and his son went down to the market and behold, they saw in the hands of a broker, a beautiful girl lovely-faced and of perfect shape, and the Wazir said to him, "O broker, ask her owner if he will take a thousand dinars for her." And as the broker passed by the Governor with the slave, Habzalam Bazazah cast at her one glance of the eyes which entailed for himself one thousand sighs; and he fell in love with her and passion got hold of him and he said, "O my father, buy me yonder slave-girl." So the Emir called the broker, who brought the girl to him, and asked her her name. She replied, "My name is Jessamine;" and he said to Habzalam Bazazah, "O my son, an she please thee, do thou bid higher for her." Then he asked the broker, "What hath been bidden for her?" and he replied, "A thousand dinars." Said the Governor's son, "She is mine for a thousand pieces of gold and one more;" and the broker passed on to Ala al-Din who bid two thousand dinars for her; and as often as the Emir's son bid another dinar, Ala al-Din bid a thousand. The ugly youth was vexed at this and said, "O broker! who is it that outbiddeth me for the slave-girl?" Answered the broker, "It is the Wazir Ja'afar who is minded to buy her for Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat." And Ala al-Din continued till he brought her price up to ten thousand dinars, and her owner was satisfied to sell her for that sum. Then he took the girl and said to her, "I give thee thy freedom for the love of Almighty Allah;" and forthwith wrote his contract of marriage with her and carried her to his house. Now when the broker returned, after having received his brokerage, the Emir's son summoned him and said to him, "Where is the girl?" Quoth he, "She was bought for ten thousand dinars by Ala al-Din, who hath set her free and married her." At this the young man was greatly vexed and cast down and, sighing many a sigh, returned home, sick for love of the damsel; and he threw himself on his bed and refused food, for love and longing were sore upon him. Now when his mother saw him in this plight, she said to him, "Heaven assain thee, O my son! What aileth thee?" And he answered, "Buy me Jessamine, O my mother." Quoth she, "When the flower-seller passeth I will buy thee a basketful of jessamine." Quoth he, "It is not the jessamine one smells, but a slave-girl named Jessamine, whom my father would not buy for me." So she said to her husband, "Why and wherefore didst thou not buy him the girl?" and he replied, "What is fit for the lord is not fit for the liege and I have no power to take her: no less a man bought her than Ala al-Din, Chief of the Sixty." Then the youth's weakness redoubled upon him, till he gave up sleeping and eating, and his mother bound her head with the fillets of mourning. And while in her sadness she sat at home, lamenting over her son, behold, came in to her an old woman, known as the mother of Ahmad Kamákim[1] the arch-thief, a knave who would bore through a middle wall and scale the tallest of the tall and steal the very kohl off the eye-ball.[2] From his earliest years he had been given to these malpractices, till they made him Captain of the Watch, when he stole a sum of money; and the Chief of Police, coming upon him in the act, carried him to the Caliph, who bade put him to death on the common execution-ground.[3] But he implored protection of the Wazir whose intercession the Caliph never rejected: so he pleaded for him with the Commander of the Faithful who said, "How canst thou intercede for this pest of the human race?" Ja'afar answered, "O Commander of the Faithful do thou imprison him; whoso built the first jail was a sage, seeing that a jail is the grave of the living and a joy for the foe." So the Caliph bade lay him in bilboes and write thereon, "Appointed to remain here until death and not to be loosed but on the corpse-washer's bench;" and they cast him fettered into limbo. Now his mother was a frequent visitor to the house of the Emir Khalid, who was Governor and Chief of Police; and she used to go in to her son in jail and say to him, "Did I not warn thee to turn from thy wicked ways?"[4] And he would always answer her, "Allah decreed this to me; but, O my mother, when thou visitest the Emir's wife make her intercede for me with her husband." So when the old woman came into the Lady Khatun, she found her bound with the fillets of mourning and said to her, "Wherefore dost thou mourn?" She replied, "For my son Habzalam Bazazah;" and the old woman exclaimed, "Heaven assain thy son! what hath befallen him?" So the mother told her the whole story, and she said, "What wouldst thou say of him who should achieve such a feat as would save thy son?" Asked the lady, "And what feat wilt thou do?" Quoth the old woman, "I have a son called Ahmad Kamakim, the arch-thief, who lieth chained in jail and on his bilboes is written :—Appointed to remain till death; so do thou don thy richest clothes and trick thee out with thy finest jewels and present thyself to thy husband with an open face and smiling mien; and say :—By Allah, 'tis a strange thing! When a man desireth aught of his wife he dunneth her till she doeth it; but if a wife desire aught of her husband, he will not grant it to her. Then he will say :—What dost thou want? and do thou answer :—First swear to grant my request. If he swear to thee by his head or by Allah, say to him :—Swear to me the oath of divorce, and do not yield to him, except he do this. And when he hath sworn to thee the oath of divorce, say to him :—Thou keepest in prison a man called Ahmad Kamakim, and he hath a poor old mother, who hath set upon me and who urgeth me in the matter and who saith, Let thy husband intercede for him with the Caliph, that my son may repent and thou gain heavenly guerdon." And the Lady Khatun replied, "I hear and obey." So when her husband came in to her,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] "Khatun" in Turk. means any lady, mistress, etc., and follows the name, *e.g.* Fátimah Khatun. Habzalam Bazazah is supposed to be a fanciful compound, uncouth as the named; the first word consisting of "Habb" seed, grain; and "Zalam" of Zulm = seed of tyranny. Can it be a travesty of "Absalom" (Ab Salám, father of peace)? Lane (ii. 284) and Payne (iii. 286) prefer Habazlam and Hebezlem.

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[1] Or night. A metaphor for rushing into peril.

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[1] Plur. of kumkum, cucurbite, gourd-shaped vessel, jar.

[2] A popular exaggeration for a very expert thief.

[3] Arab. "Buka'at al-dam": lit. the "low place of blood" (where it stagnates): so Al-Buká'ah = Cœlesyria.

[4] That common and very unpleasant phrase, full of egotism and self-esteem, "I told you so," is even more common in the naïve East than in the West. In this case the son's answer is far superior to the mother's question.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Governor came in to his wife, who spoke to him as she had been taught and made him swear the divorce-oath and yield to her wishes. When morning dawned, after he had made the Ghusl-ablution and prayed the dawn-prayer, he repaired to the prison and said, "O Ahmad Kamakim, O thou arch-thief, dost thou repent of thy works?" whereto he replied, "I do indeed repent and turn to Allah and say with heart and tongue :—I ask pardon of Allah." So the Governor took him out of jail and carried him to the Court (he being still in bilboes) and approaching the Caliph kissed ground before him. Quoth the King, "O Emir Khalid, what seekest thou?" whereupon he brought forward Ahmad Kamakim, shuffling and tripping in his fetters, and the Caliph said to him, "What! art thou yet alive, O Kamakim?" He replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, the miserable are long-lived." Quoth the Caliph to the Emir, "Why hast thou brought him hither?" and quoth he, "O Commander of the Faithful, he hath a poor old mother cut off from the world who hath none but this son and she hath had recourse to thy slave, imploring him to intercede with thee to strike off his chains, for he repenteth of his evil courses; and to make him Captain of the Watch as before." The Caliph asked Ahmad Kamakim, "Dost thou repent of thy sins?" "I do indeed repent me to Allah, O Commander of the Faithful," answered he; whereupon the Caliph called for the blacksmith and made him strike off his irons on the corpse-washer's bench.[1] Moreover, he restored him to his former office and charged him to walk in the ways of godliness and righteousness. So he kissed the Caliph's hands and, being invested with the uniform of Captain of the Watch, he went forth, whilst they made proclamation of his appointment. Now for a long time he abode in the exercise of his office, till one day his mother went in to the Governor's wife, who said to her, "Praised be Allah who hath delivered thy son from prison and restored him to health and safety! But why dost thou not bid him contrive some trick to get the girl Jessamine for my son Habzalam Bazazah?" "That will I," answered she and, going out from her, repaired to her son. She found him drunk with wine and said to him, "O my son, no one caused thy release from jail but the wife of the Governor, and she would have thee find some means to slay Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat and get his slave-girl Jessamine for her son Habzalam Bazazah." He answered, "That will be the easiest of things; and I must needs set about it this very night." Now this was the first night of the new month, and it was the custom of the Caliph to spend that night with the Lady Zubaydah, for the setting free of a slave-girl or a Mameluke or something of the sort. Moreover, on such occasions he used to doff his royal habit, together with his rosary and dagger-sword and royal signet, and set them all upon a chair in the sitting-saloon: and he had also a golden lanthorn, adorned with three jewels strung on a wire of gold, by which he set great store; and he would commit all these things to the charge of the eunuchs, whilst he went into the Lady Zubaydah's apartment. So arch-thief Ahmad Kamakim waited till midnight, when Canopus shone bright, and all creatures to sleep were dight, whilst the Creator veiled them with the veil of night. Then he took his drawn sword in his right and his grappling-hook in his left and, repairing to the Caliph's sitting-saloon planted his scaling ladder and cast his grapnel on to the side of the terrace-roof; then, raising the trap-door, let himself down into the saloon, where he found the eunuchs asleep. He drugged them with hemp-fumes;[1] and, taking the Caliph's dress, dagger, rosary, kerchief, signet-ring and the lanthorn whereupon were the pearls, returned whence he came and betook himself to the house of Ala al-Din, who had that night celebrated his wedding festivities with Jessamine. So arch-thief Ahmad Kamakim climbed over into his saloon and, raising one of the marble slabs from the sunken part of the floor,[2] dug a hole under it and laid the stolen things therein, all save the lanthorn, which he kept for himself. Then he plastered down the marble slab as it before was, and returning whence he came, went back to his own house, saying, "I will now tackle my drink and set this lanthorn before me and quaff the cup to its light." [3] Now as soon as it was dawn of day, the Caliph went out into the sitting-chamber; and, seeing the eunuchs drugged with hemp, aroused them. Then he put his hand to the chair and found neither dress nor signet nor rosary nor dagger-sword nor kerchief nor lanthorn; whereat he was exceeding wroth and, donning the dress of anger, which was a scarlet suit,[4] sat down in the Divan. So the Wazir Ja'afar came forward and kissing the ground before him, said, "Allah avert all evil from the Commander of the Faithful!" Answered the Caliph, "O Wazir, the evil is passing great!" Ja'afar asked, "What has happened?" So he told him what had occurred; and behold, the Chief of Police appeared with Ahmad Kamakim the robber at his stirrup, when he found the Commander of the Faithful sore enraged. As soon as the Caliph saw him, he said to him, "O Emir Khalid, how goes Baghdad?" And he answered, "Safe and secure." Cried he, "Thou liest!" "How so, O Prince of True Believers?" asked the Emir. So he told him the case and added, "I charge thee to bring me back all the stolen things." Replied the Emir, "O Commander of the Faithful, the vinegar-worm is of and in the vinegar, and no stranger can get at this place." [5] But the Caliph said, "Except thou bring me these things, I will put thee to death." Quoth he, "Ere thou slay me, slay Ahmad Kamakim, for none should know the robber and the traitor but the Captain of the Watch." Then came forward Ahmad Kamakim and said to the Caliph, "Accept my intercession for the Chief of Police, and I will be responsible to thee for the thief and will track his trail till I find him; but give me two Kazis and two Assessors for he who did this thing feareth thee not, not doth he fear the Governor nor any other." Answered the Caliph, "Thou shalt have what thou wantest; but let search be made first in my palace and then in those of the Wazir and the Chief of the Sixty." Rejoined Ahmad Kamakim, "Thou sayest well, O Commander of the Faithful; belike the man that did this ill-deed be one who hath been reared in the King's household or in that of one of his officers." Cried the Caliph, "As my head liveth, whosoever shall have done the deed I will assuredly put him to death, be it mine own son!" Then Ahmad Kamakim received a written warrant to enter and perforce search the houses;——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] In order to keep his oath to the letter.

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[1] "Tabannuj," literally "hemping" (drugging with hemp or henbane) is the equivalent in Arab medicine of our "anæsthetics." These have been used in surgery throughout the East for centuries before ether and chloroform became the fashion in the civilised West.

[2] Arab. "Durká'ah," the lower part of the floor, opposed to the "liwán" or daïs. Liwán = Al-Aywán (Arab. and Pers.) the hall (including the daïs and the sunken parts).

[3] *i.e.* he would toast it as he would a mistress.

[4] This till very late years was the custom in Persia; and Fath Ali Shah never appeared in scarlet without ordering some horrible cruelties. In Dar-For wearing a red cashmere turband was a sign of wrath and sending a blood-red dress to a subject meant that he would be slain.

[5] That is, this robbery was committed in the palace by some one belonging to it. References to vinegar are frequent; that of Egypt being famous in those days. "Optimum et laudatissimum acetum a Romanis habebatur Ægyptum" (Facciolati); and possibly it was sweetened: the Gesta (Tale xvii.) mentions "must and vinegar." In Arab. Proverbs, "One mind by vinegar and another

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ahmad Kamakim got what he wanted, and received a written warrant to enter and perforce search the houses; so he went forth, taking in his hand a rod[1] made of bronze and copper, iron and steel, of each three equal parts. He first searched the palace of the Caliph, then that of the Wazir Ja'afar; after which he went the round of the houses of the Chamberlains and the Viceroys till he came to that of Ala al-Din. Now when the Chief of the Sixty heard the clamour before his house, he left his wife Jessamine and went down and, opening the door, found the Master of Police without in the midst of a tumultuous crowd. So he said, "What is the matter, O Emir Khalid?" Thereupon the Chief told him the case and Ala al-Din said, "Enter my house and search it." The Governor replied, "Pardon, O my lord; thou art a man in whom trust is reposed and Allah forfend that the trusty turn traitor!" Quoth Ala al-Din, "There is no help for it but that my house be searched." So the

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by wine" = each mind goes its own way (Arab. Prov. ii. 628); or "with good and bad," vinegar being spoilt wine.

[1] We have not heard the last of this old "dowsing-rod:" the latest form of rhabdomancy is an electrical wand invented in the United States.

Chief of Police entered, attended by the Kazi and his Assessors; whereupon Ahmad Kamakim went straight to the depressed floor of the saloon and came to the slab, under which he had buried the stolen goods and let the rod fall upon it with such violence that the marble broke in sunder and behold something glittered underneath. Then said he, "Bismillah; in the name of Allah! Mashallah; whatso Allah willeth! By the blessing of our coming a hoard hath been hit upon; wait while we go down into this hiding-place and see what is therein." So the Kazi and Assessors looked into the hole and finding there the stolen goods, drew up a statement[1] of how they had discovered them in Ala al-Din's house, to which they set their seals. Then, they bade seize upon Ala al-Din and took his turband from his head, and officially registered all his monies and effects which were in the mansion. Meanwhile, arch-thief Ahmad Kamakim laid hands on Jessamine, and committed her to his mother, saying, "Deliver her to Khatun, the Governor's lady:" so the old woman took her and carried her to the wife of the Master of Police. Now as soon as Habzalam Bazazah saw her, health and heart returned to him and he arose without stay or delay and joyed with exceeding joy and would have drawn near her; but she pluckt a dagger from her girdle and said, "Keep off from me, or I will kill thee and kill myself after." With this, the ugly youth's love-longing redoubled and he sickened for yearning and unfulfilled desire; and refusing food returned to his pillow. Then said his mother to her, "O wretch, how canst thou make me thus to sorrow for my son? Needs must I punish thee with torture; and as for Ala al-Din, he will assuredly be hanged." "And I will die for love of him," answered Jessamine. Then the Governor's wife arose and stripped her of her jewels and silken raiment and, clothing her in sack-cloth sent her down into the kitchen and made her a scullery-wench, saying, "The reward for thy constancy shall be to break up fire-wood and peel onions and set fire under the cooking-pots." Quoth she, "I am willing to suffer all manner of hardships and servitude, but I will not suffer the sight of thy son." However, Allah inclined the hearts of the slave-girls to her and they used to do her service in the kitchen. Such was the case with Jessamine; but as regards Ala al-Din they carried him, together with the stolen goods, to the Divan where the Caliph still sat upon his throne. And behold, the King looked upon his effects and said, "Where did ye find them?" They replied, "In the very middle of the house belonging to Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat:" whereat the Caliph was filled with wrath and took the things, but found not the lanthorn among them and said, "O Ala al-Din, where is the lanthorn?" He answered, "I stole it not; I know naught of it; I never saw it; I can give no information about it!" Said the Caliph, "O traitor, how cometh it that I brought thee near unto me and thou hast cast me out afar, and I trusted in thee and thou betrayest me?" And he commanded to hang him. So the Chief of Police took him and went down with him into the city, whilst the crier preceded them proclaiming aloud and saying, "This is the reward and the least of the reward he shall receive who doth treason against the Caliphs of True Belief!" And the folk flocked to the place where the gallows stood. Thus far concerning him; but as regards Ahmad al-Danaf, Ala al-Din's adopted father, he was sitting making merry with his followers in a garden, and carousing and pleasuring when lo! in came one of the water-carriers of the Divan and, kissing the hand of Ahmad al-Danaf, said to him, "O Captain Ahmad, O Danaf! thou sittest at thine ease with water flowing at thy feet,[1] and thou knowest not what hath happened." Asked Ahmad, "What is it?" and the other answered, "They have gone down to the gallows with thy son Ala al-Din, adopted by a covenant before Allah!" Quoth Ahmad, "What is the remedy here, O Hasan Shuuman, and what sayest thou of this?" He replied, "Assuredly Ala al-Din is innocent and this blame hath come to him from some one enemy."[2] Quoth Ahmad, "What counsellest thou?" and Hasan said, "We must rescue him, Inshallah!" Then he went to the jail and said to the jailer, "Give us some one who deserveth death." So he gave him one that was likest of men to Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat; and they covered his head and carried him to the place of execution between Ahmad al-Danaf and Ali al-Zaybak of Cairo.[3] Now they had brought Ala al-Din to the gibbet, to hang him, but Ahmad al-Danaf came forward and set his foot on that of the hangman, who said, "Give me room to do my duty." He replied, "O accursed, take this man and hang him in Ala al-Din's stead; for he is innocent and we will ransom him with this fellow, even as Abraham ransomed Ishmael with the ram."[1] So the hangman seized the man and hanged him in lieu of Ala al-Din; whereupon Ahmad and Ali took Ala al-Din and carried him to Ahmad's quarters and, when there, Ala al-Din turned to him and said, "O my sire and chief, Allah requite thee with the best of good!" Quoth he, "O Ala al-Din,"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] This is the *procès verbal* always documented on such occasions.

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[1] The sight of running water makes a Persian long for strong drink as the sight of a fine view makes the Turk feel hungry.

[2] Arab. "Min wahid Aduww" a peculiarly Egyptian or rather Cairene phrase.

[3] Al-Danaf = the Distressing Sickness: the title would be Ahmad the Calamity. Al-Zaybak (the Quicksilver) = Mercury Ali: Hasan "Shuuman" = a pestilent fellow. We shall meet all these worthies again and again: see the Adventures of Mercury Ali of Cairo, Night dccviii., a sequel to the Rogueries of Dalilah, Night dcxcviii.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Calamity Ahmad cried, "O Ala al-Din, what is this deed thou hast done? The mercy of Allah be on him who said:—Whoever trusteth thee betray him not, e'en if thou be a traitor. Now the Caliph set thee in high place about him and styled thee 'Trusty' and 'Faithful'; how then couldst thou deal thus with him and steal his goods?" "By the Most Great Name, O my father and chief," replied Ala al-Din, "I had no hand in this, nor did I such deed, nor know I who did it." Quoth Ahmad, "Of a surety none did this but a manifest enemy and whoever doth aught shall be requited for his deed; but, O Ala al-Din, thou canst sojourn no longer in Baghdad, for Kings, O my son, may not pass from one thing to another, and when they go in quest of a man, ah! long is his travail." "Whither shall I go, O my chief?" asked Ala al-Din; and he answered, "O my son, I will bring thee to Alexandria, for 'tis a blessed place; its threshold is green and its sojourn is agreeable." And Ala al-Din rejoined, "I hear and I obey, O my chief." So Ahmad said to Hasan Shuuman, "Be mindful and, when the Caliph asketh for me, say:—He is gone touring about the provinces." Then, taking Ala al-Din, he went forth of Baghdad and stayed not going till they came to the outlying vineyards and gardens, where they met two Jews of the Caliph's tax-gatherers, riding on mules. Quoth Ahmad al-Danaf to these, "Give me the black-mail;"[2] and quoth they, "Why should we pay thee black-mail?" whereto he replied, "Because I am the watchman of this valley." So they gave him each an hundred gold pieces, after which he slew them and took their mules, one of which he mounted, whilst Ala al-Din bestrode the other. Then they rode on till they came to the city of Ayás[1] and put up their beasts for the night at the Khan. And when morning dawned, Ala al-Din sold his own mule and committed that of Ahmad to the charge of the door-keeper of the caravanserai, after which they took ship from Ayas port and sailed to Alexandria. Here they landed and walked up to the bazar and behold, there was a broker crying a shop and a chamber behind it for nine hundred and fifty dinars. Upon this Ala al-Din bid a thousand which the broker accepted, for the premises belonged to the Treasury; and the seller handed over to him the keys and the buyer opened the shop and found the inner parlour furnished with carpets and cushions. Moreover, he found there a store-room full of sails and masts, cordage and seaman's chests, bags of beads and cowrie-shells, stirrups, battle-axes, maces, knives, scissors and such matters, for the last owner of the shop had been a dealer in second-hand goods.[2] So he took his seat in the shop and Ahmad al-Danaf said to him, "O my son, the shop and the room and that which is therein are become thine; so tarry thou here and buy and sell; and repine not at thy lot for Almighty Allah blesseth trade." After this he abode with him three days and on the fourth he took leave of him, saying, "Abide here till I go back and bring thee the Caliph's pardon and learn who hath played thee this trick." Then he shipped for Ayas, where he took the mule from the inn and, returning to Baghdad met Pestilence Hasan and his followers, to whom said he, "Hath the Caliph asked after me?" and he replied, "No, nor hast thou come to his thought." So he resumed his service about the Caliph's person and set himself to sniff about for news of Ala al-Din's case, till one day he heard the Caliph say to the Wazir, "See, O Ja'afar, how Ala al-Din dealt with me!" Replied the Minister, "O Commander of the Faithful, thou hast requited him with hanging and hath he not met with his reward?" Quoth he, "O Wazir, I have a mind to go down and see him hanging;" and the Wazir answered, "Do what thou wilt, O Commander of the Faithful." So the Caliph, accompanied by Ja'afar, went down to the place of execution and, raising his eyes, saw the hanged man to be other than Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, surnamed the Trusty, and said, "O Wazir, this is not Ala al-Din!" "How knowest thou that it is not he?" asked the Minister, and the Caliph answered, "Ala al-Din was short and this one is tall." Quoth

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[1] For the "Sacrifice-place of Ishmael" (not Isaac) see my Pilgrimage (iii. 306). According to all Arab ideas Ishmael, being the eldest son, was the chief of the family after his father: I have noted that this is the old old quarrel between the Arabs and their cousins the Hebrews.

[2] This black-mail was still paid to the Badawin of Ramlah (Alexandria) till the bombardment in 1881.

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[1] The famous Issus of Cilicia, now a port-village on the Gulf of Scanderoon.

[2] Arab. "Sakati" = a dealer in "castaway" articles, such as old metal, damaged goods, the pluck and feet of animals, etc.

Ja'afar, "Hanging stretcheth." Quoth the Caliph, "Ala al-Din was fair and this one's face is black." Said Ja'afar, "Knowest thou not, O Commander of the Faithful, that death is followed by blackness?" Then the Caliph bade take down the body from the gallows-tree and they found the names of the two Shaykhs, Abu Bakr and Omar, written on its heels;[1] whereupon cried the Caliph, "O Wazir, Ala al-Din was a Sunnite, and this fellow is a Rejecter, a Shi'ah." He answered, "Glory be to Allah who knoweth the hidden things, while we know not whether this was Ala al-Din or other than he." Then the Caliph bade bury the body and they buried it; and Ala al-Din was forgotten as though he never had been. Such was his case; but as regards Habzalam Bazazah, the Emir Khalid's son, he ceased not to languish for love and longing till he died and they joined him to the dust. Now as for the young wife Jessamine, she gave birth to a boy-child like unto the moon; and when her fellow slave-girls said to her, "What wilt thou name him?" she answered, "Were his father well he had named him; but now I will name him Aslán."[2] Now it so came to pass that one day after two years, whilst his mother was busied with the service of the kitchen the boy went out and, seeing the stairs, mounted to the guest-chamber.[3] And the Emir Khalid who was sitting there took him upon his lap and glorified his Lord for that which he had created and fashioned; then closely eyeing his face, the Governor saw that he was the likest of all creatures to Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat. Presently, his mother Jessamine sought for him and finding him not, mounted to the guest-chamber, where she saw the Emir seated with the child playing in his lap, for Allah had inclined his heart to the boy. And when the child espied his mother, he would have thrown himself upon her; but the Emir held him tight to his bosom and said to Jessamine, "Come hither, O damsel." So she came to him, when he said to her, "Whose son is this?" and she replied, "He is my son." "And who is his father?" asked the Emir; and she answered, "His father was Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, but now he is become thy son." Quoth Khalid, "In very sooth Ala al-Din was a traitor." Quoth she, "Allah deliver him from treason! the Heavens forfend and forbid that the 'Trusty' should be a traitor!" Then said he, "When this boy shall grow up and reach man's estate and say to thee:—Who is my father? do thou say to him:—Thou art the son of the Emir Khalid, Governor and Chief of Police." And she answered, "I hear and I obey." Then he adopted the boy and reared him with the goodliest rearing, and engaged for him a professor of law and religious science, and an expert pensman who taught him to read and write; so he read the Koran twice and learnt it by heart and he grew up, saying to the Emir, "O my father!" Moreover, the Governor used to go down with him to the tilting-ground and assemble horsemen and teach the lad the fashion of fight and fray, and the place to plant lance-thrust and sabre-stroke; so that by the time he was fourteen years old, he became a valiant wight and accomplished knight and gained the rank of Emir. Now it chanced one day that Aslan fell in with Ahmad Kamakim, the arch-thief, and accompanied him as cup-companion to the tavern[1] and behold, Ahmad took out the jewelled lanthorn he had stolen from the Caliph and, setting it before him, pledged the wine cup to its light, till he became drunken. So Aslan said to him, "O Captain, give me this lanthorn;" but he replied, "I cannot give it to thee." Asked Aslan, "Why not?" and Ahmad answered, "Because lives have been lost for it." "Whose life?" enquired Aslan; and Ahmad rejoined, "There came hither a man who was made Chief of the Sixty; he was named Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat and he lost his life through this lanthorn." Quoth Aslan, "And what was that story, and what brought about his death?" Quoth Ahmad Kamakim, "Thou hadst an elder brother by name Habzalam Bazazah, and when he reached the age of sixteen and was inclined for marriage, thy father would have bought him a slave-girl named Jessamine." And he went on to tell him the whole story from first to last of Habzalam Bazazah's illness and what befel Ala al-Din in his innocence. When Aslan heard this, he said in thought, "Haply this slave-girl was my mother Jessamine, and my father was none other than Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat." So the boy went out from him sorrowful, and met Calamity Ahmad, who at sight of him exclaimed, "Glory be to Him unto whom none is like!" Asked Hasan the Pestilence, "Whereat dost thou marvel, O my chief?" and Ahmad the Calamity replied, "At the make of yonder boy Aslan, for he is the likest of human creatures to Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat." Then he called the lad and said to him, "O Aslan, what is thy mother's name?" to which he replied, "She is called the damsel Jessamine;" and the other said, "Harkye, Aslan, be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear; for thy father was none other than Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat: but, O my son, go thou in to thy mother and question her of thy father." He said, "Hearkening and obedience," and, going in to his mother put the question; whereupon quoth she, "Thy sire is the Emir Khalid!" "Not so," rejoined he, "my father was none other than Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat." At this the mother wept and said, "Who acquainted thee with this, O my son?" and he answered, "Ahmad al-Danaf, Captain of the Guard." So she told him the whole story, saying, "O my son, the True hath prevailed and the False hath failed:[1] know that Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat was indeed thy sire, but it was none save the Emir Khalid who reared thee and adopted thee as his son. And now, O my child, when thou seest Ahmad al-Danaf the captain, do thou say to him:—I conjure thee, by Allah, O my chief, take my blood-revenge on the murderer of my father Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat!" So he went out from his mother——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] The popular tale of Burckhardt's death in Cairo was that the names of the three first Caliphs were found written upon his slipper-soles and that he was put to death by decree of the Olema. It is the merest nonsense, as the great traveller died of dysentery in the house of my old friend John Thurburn and was buried outside the Bab al-Nasr of Cairo, where his tomb was restored by the late Rogers Bey (Pilgrimage i. 123).

[2] Prob. a mis-spelling for Arslán, in Turk. a lion, and in slang a piastre.

[3] Arab. "Maka'ad;" lit. = sitting-room.

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[1] Arab. "Khammárah;" still the popular term throughout Egypt for a European hotel. It is not always intended to be insulting but it is, meaning the place where Franks meet to drink forbidden drinks.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-sixth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Aslan went out from his mother and betaking himself to Calamity Ahmad, kissed his hand. Quoth the Captain, "What aileth thee, O Aslan?" and quoth he, "Now I know for certain that my father was Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat and I would have thee take my blood-revenge on his murderer." He asked, "And who was thy father's murderer?" whereto Aslan answered, "Ahmad Kamakim the arch-thief." "Who told thee this?" enquired he, and Aslan rejoined, "I saw in his hand the jewelled lanthorn which was lost with the rest of the Caliph's gear, and I said to him :—Give me this lanthorn! but he refused, saying, Lives have been lost on account of this; and told me it was he who had broken into the palace and stolen the articles and deposited them in my father's house." Then said Ahmad al-Danaf, "When thou seest the Emir Khalid don his harness of war say to him :—Equip me like thyself and take me with thee. Then do thou go forth and perform some feat of prowess before the Commander of the Faithful, and he will say to thee :—Ask a boon of me, O Aslan! And do thou make answer, I ask of thee this boon, that thou take my blood-revenge on my father's murderer. If he say, Thy father is yet alive and is the Emir Khalid, the Chief of the Police; answer thou :—My father was Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, and the Emir Khalid hath a claim upon me only as the foster-father who adopted me. Then tell him all that passed between thee and Ahmad Kamakim and say :—O Prince of True Believers, order him to be searched and I will bring the lanthorn forth from his bosom." Thereupon said Aslan to him, "I hear and obey;" and, returning to the Emir Khalid, found him making ready to repair to the Caliph's court and said to him, "I would fain have thee arm and harness me like thyself and take me with thee to the Divan." So he equipped him and carried him thither. Then the Caliph sallied forth of Baghdad with his troops and they pitched tents and pavilions without the city; whereupon the host divided into two parties and forming ranks fell to playing Polo, one striking the ball with the mall, and another striking it back to him. Now there was among the troops a spy, who had been hired to slay the Caliph; so he took the ball and smiting it with the bat drove it straight at the Caliph's face, when behold, Aslan fended it off and catching it drove it back at him who smote it, so that it struck him between the shoulders and he fell to the ground. The Caliph exclaimed, "Allah bless thee, O Aslan!" and they all dismounted and sat on chairs. Then the Caliph bade them bring the smiter of the ball before him and said, "Who tempted thee to do this thing and art thou friend or foe?" Quoth he, "I am thy foe and it was my purpose to kill thee." Asked the Caliph, "And wherefore? Art not a Moslem? Replied the spy; "No! I am a Rejecter."[1] So the Caliph bade them put him to death and said to Aslan, "Ask a boon of me." Quoth he, "I ask of thee this boon, that thou take my blood-revenge on my father's murderer." He said, "Thy father is alive and there he stands on his two feet."

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[1] A reminiscence of Mohammed who cleansed the Ka'abah of its 360 idols (of which 73 names are given by Freytag, Einleitung, etc. pp. 270, 342–57) by touching them with his staff, whereupon all fell to the ground; and the Prophet cried (Koran xvii. 84), "Truth is come, and falsehood is vanished: verily, falsehood is a thing that vanisheth" (magna est veritas, etc.). Amongst the "idols" are said to have been a statue of Abraham and the horns of the ram sacrificed in lieu of Ishmael, which (if true) would prove conclusively that the Abrahamic legend at Meccah is of ancient date and not a fiction of Al-Islam. Hence, possibly, the respect of the Judaising Tobbas of Himyarland for the Ka'abah (Pilgrimage, iii. 295).

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[1] This was evidently written by a Sunni as the Shi'ahs claim to be the only true Moslems. Lane tells an apposite story (ii. 329).

"And who is he?" asked Aslan; and the Caliph answered, "He is the Emir Khalid, Chief of Police." Rejoined Aslan, "O Commander of the Faithful, he is no father of mine, save by right of fosterage; my father was none other than Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat." "Then thy father was a traitor," cried the Caliph. "Allah forbid, O Commander of the Faithful," rejoined Aslan, "that the 'Trusty' should be a traitor! But how did he betray thee?" Quoth the Caliph, "He stole my habit and what was therewith." Aslan retorted, "O Commander of the Faithful, Allah forfend that my father should be a traitor! But, O my lord, when thy habit was lost and found didst thou likewise recover the lanthorn which was stolen from thee?" Answered the Caliph, "We never got it back;" and Aslan said, "I saw it in the hands of Ahmad Kamakim and begged it of him; but he refused to give it me, saying:—Lives have been lost on account of this. Then he told me of the sickness of Habzalam Bazazah, son of the Emir Khalid, by reason of his passion for the damsel Jessamine, and how he himself was released from bonds and that it was he who stole the habit and the lamp: so do thou, O Commander of the Faithful, take my blood-revenge for my father on him who murdered him." At once the Caliph cried, "Seize ye Ahmad Kamakim!" and they seized him; whereupon he asked, "Where be the Captain, Ahmad al-Danaf?" And when he was summoned the Caliph bade him search Kamakim; so he put his hand into the thief's bosom and pulled out the lanthorn. Said the Caliph, "Come hither, thou traitor: whence hadst thou this lanthorn?" and Kamakim replied, "I bought it, O Commander of the Faithful!" The Caliph rejoined, "Where didst thou buy it?" Then they beat him till he owned that he had stolen the lanthorn, the habit and the rest, and the Caliph said to him, "What moved thee to do this thing, O traitor, and ruin Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, the Trusty and Faithful?" Then he bade them lay hands on him and on the Chief of Police, but the Chief said, "O Commander of the Faithful, indeed I am unjustly treated; thou badest me hang him, and I had no knowledge of this trick, for the plot was contrived between the old woman and Ahmad Kamakim and my wife. I crave thine intercession,[1] O Aslan." So Aslan interceded for him with the Caliph, who said, "What hath Allah done with this youngster's mother?" Answered Khalid, "She is with me," and the Caliph continued, "I command that thou order thy wife to dress her in her own clothes and ornaments and restore her to her former degree, a lady of rank; and do thou remove the seals from Ala al-Din's house and give his son possession of his estate." "I hear and obey," answered Khalid; and, going forth, gave the order to his wife who clad Jessamine in her own apparel: whilst he himself removed the seals from Ala al-Din's house and gave Aslan the keys. Then said the Caliph, "Ask a boon of me, O Aslan;" and he replied, "I beg of thee the boon to unite me with my father." Whereat the Caliph wept and said, "Most like thy sire was he that was hanged and is dead; but by the life of my forefathers, whoso bringeth me the glad news that he is yet in the bondage of this life, I will give him all he seeketh!" Then came forward Ahmad al-Danaf and, kissing the ground between his hands, said, "Grant me indemnity, O Commander of the Faithful!" "Thou hast it," answered the Caliph; and Calamity Ahmad said, "I give thee the good news that Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, the Trusty, the Faithful, is alive and well." Quoth the Caliph, "What is this thou sayest?" Quoth Al-Danaf, "As thy head liveth I say sooth; for I ransomed him with another, of those who deserved death; and carried him to Alexandria. where I opened for him a shop and set him up as dealer in second-hand goods." Then said the Prince of True Believers,——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Ana fí jírat-ak!" a phrase to be remembered as useful in time of danger.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-seventh Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Caliph ordered Calamity Ahmad, saying, "I charge thee fetch him to me;" and the other replied, "To hear is to obey;" whereupon the Caliph bade them give him ten thousand gold pieces and he set forth for Alexandria. On this wise it happed with Aslan; but as regards his father, Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, he sold in course of time all that was in his shop excepting a few things and amongst them a long bag of leather. And happening to shake the bag there fell out a jewel which filled the palm of the hand, hanging to a chain of gold and having many facets but especially five, whereon were names and talismanic characters, as they were ant-tracks. So he rubbed each face; but none answered him[1] and he said to himself, "Doubtless it is a piece of variegated onyx;" and then hung it up in the shop. And behold, a Consul[2] passed along the street; and, raising his eyes, saw the jewel hanging up; so he seated himself over against the shop and said to Ala al-Din, "O my lord, is the jewel for sale?" He answered, "All I have is for sale." Thereupon the Frank said, "Wilt thou sell me that same for eighty thousand dinars?" "Allah open!" replied Ala al-Din. The Frank asked, "Wilt thou sell it for an hundred thousand dinars?" and he answered, "I sell it to thee for a hundred thousand dinars; pay me down the monies." Quoth the Consul, "I cannot carry about such sum as its price, for there be robbers and sharpers in Alexandria; but come with me to my ship and I will pay thee the price and give thee to boot a bale of Angora wool, a bale of satin, a bale of velvet and a bale of broadcloth." So Ala al-Din rose and locked up his shop, after giving the jewel to the Frank, and committed the keys to his neighbour, saying, "Keep these keys in trust for me, whilst I go with this Consul to his ship and return with the price of my jewel. If I be long absent and there come to thee Ahmad al-Danaf, the Captain who stablished me in this shop, give him the keys and tell him where I am." Then he went with the Consul to his ship and no sooner had he boarded it than the Frank set him a stool and, making him sit down, said to his men, "Bring the money." So they brought it and he paid him the price of the jewel and gave him the four bales he had promised him and one over; after which he said to him, "O my lord, honour me by accepting a bite or a sup." And Ala al-Din answered, "If thou have any water, give me to drink." So the Frank called for sherbets and they brought drink drugged with Bhang, of which no sooner had Ala al-Din drunk, than he fell over on his back; whereupon they stowed away the chairs and shipped the shoving-poles and made sail. Now the wind blew fair for them till it drove them into blue water; and when they were beyond sight of land the Kaptán[1] bade bring Ala al-Din up out of the hold and made him smell the counter-drug of Bhang; whereupon he opened his eyes and said, "Where am I?" He replied, "Thou art bound and in my power and if thou hadst said, Allah open! to an hundred thousand dinars for the jewel, I would have bidden thee more." "What art thou?" asked Ala al-Din, and the other answered, "I am a sea-captain and mean to carry thee to my sweetheart." Now as they were talking, behold, a ship hove in sight carrying forty Moslem merchants; so the Frank captain attacked the vessel and made fast to it with grappling-irons; then he boarded it with his men and took it and plundered it; after which he sailed on with his prize, till he reached the city of Genoa. There the Kaptan, who was carrying off Ala al-Din, landed and repaired to a palace whose postern gave upon the sea, and behold, there came down to him a damsel in a chin-veil who said, "Hast thou brought the jewel and the owner?" "I have brought them both," answered he; and she said, "Then give me the jewel." So he gave it to her; and, returning to the port, fired his cannon to announce his safe return; whereupon the King of the city, being notified of that Kaptan's arrival, came down to receive him and asked him, "How hath been this voyage?" He answered, "A right prosperous one, and while voyaging I have made prize of a ship with one-and-forty Moslem merchants." Said the King, "Land them at the port;" so he landed the merchants in irons and Ala al-Din among the rest; and the King and the Kaptan mounted and made the captives walk before them till they reached the audience-chamber, when the Franks seated themselves and caused the prisoners to pass in parade order, one by one before the King, who said to the first, "O Moslem, whence comest thou?" He answered, "From Alexandria;" whereupon the King said, "O headsman, put him to death." So the sworder smote him with the sword and cut off his head: and thus it fared with the second and the third, till forty were dead and there remained but Ala al-Din, who drank the cup of his comrades' sighs and agony and said to himself, "Allah have mercy on thee, O Ala al-Din! Thou art a dead man." Then said the King to him, "And thou, what countryman art thou?" He answered, "I am of Alexandria," and the King said, "O headsman, strike off his head." So the sworder raised arm and sword, and was about to strike, when behold, an old woman of venerable aspect presented herself before the King, who rose to do her honour, and said to him, "O King, did I not bid thee remember, when the Captain came back with captives, to keep one or two for the convent, to serve in the church?" The King replied, "O my mother, would thou hadst come a while earlier! But take this one that is left." So she turned to Ala al-Din and said to him, "Say, wilt thou serve in the church, or shall I let the King slay thee?" Quoth he, "I will serve in the church." So she took him and carried him forth of the court and went to the church, where he said to her, "What service must I do?" She replied, "Thou must rise with the dawn and take five mules and go with them to the forest and there cut dry fire-wood and saw it short and bring it to the convent-kitchen. Then must thou take up the carpets and sweep and wipe the stone and marble pavements and lay the carpets down again, as they were; after which thou must take two bushels and a half of wheat and bolt it and grind it and knead it and make it into cracknels[1] for the convent; and thou must take also a bushel[2] of lentils and sift and crush and cook them. Then must thou fetch water in barrels and fill the four fountains; after which thou must take three hundred and three score and six wooden bowls and crumble the cracknels therein and pour of the lentil-pottage over each and carry every monk and patriarch his bowl." Said Ala al-Din,[3] "Take me back to the King and let him kill me, it were easier to me than this service." Replied the old woman, "If thou do truly and rightly the service that is due from thee thou shalt escape death; but, if thou do it not, I will let the King kill thee." And with these words Ala al-Din was left sitting heavy at heart. Presently behold, the old woman came in and said to him, "Why hast thou not done thy service in the church?" Answered he, "How many hands have I, that I should suffice for all this work?" She rejoined, "Thou fool, I brought thee not hither except to work;" and she added, "Take, O my son, this rod (which was of copper capped with a cross) and go forth into the highway and, when thou meetest the governor of the city, say to him:—I summon thee to the service of the church. And he will not disobey thee. Then make him take the wheat, sift, grind, bolt, knead, and bake it into cracknels; and if any gainsay thee, beat him and fear none." "To hear is to obey," answered he and did as she said, and never ceased pressing great and small into his service; nor did he leave to do thus for the space of seventeen years. Now one day as he sat in church lo! the old woman came to him and said, "Go forth of the convent." He asked, "Whither shall I wend?" and she answered, "Thou canst pass the night in a tavern or with one of thy comrades." Quoth he, "Why dost thou send me forth of the church?" and quoth she, "The Princess Husn Maryam, daughter of Yohanná,[4] King of this city, purposeth to visit the church and it befitteth not that any abide in her way." So he made a show of obeying her orders and rose up and pretended that he was leaving the church: but he said in his mind, "I wonder whether the Princess is like our women or fairer than they! At any rate I will not go till I have had a look at her." So he hid himself in a closet with a window opening upon the church and, as he watched, behold, in came the King's daughter. He cast at her one glance of eyes that cost him a thousand sighs, for he found her like the full moon when it cometh swimming out of the clouds; and he saw with her a young lady ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] *i.e.* No Jinni, or Slave of the Jewel, was there to answer.

[2] Arab. "Kunsúl" (pron. "Gunsul") which here means a well-to-do Frank, and shows the modern date of the tale as it stands.

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[1] From the Ital. "Capitano." The mention of cannon and other terms in this tale shows that either it was written during the seventeenth century or it has been mishandled by copyists.

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[1] Arab. "Minínah"; a biscuit of flour and clarified butter.

[2] Arab. "Waybah;" the sixth part of the Ardabb = 6 to 7 English gallons.

[3] He speaks in half-jest *à la Fellah;* and reminds us of "Hangman, drive on the cart!"

[4] Yochanan (whom Jehovah has blessed) Jewish for John, is probably a copy of the Chaldean Euahanes, the Oannes of Berosus = Ea Khan, Hea the fish. The Greeks made it Joannes: the Arabs "Yohanná" (contracted to "Hanná," Christian) and "Yáhyá" (Moslem). Prester (Priest) John is probably Ung Khan, the historian prince conquered and slain by Janghiz Khan in A.D. 1202. The modern history of "John" is very extensive: there may be a full hundred varieties and derivations of the name.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-eighth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Ala al-Din looked at the King's daughter, he saw with her a young lady to whom he heard her say, "Thy company hath cheered me, O Zubaydah." So he looked straitly at the damsel and found her to be none other than his dead wife, Zubaydah the Lutist. Then the Princess said to Zubaydah, "Come, play us an air on the lute." But she answered, "I will make no music for thee, till thou grant my wish and keep thy word to me." Asked the Princess, "And what did I promise thee?" and Zubaydah answered, "That thou wouldst reunite me with my husband Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, the Trusty, the Faithful." Rejoined the Princess, "O Zubaydah, be of good cheer and keep thine eyes cool and clear: play us a piece as a thank-offering and an ear-feast for reunion with thy husband Ala al-Din." "Where is he?" asked Zubaydah, and Maryam answered, "He is in yonder closet listening to our words." So Zubaydah played on the lute a melody which had made a rock dance for glee; and when Ala al-Din heard it, his heart yearned towards her and he came forth from the closet and, throwing himself upon his wife Zubaydah, strained her to his bosom. She also knew him and the twain embraced and fell to the ground in a swoon. Then came forward the Princess Husn Maryam and sprinkled rose-water on them till they revived, when she said to them, "Allah hath reunited you." Replied Ala al-Din, "By thy kind offices, O lady." Then, turning to his wife, he said to her, "O Zubaydah, thou didst surely die and we tombed thee in the tomb: how then returnedst thou to life and camest thou to this place?" She answered, "O my lord, I did not die; but an Aun[1] of the Jinn snatched me up and flew with me hither. She whom thou buriedst was a Jinniyah, who shaped herself to my shape and feigned herself dead; but when you entombed her she broke open the tomb and came forth from it and returned to the service of this her mistress, the Princess Husn Maryam. As for me I was possessed[1] and, when I opened my eyes, I found myself with this Princess thou seest; so I said to her:—Why hast thou brought me hither. Replied she:—I am predestined to marry thy husband, Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat; wilt thou then, O Zubaydah, accept me to co-consort? Rejoined I:—To hear is to obey, O my lady, but where is my husband? Quoth she:—Upon his forehead is written what Allah hath decreed to him: as soon as the writing which is there writ is fulfilled to him, there is no help for it but he come hither, and we will beguile the time of our separation from him with songs and playing upon instruments of music, till it please Allah to unite us with him. So I abode all these days with her till Allah brought us together in this church." Then Husn Maryam turned to him and said, "O my lord, Ala al-Din, wilt thou be to me husband and I be to thee wife?" Quoth he, "O my lady, I am a Moslem, and thou art a Nazarene; so how can I intermarry with thee." Quoth she, "Nay, I am a Moslemah; for these eighteen years I have held fast the Faith of Al-Islam." Then said he, "O my lady, I desire a return to my native land;" and she replied, "Know that I see written on thy forehead things which thou must needs accomplish, and then thou shalt win to thy will. Moreover, be glad, O Ala al-Din, that there hath been born to thee a son named Aslan: who now being arrived at age of discretion, sitteth in thy place with the Caliph. Know also that Truth hath prevailed and that Falsehood naught availed; and that the Lord hath withdrawn the curtain of secrecy from him who stole the Caliph's goods, that is, Ahmad Kamakim the arch-thief and traitor; and he now lieth bound and in jail. And know further 'twas I who sent thee the jewel and had it put in the bag where thou foundest it, and 'twas I who sent the Captain that brought thee and the jewel; for thou must know that the man is enamoured of me and seeketh my hand; but I refused to yield to his wishes; and I said to him:—Thou shalt never have me till thou bring me the jewel and its owner. So I gave him an hundred purses and despatched him to thee, in the habit of a merchant, whereas he is a captain and a war-man; and when they led thee to thy death after slaying the forty captives, I also sent thee this old woman to save thee from slaughter." Said he, "Allah requite thee for us with all good! Indeed thou hast done well!" Then Husn Maryam renewed at his hands her profession of Al-Islam; and, when he was assured of the truth of her speech, he said to her, "O my lady, tell me what are the virtues of this jewel and whence cometh it?" She answered, "This jewel came from an enchanted hoard, and it hath five virtues which will profit us in time of need. Now my lady-grandmother, the mother of my father, was an enchantress and skilled in solving secrets and finding hidden treasures from one of which came the jewel into her hands; moreover when my lady-grandmother fell sick, she gave me this jewel and taught me its five virtues. Before she died, my father said to her:—Take thy tablets of geomancy and throw a figure, and tell us the issue of my affair and what will befal me. And she foretold him that the far-off one[1] should perish, slain by the hand of a captive from Alexandria. So he swore to kill every prisoner from that place and told the Kaptan of this, saying:—There is no help for it but thou fall on the ships of the Moslems and seize them and whomsoever thou findest of Alexandria, kill him or bring him to me. The Captain did his bidding until he had slain as many in number as the hairs of his head. Then my grandmother deceased and I took a geomantic tablet, being minded and determined to know the future, and I said to myself:—Let me see who will wed me! Whereupon I threw a figure and found that none should be my husband save one called Ala al-Din Abu al-Shamat, the Trusty, the Faithful. At this I marvelled and waited till the times were accomplished and I foregathered with thee." So Ala al-Din took her to wife and said to her, "I desire to return to my own country." Quoth she, "If it be so, rise up and come with me." Then she took him and, hiding him in a closet of her palace, went in to her father who said to her, "O my daughter, my heart is exceeding heavy this day; sit down and let us make merry with wine, I and thou." So she sat down with him and he called for a table of wine; and she plied him till he lost his wits, when she drugged a cup with Bhang and he drank it off and fell upon his back. Then she brought Ala al-Din out of the closet and said to him, "Come; verily thine enemy lieth prostrate, for I made him drunk and drugged him; so do thou with him as thou wilt." Accordingly Ala al-Din went to the King and, finding him lying drugged and helpless, pinioned him fast and manacled and fettered him with chains. Then he gave him the counter-drug and he came to himself——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] Primarily being middle-aged; then aid, a patron, servant, etc. Also a tribe of the Jinn usually made synonymous with "Márid," evil controls, hostile to men.

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[1] Arab. "Sar'a" = epilepsy, falling sickness, of old always confounded with "possession" (by evil spirits) or "obsession."

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[1] Euphemistic for "thou shalt die."

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Sixty-ninth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ala al-Din gave the antidote of Bhang to King Yohanna, father of Husn Maryam, and he came to himself and found Ala al-Din and his daughter sitting on his breast. So he said to her, "O my daughter, dost thou deal thus with me?" She answered, "If I be indeed thy daughter, become a Moslem, even as I became a Moslemah. Wherefore, if thou wilt become a Moslem, well and good; if not, thy death were better than thy life." Ala al-Din also exhorted him but he refused; so Ala al-Din drew a dagger and cut his throat from ear to ear.[1] Then he wrote a scroll, setting forth what had happened and laid it on the brow of the dead; after which they took what was light of load and weighty of worth and turned from the palace and returned to the church. Here the Princess drew forth the jewel and, placing her hand upon the facet where was figured a couch, rubbed it; and behold, a couch appeared before her and she mounted upon it with Ala al-Din and his wife Zubaydah the Lutist, saying, "I conjure thee by the virtue of the names and talismans and characters engraven on this jewel, rise up with us, O Couch!" And it rose with them into the air and flew, till it came to a Wady wholly bare of growth, when the Princess turned earthwards the facet on which the couch was figured, and it sank with them to the ground. Then she turned up the face whereon was fashioned a pavilion and tapping it said, "Let a pavilion be pitched in this valley!" and there appeared a pavilion, wherein they seated themselves. Now this Wady was a desert waste, without grass or water; so she turned a third face of the jewel towards the sky, and said, "By the virtue of the names of Allah, let trees upgrow here and a river flow beside them!" and forthwith trees sprang up and by their side ran a river plashing and dashing. They made the ablution and prayed and drank of the stream; after which the Princess turned up the three other facets till she came to the fourth, whereon was portrayed a table of food, and said, "By the virtue of the names of Allah, let the table be spread!" And behold, there appeared before them a table, spread with all manner of rich meats, and they ate and drank and made merry and were full of joy. Such was their case; but as regards Husn Maryam's father, his son went in to waken him and found him slain; and, seeing Ala al-Din's scroll, took it and read it, and readily understood it. Then he sought his sister and finding her not, betook himself to the old woman in the church, of whom he enquired for her, but she said, "Since yesterday I have not seen her." So he returned to the troops and cried out, saying, "To horse, ye horsemen!" Then he told them what had happened, so they mounted and rode after the fugitives, till they drew near the pavilion. Presently Husn Maryam arose and looked up and saw a cloud of dust which spread till it walled the view, then it lifted and flew, and lo! stood disclosed her brother and his troops, crying aloud, "Whither will ye fly, and we on your track!" Then said she to Ala al-Din, "Are thy feet firm in fight?" He replied, "Even as the stake in bran, I know not war nor battle, nor swords nor spears." So she pulled out the jewel and rubbed the fifth face, that on which were graven a horse and his rider, and behold straightway a cavalier appeared out of the desert and ceased not to do battle with the pursuing host and smite them with the sword, till he routed them and put them to flight. Then the Princess asked Ala al-Din, "Wilt thou go to Cairo or to Alexandria?" and he answered, "To Alexandria." So they mounted the couch and she pronounced over it the conjuration, whereupon it set off with them and, in the twinkling of an eye, brought them to Alexandria. They alighted without the city and Ala al-Din hid the women in a cavern, whilst he went into Alexandria and fetched them outer clothing, wherewith he covered them. Then he carried them to his shop and, leaving them in the "ben"[1] walked forth to fetch them the morning-meal, and behold, he met Calamity Ahmad who chanced to be coming from Baghdad. He saw him in the street and received him with open arms, saluting him and welcoming him. Whereupon Ahmad al-Danaf gave him the good news of his son Aslan and how he was now come to the age of twenty: and Ala al-Din, in his turn, told the Captain of the Guard all that had befallen him from first to last, whereat he marvelled with exceeding marvel. Then he brought him to his shop and sitting-room where they passed the night; and next day he sold his place of business and laid its price with other monies. Now Ahmad al-Danaf had told him that the Caliph sought him; but he said, "I am bound first for Cairo, to salute my father and mother and the people of my house." So they all mounted the couch and it carried them to Cairo the God-guarded; and here they alighted in the street called Yellow,[2] where stood the house of Shams al-Din. Then Ala al-Din knocked at the door, and his mother said, "Who is at the door, now that we have lost our beloved for evermore?" He replied, "'Tis I! Ala al-Din!" whereupon they came down and embraced him. Then he sent his wives and baggage into the house and entering himself with Ahmad al-Danaf, rested there three days, after which he was minded to set out for Baghdad. His father said, "Abide with me, O my son;" but he answered, "I cannot bear to be parted from my child Aslan." So he took his father and mother and set forth for Baghdad. Now when they came thither, Ahmad al-Danaf went in to the Caliph and gave him the glad tidings of Ala al-Din's arrival and told him his story; whereupon the King went forth to greet him taking the youth Aslan, and they met and embraced each other. Then the Commander of the Faithful summoned the arch-thief Ahmad Kamakim and said to Ala al-Din, "Up and at thy foe!" So he drew his sword and smote off Ahmad Kamakim's head. Presently the Caliph held festival for Ala al-Din and, summoning the Kazis and witnesses, wrote the contract and married him to the Princess Husn Maryam. Moreover, the Caliph made Aslan Chief of the Sixty and bestowed upon him and his father sumptuous dresses of honour; and they abode in the enjoyment of all joys and joyance of life, till there came to them the Destroyer of delights and the Sunderer of societies. But the tales of generous men are manifold and amongst them is the story of

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[1] Lit. "from (jugular) vein to vein" (Arab. "Waríd").

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[1] As opposed to the "but" or outer room.
[2] Arab. "Darb al-Asfar" in the old Jamalíyah or Northern part of Cairo.

HATIM OF THE TRIBE OF TAYY.

It is told of Hátim of the tribe of Tayy,[1] that when he died, they buried him on the top of a mountain and set over his grave two troughs hewn out of two rocks and stone-girls with dishevelled hair. At the foot of the hill was a stream of running water, and when wayfarers camped there, they heard loud crying and keening in the night, from dark till daybreak; but when they arose in the morning, they found nothing but the girls carved in stone. Now when Zú al-Kurá'a,[2] King of Himyar, going forth of his tribe, came to that valley, he halted to pass the night there——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] A noble tribe of Badawin that migrated from Al-Yaman and settled in Al-Najd. Their Chief, who died a few years before Mohammed's birth, was Al-Hatim (the "black crow"), a model of Arab manliness and munificence; and although born in the Ignorance he will enter Heaven with the Moslems. Hatim was buried on the hill called Owárid: I have already noted this favourite practice of the wilder Arabs and the affecting idea that the dead man may still look upon his kith and kin. There is not an Arab book nor, indeed, a book upon Arabia which does not contain the name of Hatim: he is mentioned as unpleasantly often as Aristides.

[2] Lord of "Cattle-feet," this King's name is unknown; but the Kámús men-

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventieth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Zu al-Kura'a passed by the valley he nighted there; and, when he drew near the mountain, he heard the keening and said, "What lamenting is that on yonder hill?" They answered him, saying, "Verily this be the tomb of Hatim al-Táyyi over which are two troughs of stone and stone figures of girls with dishevelled hair; and all who camp in this place by night hear this crying and keening." So he said jestingly, "O Hatim of Tayy! we are thy guests this night, and we are lank with hunger." Then sleep overcame him, but presently he awoke in affright and cried out, saying, "Help, O Arabs! look to my beast!" So they came to him, and finding his she-camel struggling and struck down, they stabbed her in the throat and roasted her flesh and ate. Then they asked him what had happened and he said, "When I closed my eyes, I saw in my sleep Hatim of Tayy who came to me sword in hand and cried:—Thou comest to us and we have nothing by us. Then he smote my she-camel with his sword, and she had surely died even though ye had not come to her and slaughtered her."[1] Now when morning dawned the King mounted the beast of one of his companions and, taking the owner up behind him, set out and rode on till midday, when they saw a man coming towards them, mounted on a camel and leading another, and said to him, "Who art thou?" He answered, "I am Adi,[2] son of Hatim of Tayy; where is Zu al-Kura'a, Emir of Himyar?" Replied they, "This is he;" and he said to the prince, "Take this she-camel in place of thy beast which my father slaughtered for thee." Asked Zu al-Kura'a, "Who told thee of this?" and Adi answered, "My father appeared to me in a dream last night and said to me:—Harkye, Adi; Zu al-Kura'a, King of Himyar, sought the guest-rite of me and I, having naught to give him, slaughtered his she-camel, that he might eat; so do thou carry him a she-camel to ride, for I have nothing."

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tions two Kings called Zu al-Kalá'a, the Greater and the Less. Lane's Shaykh (ii. 333) opined that the man who demanded Hatim's hospitality was one Abu al-Khaybari.

[1] The camel's throat, I repeat, is not cut as in the case of other animals; the muscles being too strong; it is slaughtered by the "nahr," *i.e.* thrusting a knife into the hollow at the commissure of the chest. (Pilgrimage iii. 303.)

[2] Adi became a Moslem and was one of the companions of the Prophet.

And Zu al-Kura'a took her, marvelling at the generosity of Hatim of Tayy alive and dead. And amongst instances of generosity is the

TALE OF MA'AN THE SON OF ZAIDAH.[1]

It is told of Ma'an bin Záidah that, being out one day a-chasing and a-hunting, he became athirst but his men had no water with them; and while thus suffering behold three damsels met him bearing three skins of water;——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventy-first Night,[2]

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that three girls met him bearing three skins of water; so he begged drink of them, and they gave him to drink. Then he sought of his men somewhat to give the damsels but they had no money; so he presented to each girl ten golden-piled arrows from his quiver. Whereupon quoth one of them to her friend, "Well-a-day! These fashions pertain to none but Ma'an bin Zaidah! so let each one of us say somewhat of verse in his praise." Then quoth the first:—

He heads his arrows with piles of gold, * And while shooting his foes is his bounty doled:
Affording the wounded a means of cure, * And a sheet for the bider beneath the mould!

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[1] A rival in generosity to Hatim: a Persian poet praising his patron's generosity says that it buried that of Hatim and dimmed that of Ma'an (D'Herbelot). He was a high official under the last Ommiade, Marwán al-Himár (the "Ass," or the "Century," the duration of Ommiade rule) who was routed and slain in A.H. 132 =750. Ma'an continued to serve under the Abbasides and was a favourite with Al-Mansúr. "More generous or bountiful than Ka'ab" is another saying (A. P. i. 325); Ka'ab ibn Mámah was a man who, somewhat like Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, gave his own portion of drink while he was dying of thirst to a man who looked wistfully at him, whence the saying "Give drink to thy brother the Námiri" (A. P. i. 608). Ka'ab could not mount, so they put garments over him to scare away the wild beasts and left him in the desert to die. "Scatterer of blessings" (Náshir al-Ni'am) was a title of King Malik of Al-Yaman, son of Sharhabil, eminent for his liberality. He set up the statue in the Western Desert, inscribed "Nothing behind me," as a warner to others.

[2] Lane (ii. 352) here introduces, between Nights cclxxi. and ccxc., a tale entitled in the Bresl. Edit. (iv. 134) "The Sleeper and the Waker," *i.e.* the sleeper awakened; and he calls it:—The Story of Abu-l-Hasan the Wag. It is interesting and founded upon historical fact; but it can hardly be introduced here without breaking the sequence of The Nights. I regret this the more as Mr. Alexander J. Cotheal of New York has most obligingly sent me an addition to the Breslau text (iv. 137) from his MS. But I have made use of it in my Supplemental Volumes.

And quoth the second :—

A warrior showing such open hand, * His boons all friends and all foes enfold :
The piles of his arrows of or are made, * So that battle his bounty may not withhold !

And quoth the third :—

From that liberal hand on his foes he rains * Shafts aureate-headed and manifold :
Wherewith the hurt shall chirurgeon pay, * And for slain the shrouds round their corpses roll'd.[1]

And there is also told a tale of

MA'AN SON OF ZAIDAH AND THE BADAWI.

Now Ma'an bin Zaidah went forth one day to the chase with his company, and they came upon a herd of gazelles; so they separated in pursuit and Ma'an was left alone to chase one of them. When he had made prize of it he alighted and slaughtered it; and as he was thus engaged, he espied a person[2] coming forth out of the desert on an ass. So he remounted and riding up to the new-comer, saluted him and asked him, "Whence comest thou?" Quoth he, "I come from the land of Kuzá'ah, where we have had a two years' dearth; but this year it was a season of plenty and I sowed curly cucumbers.[3] They came up before their time, so I gathered what seemed the best of them and set out to carry them to the Emir Ma'an bin Zaidah, because of his well-known beneficence and notorious munificence." Asked Ma'an, "How much dost thou hope to get of him?" and the Badawi answered, "A thousand dinars." Quoth the Emir, "What if he say this is too much?" Said the Badawi, "Then I will ask five hundred dinars." "And if he say, Too much?" "Then three hundred!" "And if he say yet, Too much?" "Then two hundred!" "And if he say yet, Too much?" "Then one hundred!" "And if he say yet, Too much?" "Then, fifty!" "And if he say yet, Too much?" "Then thirty!" "And if he say still, Too much?" asked Ma'an bin Zaidah. Answered the Badawi, "I will make my ass set his four feet in his Honour's home[1] and return to my people, disappointed and empty-handed." So Ma'an laughed at him and urged his steed till he came up with his suite and returned to his place, when he said to his chamberlain, "An there come to thee a man with cucumbers and riding on an ass admit him to me." Presently up came the Badawi and was admitted to Ma'an's presence; but knew not the Emir for the man he had met in the desert, by reason of the gravity and majesty of his semblance and the multitude of his eunuchs and attendants, for he was seated on his chair of estate with his officers ranged in lines before him and on either side. So he saluted him and Ma'an said to him "What bringeth thee, O brother of the Arabs?" Answered the Badawi, "I hoped in the Emir, and have brought him curly cucumbers out of season." Asked Ma'an, "And how much dost thou expect of us?" "A thousand dinars," answered the Badawi. "This is far too much," quoth Ma'an. Quoth he, "Five hundred." "Too much!" "Then three hundred." "Too much!" "Two hundred." "Too much!" "One hundred." "Too much!" "Fifty." "Too much!" At last the Badawi came down to thirty dinars; but Ma'an still replied, "Too much!" So the Badawi cried, "By Allah, the man who met me in the desert brought me bad luck! But I will not go lower than thirty dinars." The Emir laughed and said nothing; whereupon the wild Arab knew that it was he whom he had met and said, "O my lord, except thou bring the thirty dinars, see ye, there is the ass tied ready at the door and here sits Ma'an, his honour, at home." So Ma'an laughed, till he fell on his back; and, calling his steward, said to him, "Give him a thousand dinars and five hundred and three hundred and two hundred and one hundred and fifty and thirty; and leave the ass tied up where he is." So the Arab to his amazement, received two thousand one hundred and eighty dinars, and Allah have mercy on them both and on all generous men! And I have also heard, O auspicious King, a tale of

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[1] The first girl calls gold "Tibr" (pure, unalloyed metal); the second "Asjad" (gold generally), and the third "Ibríz" (virgin ore, the Greek ὄβρυζον). This is a law of Arab rhetoric never to repeat the word except for a purpose and, as the language *can* produce 1,200,000 (to 100,000 in English) the copiousness is somewhat painful to readers.

[2] Arab. "Shakhs" before noticed.

[3] Arab. "Kussá'á" = the curling cucumber: the vegetable is of the cheapest, and the poorer classes eat it as "kitchen" with bread.

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[1] Arab. "Haram-hu," a double entendre. Here the Badawi means his Harem the inviolate part of the house; but afterwards he makes it mean the presence of His Honour.

THE CITY OF LABTAYT.[1]

THERE was once a royal city in the land of Roum, called the City of Labtayt wherein stood a tower which was always shut. And whenever a King died and another King of the Greeks took the Kingship after him, he set on the tower a new and strong lock, till there were four-and-twenty locks upon the gate, according to the number of the Kings. After this time, there came to the throne a man who was not of the old royal house, and he had a mind to open these locks, that he might see what was within the tower. The grandees of his kingdom forbade him from this and pressed him to desist and reproved him and blamed him; but he persisted saying, "Needs must this place be opened." Then they offered him all that their hands possessed of monies and treasures and things of price, if he would but refrain; still he would not be baulked—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventy-second Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the grandees offered that King all their hands possessed of monies and treasures if he would but refrain; still he would not be baulked and said "There is no help for it but I open this tower." So he pulled off the locks and entering, found within the tower figures of Arabs on their horses and camels, habited in turbands[2] hanging down at the ends, with swords in baldrick-belts thrown over their shoulders and bearing long lances in their hands. He found there also a scroll which he greedily took and read, and these words were written therein:—"When this door is opened will conquer this country a raid of the Arabs, after the likeness of the figures here depicted; wherefore beware, and again beware of opening it." Now this city was in Andalusia; and that very year Tárik ibn Ziyád conquered it, during the Caliphate of Al-Walíd son of Abd al-Malik[1] of the sons of Umayyah; and slew this King after the sorriest fashion and sacked the city and made prisoners of the women and boys therein and got great loot. Moreover, he found there immense treasures; amongst the rest more than an hundred and seventy crowns of pearls and jacinths and other gems of price; and he found a saloon, wherein horsemen might throw their spears, full of vessels of gold and silver, such as no description can comprise. Moreover, he found there the table of food for the Prophet of Allah, Solomon son of David (peace with both of them!), which is extant even now in a city of the Greeks; it is told that it was of grass-green emerald with vessels of gold and platters of jasper. Likewise he found the Psalms written in the old Ionian[2] character on leaves of gold bezel'd with jewels; together with a book setting forth the properties of stones and herbs and minerals, as well as the use of characts and talismans and the canons of the art of alchymy; and he found a third volume which treated of the art of cutting and setting rubies and other precious stones and of the preparation of poisons and theriacks. There found he also a map figuring the earth and the seas and the different cities and countries and villages of the world; and he found a vast saloon full of hermetic powder, one drachm of which elixir would turn a thousand drachms of silver into fine gold; likewise a marvellous mirror, great and round, of mixed metals, which had been made for Solomon, son of David (on the twain be peace!) wherein whoever looked might see the counterfeit presentment of the seven climates of the world; and he beheld a chamber full of Brahmini[3] jacinths for which no words can suffice. So he despatched all these things to Walid bin Abd al-Malik, and the Arabs spread all over the cities of Andalusia which is one of the finest of lands. This is the end of the story of the City of Labtayt. And a tale is also told of

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[1] Toledo? This tale was probably known to Washington Irving. The "Land of Roum" here means simply Frank-land, as we are afterwards told that its name was Andalusia, the old Vandal-land, a term still applied by Arabs to the whole of the Iberian Peninsula.

[2] Arab. "Amáim" (plur. of Imámah) the common word for turband which I prefer to write in the old unclipt fashion. We got it through the Port. Turbante and the old French Tolliban from the (now obsolete) Persian term Dolband = a turband or a sash.

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[1] Sixth Ommiade Caliph, A.D. 705–716; from "Tárik" we have "Gibraltar" = Jabal al-Tárik.

[2] Arab. "Yunán" = Ionia, applied to ancient Greece as "Roum" is to the Græco-Roman Empire.

[3] Arab. "Bahramáni;" prob. alluding to the well-known legend of the capture of Somanath (Somnauth) from the Hindus by Mahmud of Ghazni. In the Ajá'ib al-Hind (before quoted) the Brahmins are called Abrahamah.

THE CALIPH HISHAM AND THE ARAB YOUTH.

THE Caliph Hishám bin Abd al-Malik bin Marwan was hunting one day, when he sighted an antelope and pursued it with his dogs. As he was following the quarry, he saw an Arab youth pasturing sheep and said to him, "Ho boy, up and after yonder antelope, for it escapeth me!" The youth raised his head to him and replied, "O ignorant of what to the deserving is due, thou lookest on me with disdain and speakest to me with contempt; thy speaking is that of a tyrant true and thy doing what an ass would do." Quoth Hisham, "Woe to thee, dost thou not know me?" Rejoined the youth, "Verily thine unmannerliness hath made thee known to me, in that thou spakest to me, without beginning by the salutation."[1] Repeated the Caliph, "Fie upon thee! I am Hisham bin Abd al-Malik." "May Allah not favour thy dwelling-place," replied the Arab, "nor guard thine abiding place! How many are thy words and how few thy generous deeds!" Hardly had he ended speaking, when up came the troop from all sides and surrounded him as the white encircleth the black of the eye, all and each saying, "Peace be with thee, O Commander of the Faithful!" Quoth Hisham, "Cut short this talk and seize me yonder boy." So they laid hands on him; and when he saw the multitude of Chamberlains and Wazirs and Lords of State, he was in nowise concerned and questioned not of them, but let his chin drop on his breast and looked where his feet fell, till they brought him to the Caliph[2] when he stood before him, with head bowed groundwards and saluted him not and bespoke him not. So one of the eunuchs said to him, "O dog of the Arabs, what hindereth thy saluting the Commander of the Faithful?" The youth turned to him angrily and replied, "O packsaddle of an ass, 'twas the length of the way that hindered me from this and the steepness of the steps and the profuseness of my sweat." Then said Hisham (and indeed he was exceeding wroth), "O boy, verily thy days are come to their latest hour; thy hope is gone from thee and thy life is past out of thee." He answered, "By Allah, O Hisham, verily an my life-term be prolonged and Fate ordain not its cutting short, thy words irk me not, be they long or short." Then said the Chief Chamberlain to him, "Doth it befit thy degree, O vilest of the Arabs, to bandy words with the Commander of the Faithful!" He answered promptly, "Mayest thou meet with adversity and may woe and wailing never leave thee! Hast thou not heard the saying of Almighty Allah:—One day, every soul shall come to defend itself?"[1] Hereupon Hisham rose, in great wrath, and said, "O headsman, bring me the head of this lad; for indeed he exceedeth in talk, such as passeth conception." So the sworder took him and, making him kneel on the carpet of blood, drew his sword above him and said to the Caliph, "O Commander of the Faithful, this thy slave is misguided and is on the way to his grave; shall I smite off his head and be quit of his blood?" "Yes," replied Hisham. He repeated his question and the Caliph again answered in the affirmative. Then he asked leave a third time; and the youth, knowing that, if the Caliph assented yet once more, it would be the signal of his death, laughed till his wisdom-teeth showed; whereupon Hisham's wrath redoubled and he said to him, "O boy, meseems thou art mad; seest thou not that thou art about to depart the world? Why then dost thou laugh in mockery of thyself?" He replied, "O Commander of the Faithful, if a larger life-term befal me, none can hurt me, great or small; but I have bethought me of some couplets, which do thou hear, for my death cannot escape thee." Quoth Hisham, "Say on and be brief;" so the Arab repeated these couplets:—

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[1] *i.e.* "Peace be with thee!"

[2] *i.e.* in the palace when the hunt was over. The bluntness and plain-speaking of the Badawi, which caused the revelation of the Koranic chapter "Inner Apartments" (No. xlix.) have always been favourite themes with Arab tale-tellers as a contrast with citizen suavity and servility. Moreover the Badawi, besides saying what he thinks, always tells the truth (unless corrupted by commerce with foreigners); and this is a startling contrast with the townsfolk. To ride out of Damascus and have a chat with the Ruwalá is much like being suddenly transferred from amongst the trickiest of Mediterranean people to the bluff society of the Scandinavian North. And the reason why the Turk will never govern the Arab in peace is that the former is always trying to finesse and to succeed by falsehood, when the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is the one thing wanted.

It happed one day a hawk pounced on a bird, * A wildling sparrow driven by destiny;
And held in pounces spake the sparrow thus, * E'en as the hawk rose ready home to hie:—
"Scant flesh have I to fill the maw of thee * And for thy lordly food poor morsel I."
Then smiled the hawk in flattered vanity * And pride, so set the sparrow free to fly.

At this Hisham smiled and said, "By the truth of my kinship to the Apostle of Allah (whom Allah bless and keep!), had he spoken this speech at first and asked for aught except the Caliphate, verily I would have given it to him. Stuff his mouth with jewels,[1] O Eunuch and entreat him courteously;" so they did as he bade them and the Arab went his way. And amongst pleasant tales is that of

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[1] Koran, xvi. 112.

IBRAHIM BIN AL-MAHDI AND THE BARBER-SURGEON.

THEY relate that Ibrahím, son of al-Mahdí,[2] brother of Harun al-Rashid, when the Caliphate devolved to Al-Maamun, the son of his brother Harun, refused to acknowledge his nephew and betook himself to Rayy;[3] where he claimed the throne and abode thus a year and eleven months and twelve days. Meanwhile his nephew, Al-Maamun, awaited his return to allegiance and his accepting a dependent position till, at last, despairing of this, he mounted with his horsemen and footmen and repaired to Rayy in quest of him. Now when the news came to Ibrahim, he found nothing for it but to flee to Baghdad and hide there, fearing for his life; and Maamun set a price of an hundred thousand gold pieces upon his head, to be paid to whoever might betray him. (Quoth Ibrahim), "When I heard of this price I feared for my head"——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventy-third Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ibrahim continued:—Now when I heard of this price I feared for my head and knew not what to do; so I went forth of my house in disguise at mid-day, knowing not whither I should go. Presently I entered a broad street which was no thoroughfare and said in my mind, "Verily, we are Allah's and unto Him we are returning! I have exposed my life to destruction. If I retrace my steps, I shall arouse suspicion." Then, being still in disguise I espied, at the upper end of the street, a negro-slave standing at his door; so I went up to him and said to him, "Hast thou a place where I may abide for an hour of the day?" "Yes," answered he, and opening the door admitted me into a decent house, furnished with carpets and mats and cushions of leather. Then he shut the door on me and went away; and I misdoubted me he had heard of the reward offered for me, and said to myself, "He hath gone to inform against me." But, as I sat pondering my case and boiling like cauldron over fire, behold, my host came back, accompanied by a porter loaded with bread and meat and new cooking-pots and gear and a new jar and new gugglets and other needfuls. He made the porter set them down and, dismissing him, said to me, "I offer my life for thy ransom! I am a barber-surgeon, and I know it would disgust thee to eat with me, because of the way in which I get my livelihood;[1] so do thou shift for thyself and do what thou please with these things whereon no hand hath fallen." (Quoth Ibrahim,) Now I was in sore need of food so I cooked me a pot of meat whose like I remember not ever to have eaten; and, when I had satisfied my want, he said to me, "O my lord, Allah make me thy ransom! Art thou for wine? for indeed it gladdeneth the soul and doeth away care." "I have no dislike to it," replied I, being desirous of the barber's company; so he brought me new flagons of glass which no hand had touched and a jar of excellent wine, and said to me, "Strain for thyself, to thy liking;" whereupon I cleared the wine and mixed me a most delectable draught. Then he brought me a new cup and fruits and flowers in new vessels of earthenware; after which he said to me, "Wilt thou give me leave to sit apart and drink of my own wine by myself, of my joy in thee and for thee?" "Do so," answered I. So I drank and he drank till the wine began to take effect upon us, when the barber rose and, going to a closet, took out a lute of polished wood and said to me, "O my lord, it is not for the like of me to ask the like of thee to sing, but it behoveth thine exceeding generosity to render my respect its due; so, if thou see fit to honour thy slave, thine is the high decision." Quoth I, (and indeed I thought not that he knew me), "How knowest thou that I excel in song?" He replied, "Glory be to Allah, our lord is too well renowned for that! Thou art my lord Ibrahim, son of

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[1] A common and expressive way of rewarding the tongue which "spoke poetry." The jewels are often pearls.

[2] Ibrahim Abu Isḥák bin al-Mahdi, a pretender to the Caliphate, of well-known wit and a famed musician, surnamed from his corpulence "Al-Tannín" = the Dragon or, according to others (Lane ii. 336), Al-Tin = the fig. His adventurous history will be found in Ibn Khallikan, D'Herbelot and Al-Siyuti.

[3] The Ragha of the Zendavesta, and Rages of the Apocrypha (Tobit, Judith, etc.), the old capital of Media Proper, and seat of government of Daylam, now a ruin some miles south of Teheran which was built out of its remains. Rayy was founded by Hoshang, the primeval king who first sawed wood, made doors and dug metal. It is called Rayy al-Mahdiyyah because Al-Mahdi held his court there: Harun al-Rashíd was also born in it (A.H. 145): it is also mentioned by a host of authors and names one of the Makamat of Al-Hariri.

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[1] Human blood being especially impure.

Al-Mahdi, our Caliph of yesterday, he on whose head Al-Maamun hath set a price of an hundred thousand dinars to be paid to thy betrayer: but thou art in safety with me." (Quoth Ibrahim), When I heard him say this, he was magnified in my eyes and his loyalty and noble nature were certified to me; so I complied with his wish and took the lute and tuned it, and sang. Then I bethought me of my severance from my children and my family and I began to say:—

Belike Who Yúsuf to his kin restored * And honoured him in goal, a captive wight;
May grant our prayer to reunite our lots; * For Allah, Lord of Worlds, hath all of might.

When the barber heard this, exceeding joy took possession of him and he was of great good cheer; for it is said that when Ibrahim's neighbours heard him only sing out "Ho, boy, saddle the mule!" they were filled with delight. Then, being overborne by mirth, he said to me, "O my lord, wilt thou give me leave to say what is come to my mind, albeit I am not of the folk of this craft?" I answered, "Do so; this is of thy great courtesy and kindness." Then he took the lute and sang these verses:—

When man keeps honour bright without a stain, * Fair sits whatever robe to robe he's fain!
She jeered at me because so few we are; * Quoth I:—"There's ever dearth of noble men!"
Naught irks us we are few, while neighbour tribes * Count many; neighbours oft are base-born strain;
We are a clan which holds not Death reproach, * Which Ámir and Samúl[1] hold illest bane:
Leads us our love of death to fated end; * They hate that ending and delay would gain:
We to our neighbours' speech aye give the lie; * But when we speak none dare give lie again.

(Quoth Ibrahim), When I heard these lines, I was filled with huge delight and marvelled with exceeding marvel. Then I slept and awoke not till past nightfall, when I washed my face, with a mind full of the high worth of this barber-surgeon and his passing courtesy; after which I wakened him and, taking out a purse I had by me containing a number of gold pieces, threw it to him, saying, "I commend thee to Allah, for I am about to go forth from thee, and pray thee to expend what is in this purse on thy requirements; and thou shalt have an abounding reward of me, when I am quit of my fear." (Quoth Ibrahim), But he returned the bag to me, saying, "O my lord, paupers like myself are of no value in thine eyes; but how, with due respect to my own generosity, can I take a price for the boon which fortune hath vouchsafed me of thy favour and thy visit to my poor abode? Nay, if thou repeat thy words and throw the purse to me again I will slay myself." So I put in my sleeve the purse whose weight was irksome to me,—— And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Jones, Brown, and Robinson.

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventy-fourth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Ibrahim, son of Al-Mahdi continued :—So I put in my sleeve the purse whose weight was irksome to me, and turned to depart, but when I came to the house-door he said, "O my lord, of a truth this is a safer hiding-place for thee than any other, and thy keep is no burden to me; so do thou abide with me, till Allah be pleased grant thee relief." Accordingly, I turned back, saying, "On condition that thou spend of the money in this purse." He made me think that he consented to this arrangement, and I abode with him some days in the utmost comfort: but perceiving that he spent none of the contents of the purse, I revolted at the idea of abiding at his charge and thought it shame to be a burthen on him; so I left the house disguised in women's apparel, donning short yellow walking-boots[2] and veil. Now as soon as I found myself in the street, I was seized with excessive fear, and going to pass the bridge behold, I came to a place sprinkled with water,[3] where a trooper, who had been in my service, looked at me and knowing me, cried out, saying, "This is he whom Al-Maamun wanteth." Then he laid hold of me but the love of sweet life lent me strength and I gave him and his horse a

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[1] Arab. "Kumm;" the Moslem sleeve is mostly of ample dimensions and easily converted into a kind of carpet-bag by depositing small articles in the middle and gathering up the edge in the hand. In this way carried the weight would be less irksome than hanging to the waist. The English of Queen Anne's day had regular sleeve-pockets for memoranda, etc., hence the saying, "to have in one's sleeve."

[2] Arab. "Khuff" worn under the "Bábúg" (a corruption of the Persian pá-push = feet covers, papooshes, slippers). Lane M. E. chapt. i.

[3] Done in hot weather throughout the city, a dry line for camels being left in mid-street to prevent the awkward beasts slipping. The watering of the Cairo streets of late years has been excessive; they are now lines of mud in summer as well as in winter, and combined with other causes, have seriously deteriorated the once charming climate. The only place in Lower Egypt, which has preserved the atmosphere of 1850 is Suez.

push which threw them down in that slippery place, so that he became an example to those who will take example; and the folk hastened to him. Meanwhile, I hurried my pace over the bridge and entered a main street, where I saw the door of a house open and a woman standing upon the threshold. So I said to her, "O my lady, have pity on me and save my life; for I am a man in fear. Quoth she, "Enter and welcome;" and carried me into an upper dining-room, where she spread me a bed and brought me food, saying, "Calm thy fear, for not a soul shall know of thee." As she spoke, lo! there came a loud knocking at the door; so she went and opened, and suddenly, my friend, whom I had thrown down on the bridge, appeared with his head bound up, the blood running down upon his clothes and without his horse. She asked, "O So-and-so, what accident hath befallen thee?" and he answered, "I made prize of the young man whom the Caliph seeketh and he escaped from me;" whereupon he told her the whole story. Presently she brought out tinder[1] and, putting it into a piece of rag bandaged his head; after which she spread him a bed and he lay sick. Then she came up to me and said, "Methinks thou art the man in question?" "Even so," answered I, and she said, "Fear not: no harm shall befal thee," and redoubled in kindness to me. So I tarried with her three days, at the end of which time she said to me, "I am in fear for thee, lest yonder man happen upon thee and betray thee to what thou dreadest; so save thyself by flight." I besought her to let me stay till nightfall, and she said, "There is no harm in that." So when the night came, I put on my woman's gear and betook myself to the house of a freed-woman who had once been our slave. When she saw me she wept and made a show of affliction and praised Almighty Allah for my safety. Then she went forth, as if she would go to market intent on hospitable thoughts, and I fancied all was right; but ere long suddenly I espied Ibrahim al-Mosili[2] making for the house amongst his troopers and servants, and led by a woman on foot; and looking narrowly at her behold, she was the freed woman, the mistress of the house wherein I had taken refuge. So she delivered me into their hands, and I saw death face to face. They carried me, in my woman's attire, to Al-Maamun who called a general council and had me brought before him. When I entered I saluted him by the title of Caliph, saying, "Peace be on thee, O Commander of the

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[1] Arab. "Hurák:" burnt rag, serving as tinder for flint and steel, is a common styptic.

[2] Of this worthy something has been said and there will be more in a future page.

Faithful!" and he replied, "Allah give thee neither peace nor long life." I rejoined, "According to thy good pleasure, O Commander of the Faithful! it is for the claimant of blood-revenge[1] to decree punishment or pardon; but mercy is nigher to piety; and Allah hath set thy pardon above all other pardon, even as He made my sin to excel all other sin. So, if thou punish, 'tis of thine equity, and if thou pardon, 'tis of thy bounty." And I repeated these couplets:—

My sin to thee is great, * But greater thy degree:
So take revenge, or else * Remit in clemency:
An I in deeds have not * Been generous, generous be!

(Quoth Ibrahim), At this Al-Maamun raised his head to me and I hastened to add these two couplets:—

I've sinned enormous sin, * But pardon in thee lies:
If pardon thou, 'tis grace; * Justice an thou chastise!

Then Al-Maamun bowed his head and repeated:—

I am (when friend would raise a rage that mote Make anger choke me, sticking in my throat)
His pardoner, and pardon his offence, * Fearing lest I should live a friend without.

(Quoth Ibrahim), Now when I heard these words I scented mercy, knowing his disposition to clemency.[2] Then he turned to his son Al-Abbas and his brother Abu Ishak and all his chief officers there present and said to them, "What deem ye of his case?" They all counselled him to kill me, but they differed as to the manner of my death. Then said he to his Wazir Ahmad bin al-Khálid, "And what sayest thou, O Ahmad?" He answered, "O Commander of the Faithful, if thou slay him, we find the like of thee who hath slain the like of him; but an thou pardon him, we find not the like of thee that hath pardoned the like of him."——And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

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[1] *i.e.* the person entitled to exact the blood-wit.

[2] Al-Maamun was a man of sense with all his fanaticism. One of his sayings is preserved, "Odious is contentiousness in Kings; more odious vexation in judges uncomprehending a case; yet more odious is shallowness of doctors in religions, and most odious are avarice in the rich, idleness in youth, jesting in age and cowardice in the soldier."

Now when it was the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Night,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Al-Maamun, Prince of the Faithful, heard the words of Ahmad bin al-Khalid, he bowed his head and began repeating :—

My tribe have slain that brother mine, Umaym, * Yet would shoot back what shafts at them I aim :
If I deal pardon, noble pardon 'tis ; * And if I shoot, my bones 'twill only maim.[1]

And he also recited :—

Be mild to brother mingling   What is wrong with what is right :
Kindness to him continue * Whether good or graceless wight :
Abstain from all reproaching, * An he joy or vex thy sprite :
Seest not that what thou lovest * And what hatest go unite ?
That joys of longer life-tide * Ever fade when hair turned white ?
That thorns on branches growing * For the pluckt fruit catch thy sight ?
Who never hath done evil, * Doing good for sole delight ?
When tried the sons of wordli- * ness they mostly work unright.

(Quoth Ibrahim), Now when I heard these couplets, I withdrew my woman's veil from my head and cried out, with my loudest voice, "Allah is Most Great ! By Allah, the Commander of the Faithful pardoneth me !" Quoth he, "No harm shall come to thee, O uncle ;" and I rejoined, "O Commander of the Faithful, my sin is too sore for me to excuse it and thy mercy is too much for me to speak thanks for it." And I chanted these couplets to a lively motive :—

Who made all graces all collected He * In Adam's heart, our Seventh Imam, for thee ;[2]
Thou hast the hearts of men with reverence filled, * Enguarding all with heart-humility ;
Rebelled I never by delusion whelmed * For object other than thy clemency ;[3]
And thou hast pardoned me whose like was ne'er * Pardoned before, though no man pled my plea :
Hast pitied little ones like Katá's[4] young, * And mother's yearning heart a son to see.

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[1] The second couplet is not in the Mac. Edit. but Lane's Shaykh has supplied it (ii. 339).

[2] The "Seventh Imam" here is Al-Maamun, the seventh Abbaside—the Ommiades being, as usual, ignored.

[3] He sinned only for the pleasure of being pardoned, which is poetical and hardly practical or probable.

[4] The Katá (sand-grouse) always enters into Arab poetry because it is essentially a desert bird ; and here the comparison is good because it lays its eggs in the

Quoth Maamun, "I say, following our lord Joseph (on whom and on our Prophet be blessing and peace!) let there be no reproach cast on you this day. Allah forgiveth you; for He is the most merciful of those who show mercy.[1] Indeed I pardon thee, and restore to thee thy goods and lands, O uncle, and no harm shall befal thee." So I offered up devout prayers for him and repeated these couplets:—

Thou hast restored my wealth sans greed, and ere * So didst, thou deignèdest my blood to spare:
Then if I shed my blood and wealth, to gain * Thy grace, till even shoon from feet I tear,
'Twere but repaying what thou lentest me, * And what unloaned no man to blame would care
Were I ungrateful for thy lavisht boons, * Baser than thou'rt beneficent I were!

Then Al-Maamun showed me honour and favour and said to me, "O uncle, Abu Ishak and Al-Abbas counselled me to put thee to death." So I answered, "And they both counselled thee right, O Commander of the Faithful, but thou hast done after thine own nature and hast put away what I feared with what I hoped." Rejoined Al-Maamun, "O uncle, thou didst extinguish my rancour with the modesty of thine excuse, and I have pardoned thee without making thee drink the bitterness of obligation to intercessors." Then he prostrated himself in prayer a long while, after which he raised his head and said to me, "O uncle, knowest thou why I prostrated myself?" Answered I, "Haply thou didst this in thanksgiving to Allah, for that He hath given thee the mastery over thine enemy." He replied, "Such was not my design, but rather to thank Allah for having inspired me to pardon thee and for having cleared my mind towards thee. Now tell me thy tale." So I told him all that had befallen me with the barber, the trooper and his wife and with my freed-woman who had betrayed me. So he summoned the freed-woman, who was in her house, expecting the reward to be sent for

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waste far from water which it must drink morning and evening. Its cry is interpreted "man sakat, salam" (silent and safe), but it does not practice that precept, for it is usually betrayed by its piping Kata! Kata! Hence the proverb, "More veracious than the sand-grouse;" and "Speak not falsely, for the Kata sayeth sooth," is Komayt's saying. It is an emblem of swiftness: when the brigand-poet Shanfarà boasts, "The ash-coloured Katas can drink only my leavings, after hastening all night to slake their thirst in the morning," it is a hyperbole boasting of his speed. In Sind it is called the "rock pigeon" and it is not unlike a grey partridge when on the wing.

[1] Joseph to his brethren, Koran, xii. 92, when he gives them his "inner garment" to throw over his father's face.

her; and when she came before him he said to her, "What moved thee to deal thus with thy lord?" Quoth she, "Love of money." Asked the Caliph, "Hast thou a child or a husband?" and she answered, "No;" whereupon he bade them give her an hundred stripes with a whip and imprisoned her for life. Then he sent for the trooper and his wife and the barber-surgeon and asked the soldier what had moved him to do thus. "Love of money," quoth he; whereupon quoth the Caliph, "It befitteth thee to be a barber-cupper,"[1] and committed him to one whom he charged to place him in a barber-cupper's shop, where he might learn the craft. But he showed honour to the trooper's wife and lodged her in his palace, saying, "This is a woman of sound sense and fit for matters of moment." Then said he to the barber-cupper, "Verily, thou hast shown worth and generosity which call for extraordinary honour." So he commanded the trooper's house and all that was therein to be given him and bestowed on him a dress of honour and in addition fifteen thousand dinars to be paid annually. And men tell the following tale concerning

THE CITY OF MANY-COLUMNED IRAM AND ABDULLAH SON OF ABI KILABAH.[2]

It is related that Abdullah bin Abi Kilábah went forth in quest of a she-camel which had strayed from him; and, as he was wandering in the deserts of Al-Yaman and the district of Sabá,[1] behold, he came upon a great city girt by a vast castle around which were palaces and pavilions that rose high into middle air. He made for the place thinking to find there folk of whom he might ask concerning his she-camel; but when he reached it, he saw it desolate, without a living soul in it. So (quoth he) I alighted and, hobbling my dromedary, ——And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

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[1] Arab. "Hajjám" = a cupper who scarifies forehead and legs, a bleeder, a (blood-) sucker. The slang use of the term is to thrash, lick, wallop (Burckhardt, Prov. 34).

[2] The Bresl. Edit. (vii. 171-174) entitles this tale, "Story of Shaddád bin 'Ád and the City of Iram the Columned;" but it relates chiefly the building by the King of the First Adites who, being promised a future Paradise by Prophet Húd, impiously said that he would lay out one in this world. It also quotes Ka'ab al-Ahbár as an authority for declaring that the tale is in the "Pentateuch of Moses." Iram was in Al-Yaman near Adan (our Aden) a square of ten parasangs (or leagues each = 18,000 feet) every way; the walls were of red (baked) brick 500 cubits high and 20 broad, with four gates of corresponding grandeur. It contained 300,000 Kasr (palaces) each with a thousand pillars of gold-bound jasper, etc. (whence its title). The whole was finished in five hundred years; and, when Shaddad prepared to enter it, the "Cry of Wrath" from the Angel of Death slew him and all his many. It is mentioned in the Koran (chapt. lxxxix. 6-7) as "Irem adorned with lofty buildings (or pillars)." But Ibn Khaldun declares that commentators have embroidered the passage; Iram being the name of a powerful clan of the ancient Adites and "imád" being a tent-pole: hence "Iram with the numerous tents or tent-poles." Al-Bayzawi tells the story of Abdullah ibn Kilabah (D'Herbelot's Colabah). At Aden I met an Arab who had seen the mysterious city on the borders of Al-Ahkáf, the waste of deep sands, west of Hadramaut; and probably he had, the mirage or sun-reek taking its place. Compare with this tale "The City of Brass" (Night dlxv.)

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[1] The biblical "Sheba," named from the great-grandson of Joctan: whence the Queen (Bilkis) visited Solomon. It was destroyed by the Flood of Márib.

END OF VOL. II.

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